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CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH CLASSICS

The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

In ten volumes

Vol. II

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Born 1584
Died 1616

JOHN FLETCHER

Born 1579
Died 1625

822
BEAUMONT
V. 2

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THE ELDER BROTHER
THE SPANISH CURATE
WIT WITHOUT MONEY BEGGARS BUSH
THE HUMOUROUS LIEUTENANT
THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

THE TEXT EDITED BY
ARNOLD GLOVER, M.A.
OF TRINITY COLLEGE AND THE INNER TEMPLE
AND
A. R. WALLER, M.A.
OF PETERHOUSE

1969
OCTAGON BOOKS
New York

First published in 1906

Reprinted 1969
by permission of the Cambridge University Press

OCTAGON BOOKS
A Division of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.
19 Union Square West
New York, N. Y. 10003

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 76-83295

NOTE.

THE text of the present volume was passed for press by Arnold Glover and some progress had been made in his lifetime in the collection of the material given in the Appendix. Mrs Glover's help has again been most valuable in the completion of the work.

The Elder Brother is printed entirely in prose in the Second Folio, and I have therefore printed in the Appendix the play in verse, as it appeared in the First Quarto. The case is an interesting one, and readers will be glad, I think, to have both forms in the same volume.

I have not concerned myself with passages in the Second Folio in prose which have since been printed as verse. On the whole I agree with a recent critic who characterises as 'vexatious' the 'later practice of printing much manifest prose as verse, each post-seventeenth century editor apparently making it a point of honour to discover metre where no one had found it before, and where no one with an ear can find it now.'

I am glad to have had the opportunity of seeing the 1625 manuscript of *Demetrius and Enanthe*, the

play first printed in a somewhat mutilated form in the First Folio of 1647, where it is called *The Humorous Lieutenant*. It is stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (Vol. XIX, p. 306) that this MS. is preserved in the Dyce Library but the statement is incorrect. The MS. has never been a part of the Dyce collection. It was printed by Dyce in 1830 and after that date it rested for many years in obscurity. To Mrs Glover is due the credit for having traced it to its present home. For help in this search our thanks are due to Lord Stanley of Alderley, to W. R. M. Wynne, Esq., of Peniarth, Towyn, Merioneth (whose father owned the MS. and left a note in his copy of Dyce's reprint that he had given the MS. to his "old friend the late W. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P. for North Shropshire") and to Lord Harlech, the grandson of Mr Ormsby Gore. Lord Harlech re-discovered the MS. in his library at Brogyntyn, Oswestry, and he has very kindly permitted a thorough examination of it. Dyce's 1830 publication is described as a reprint "verbatim et literatim," but it has little claim to be so called. The punctuation is altered throughout, the spelling is altered in scores of words and, though the actual verbal differences between the original MS. and Dyce's reprint of it are not very many, yet these occur here and there throughout the play. Later editors, therefore, relying upon Dyce, have been led into recording as 'MS.' readings variations which do not occur in the MS. A brief description of the MS. will be found in the Appendix, pp. 509–18, together with the passages omitted from the Folios and a complete record of the verbal variations. The present collation omits readings incorrectly given by Dyce.

NOTE

The third volume of this text will be ready immediately and good progress is being made with the remaining volumes. When the publication of the entire text is completed it is intended to print, by way of a commentary thereon, a companion volume containing a series of explanatory notes upon the text, a glossary and whatsoever supplementary material may be deemed to be of use to the student or to the general reader.

A. R. WALLER.

CAMBRIDGE,
30 *January*, 1906.

THE
ELDER BROTHER,
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Lewis, *a Lord.*
Miramont, *a Gentleman.*
Brisac, *a Justice, Brother to* Miramont.
Charles, } *a Scholar,* } *Sons to* Brisac.
Eustace, } *a Courtier,* }
Egremont, } *two Courtiers, friends to*
Cowsy, } Eustace.
Andrew, *Servant to* Charles.
Cook, } *Servants to* Brisac.
Butler, }

Priest.
Notary.
Servants.
Officers.

Angellina, *Daughter to* Lewis.
Sylvia, *her Woman.*
Lilly, *Wife to* Andrew.
Ladies.

LECTORI.

Would'st thou all Wit, all Comick Art survey?
Read here and wonder; Fletcher *writ the Play.*

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, *and* Sylvia.

Lewis. NAY, I must walk you farther.

Ang. I am tir'd, Sir, and ne'er shall foot it home.

Lew. 'Tis for your health; the want of exercise takes from your Beauties, and sloth dries up your sweetness: That you are my only Daughter and my Heir, is granted; and you in

thankfulness must needs acknowledge, you ever find me an indulgent Father, and open handed.

Ang. Nor can you tax me, Sir, I hope, for want of duty to deserve these favours from you.

Lew. No, my *Angellina*, I love and cherish thy obedience to me, which my care to advance thee shall confirm: all that I aim at, is, to win thee from the practice of an idle foolish state, us'd by great Women, who think any labour (though in the service of themselves) a blemish to their fair fortunes.

Ang. Make me understand, Sir, what 'tis you point at.

Lew. At the custom, how Virgins of wealthy Families waste their youth; after a long sleep, when you wake, your Woman presents your Breakfast, then you sleep again, then rise, and being trimm'd up by other hands, y'are led to Dinner, and that ended, either to Cards or to your Couch, (as if you were born without motion) after this to Supper, and then to Bed: and so your life runs round without variety or action, Daughter.

Syl. Here's a learned Lecture!

Lew. Fro[m] this idleness, Diseases, both in body and in mind, grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature, with wholesome exercise, guards both from danger: I'd have thee rise with the Sun, walk, dance, or hunt, visit the Groves and Springs, and learn the vertue of Plants and Simples: Do this moderately, and thou shalt not, with eating Chalk, or Coles, Leather and Oatmeal, and such other trash, fall into the Green-sickness.

Syl. With your pardon (were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could prescribe a Remedy for my Lady's health, and her delight too, far transcending those your Lordship but now mention'd.

Lew. What is it, *Sylvia*?

Syl. What is't! a noble Husband; in that word, a noble Husband, all content of Woman is wholly comprehended; He will rouse her, as you say, with the Sun; and so pipe to her, as she will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt with her, upon occasion, until both be weary; and then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples, as I take it, were superfluous. A loving, and, but add to it, a gamesome Bedfellow, being the sure Physician.

Lew. Well said, Wench.

Ang. And who gave you Commission to deliver your Verdict, Minion?

Syl. I deserve a Fee, and not a frown, dear Madam: I but speak her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modesty refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy to a Maidenhead of fourteen, but off with't: let her lose no time, Sir; Fathers that deny their Daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe for them, in some kinds edge their appetites to taste of the fruit that is forbidden.

Lew. 'Tis well urg'd, and I approve it: No more blushing, Girl, thy Woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented what I meant to move to thee. There dwells near us a Gentleman of bloud, Monsieur *Brisac*, of a fair Estate, six thousand Crowns *per annum*, the happy Father of two hopeful Sons, of different breeding; the Elder, a meer Scholar; the younger, a quaint Courtier.

Ang. Sir, I know them by publick fame, though yet I never saw them; and that oppos'd antipathy between their various dispositions, renders them the general discourse and argument; one part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*, the other side preferring *Eustace*, as a man compleat in Courtship.

Lew. And which way (if of these two you were to chuse a Husband) doth your affection sway you?

Ang. To be plain Sir, (since you will teach me boldness) as they are simply themselves, to neither: let a Courtier be never so exact, let him be bless'd with all parts that yield him to a Virgin gracious; if he depend on others, and stand not on his own bottoms, though he have the means to bring his Mistris to a Masque, or by conveyance from some great ones lips, to taste such favour from the King: or grant he purchase precedency in the Court, to be sworn a servant Extraordinary to the Queen; nay, though he live in expectation of some huge preferment in reversion; if he want a present fortune, at the best those are but glorious dreams, and only yield him a happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*; nor can they fetch him Silks from the Mercer, nor discharge a Tailors Bill, nor in full plenty (which still preserves a quiet Bed at home) maintain a Family.

Lew. Aptly consider'd, and to my wish: But what's thy censure of the Scholar?

Ang. Troth (if he be nothing else) as of the Courtier, all his Songs and Sonnets, his Anagrams, Acrosticks, Epigrams, his deep and Philosophical Discourse of Nature's hidden Secrets, makes not up a perfect Husband; he can hardly borrow the Stars of the Celestial Crown to make me a Tire for my Head, nor *Charles*'s *Wain* for a Coach, nor *Ganymede* for a Page, nor a rich Gown from *Juno*'s Wardrobe, nor would I lie in (for I despair not once to be a Mother) under Heaven's spangled Canopy, or Banquet my Guests and Gossips with imagin'd Nectar; pure *Orleans* would do better: No, no, Father, though I could be well pleas'd to have my Husband a Courtier, and a Scholar, young, and valiant; these are but gawdy nothings, if there be not something to make a substance.

Lew. And what is that?

Ang. A full Estate, and that said, I've said all; and get me such a one with these Additions, farwel Virginity, and welcome Wedlock.

Lew. But where is such a one to be met with, Daughter? A black Swan is more common; you may wear grey Tresses e're we find him.

Ang. I am not so punctual in all Ceremonies, I will 'bate two or three of these good parts, before I'le dwell too long upon the choice.

Syl. Only, my Lord, remember, that he be rich and active, for without these, the others yield no relish, but these perfect. You must bear with small faults, Madam.

Lew. Merry Wench, and it becomes you well; I'le to *Brisac*, and try what may be done; i'th' mean time home, and feast thy thoughts with th'pleasures of a Bride.

Syl. Thoughts are but airy food, Sir, let her taste them.

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

Enter Andrew, Cook, *and* Butler.

And. Unload part of the Library, and make room for th'other dozen of Carts; I'le straight be with you.

Cook. Why, hath he more Books?

And. More than ten Marts send over.

But. And can he tell their names?

And. Their names! he has 'em as perfect as his *Pater Noster*; but that's nothing, h'as read them over leaf by leaf three thousand times; but here's the wonder, though their weight would sink a Spanish Carrock, without other Ballast, he carrieth them all in his head, and yet he walks upright.

But. Surely he has a strong brain.

And. If all thy pipes of Wine were fill'd with Books, made of the Barks of Trees, or Mysteries writ in old moth-eaten Vellam, he would sip thy Cellar quite dry, and still be thirsty: Then for's Diet, he eats and digests more Volumes at a meal, than there would be Larks (though the Sky should fall) devoured in a month in *Paris*. Yet fear not Sons o'the Buttery and Kitchin, though his learn'd stomach cannot be appeas'd; he'll seldom trouble you, his knowing stomach contemns your Black-Jacks, *Butler*, and your Flagons; and *Cook*, thy Boil'd, thy Rost, thy Bak'd.

Cook. How liveth he?

And. Not as other men do, few Princes fare like him; he breaks his fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes his watering with the *Muses*, sups with *Livy*, then walks a turn or two in *Via Lactea*, and (after six hours conference with the Stars) sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

But. This is admirable.

And. I'le tell you more hereafter. Here's my old Master, and another old ignorant Elder; I'le upon 'em.

Enter Brisac, Lewis.

Bri. What, *Andrew*? welcome; where's my *Charles*? speak, *Andrew*, where did'st thou leave thy Master?

And. Contemplating the number of the Sands in the High-way, and from that, purposes to make a Judgment of the remainder in the Sea: he is, Sir, in serious study, and will lose no minute, nor out of's pace to knowledge.

Lew. This is strange.

And. Yet he hath sent his duty, Sir, before him in this fair Manuscript.

Bri. What have we here? Pot-hooks and Andirons!

And. I much pity you, it is the Syrian Character, or the Arabick. Would you have it said, so great and deep a Scholar as M^r^ *Charles* is, should ask blessing in any Christian Language?

Were it Greek I could interpret for you, but indeed I'm gone no farther.

Bri. And in Greek you can lie with your smug Wife *Lilly*.

And. If I keep her from your French Dialect, as I hope I shall, Sir; however she is your Landress, she shall put you to the charge of no more Soap than usual for th'washing of your Sheets.

Bri. Take in the Knave, and let him eat.

And. And drink too, Sir.

Bri. And drink too Sir, and see your Masters Chamber ready for him.

But. Come, Dr *Andrew*, without Disputation thou shalt Commence i'the Cellar.

And. I had rather Commence on a cold Bak'd meat.

Cook. Thou shalt ha't, Boy.

Bri. Good Monsieur *Lewis*, I esteem my self much honour'd in your clear intent, to joyn our ancient Families, and make them one; and 'twill take from my age and cares, to live and see what you have purpos'd but in act, of which your visit at this present is a hopeful Omen; I each minute expecting the arrival of my Sons; I have not wrong'd their Birth for want of Means and Education, to shape them to that course each was addicted; and therefore that we may proceed discreetly, since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers, you first shall take a strict perusal of them, and then from your allowance, your fair Daughter m[a]y fashion her affection.

Lew. Monsieur *Brisac*, you offer fair and nobly, and I'le meet you in the same line of Honour; and I hope, being blest but with one Daughter, I shall not appear impertinently curious, though with my utmost vigilance and study, I labour to bestow her to her worth: Let others speak her form, and future Fortune from me descending to her; I in that sit down with silence.

Bri. You may, my Lord, securely, since Fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections, commanding all mens tongues to sing her praises; should I say more, you well might censure me (what yet I never was) a Flatterer. What trampling's that without of Horses?

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, my young Masters are newly alighted.
Bri. Sir, now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Charles.

Char. Bid my Supsiser carry my Hackney to the Butt'ry, and give him his Bever; it is a civil and sober Beast, and will drink moderately; and that done, turn him into the Quadrangle.

Bri. He cannot out of his University tone.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Eust. Lackey, take care our Coursers be well rubb'd, and cloath'd; they have out-stripp'd the Wind in speed.

Lew. I marry, Sir, there's metal in this young Fellow! What a Sheep's look his elder Brother has!

Char. Your blessing, Sir.

Bri. Rise, *Charles*, thou hast it.

Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the Court, (since 'tis the Courtiers garb) I bend my knee, and do expect what follows.

Bri. Courtly begg'd. My blessing, take it.

Eust. (*to Lew.*) Your Lordship's vow'd adorer. What a thing this Brother is! yet I'le vouchsafe him the new Italian shrug—
How clownishly the Book-worm does return it!

Char. I'm glad ye are well. [*Reads.*

Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of this pair of accomplish'd Monsieurs; they are Gallants that have seen both Tropicks.

Bri. I embrace their love.

Egr. Which we'll repay with servulating.

Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.

Bri. I pray you make deserving use on't first. *Eustace*, give entertainment to your Friends; what's in my house is theirs.

Eust. Which we'll make use of; let's warm our brains with half a dozen Healths, and then hang cold discourse, for we'll speak Fire-works. [*Ex.*

Lew. What, at his Book already?

Bri. Fie, fie, *Charles*, no hour of interruption?

Char. *Plato* differs from *Socrates* in this.

Bri. Come, lay them by; let them agree at leisure.

Char. Man's life, Sir, being so short, and then the way that leads unto the knowledge of our selves, so long and tedious, each minute should be precious.

Bri. In our care to manage worldly business, you must part with this Bookish contemplation, and prepare your self for action; to thrive in this Age is held the blame of Learning: You must study to know what part of my Land's good for the Plough, and what for Pasture; how to buy and sell to the best advantage; how to cure my Oxen when they're o'er-grown with labour.

Char. I may do this from what I've read, Sir; for, what concerns Tillage, who better can deliver it than *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*? and to cure your Herds, his *Bucolicks* is a Masterpiece; but when he does describe the Commonwealth of Bees, their industry, and knowledge of the herbs from which they gather Honey, with their care to place it with *decorum* in the Hive; their Government among themselves, their order in going forth, and coming loaden home; their obedience to their King, and his rewards to such as labour, with his punishments only inflicted on the slothful Drone; I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my Harvest, and there receive the gain my Cattle bring me, and there find Wax and Honey.

Bri. And grow rich in your imagination; heyday, heyday! *Georgicks*, *Bucolicks*, and Bees! art mad?

Char. No, Sir, the knowledge of these guards me from it.

Bri. But can you find among your bundle of Books (and put in all your Dictionaries that speak all Tongues) what pleasure they enjoy, that do embrace a well-shap'd wealthy Bride? Answer me that.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story, there I read of all kind of virtuous and vitious women; the antient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladies, their Beauties and Deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*, crown'd with still flourishing leaves of truth and goodness; with such a feeling I peruse their Fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted their ravishing sweetness; at the present loving the whole Sex for their goodness

and example. But on the contrary, when I look on a *Clytemnestra*, or a *Tullia*; the first bath'd in her Husband[s] bloud; the latter, without a touch of piety, driving on her Chariot o'er her Father's breathless Trunk, horrour invades my faculties; and comparing the multitudes o'th' guilty, with the few that did die Innocents, I detest and loath 'em as Ignorance or Atheism.

Bri. You resolve then ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe me.

Char. What debt, good Sir?

Bri. A debt I paid my Father when I begat thee, and made him a Grandsire, which I expect from you.

Char. The Children, Sir, which I will leave to all posterity, begot and brought up by my painful Studies, shall be my living Issue.

Bri. Very well; and I shall have a general Collection of all the quiddits from *Adam* to this time, to be my Grandchild.

Char. And such a one, I hope, Sir, as shall not shame the Family.

Bri. Nor will you take care of my Estate?

Char. But in my wishes; for know, Sir, that the wings on which my Soul is mounted, have long since born her too high, to stoop to any Prey that soars not upwards. Sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth, in that gross Element fix all their happiness; but purer Spirits, purged and refin'd, shake off that clog of humane frailty; give me leave t'enjoy my self; that place that does contain my Books (the best Compa[n]ions) is to me a glorious Court, where hourly I converse with the old Sages and Philosophers, and sometimes for variety, I confer with Kings and Emperors, and weigh their Counsels, calling their Victories (if unjustly got) unto a strict accompt, and in my phancy, deface their ill-plac'd Statues; can I then part with such constant pleasures, to embrace uncertain vanities? No, be it your care t'augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine t'increase in knowledge—Lights there for my Study—

[*Exit.*

Bri. Was ever man that had reason thus transported from all sense and feeling of his proper good? It vexes me, and if I found not comfort in my young *Eustace*, I might well conclude my name were at a period!

Lew. He is indeed, Sir, the surer base to build on.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy, *and* Andrew.

Bri. Eustace.

Eust. Sir.

Bri. Your ear in private.

And. I suspect my Master has found harsh welcome, he's gone supperless into his Study; could I find out the cause, it may be borrowing of his Books, or so, I shall be satisfied.

Eust. My duty shall, Sir, take any form you please; and in your motion to have me married, you cut off all dangers the violent heats of youth might bear me to.

Lew. It is well answer'd.

Eust. Nor shall you, my Lord, for your fair Daughter ever find just cause to mourn your choice of me; the name of Husband, nor the authority it carries in it, shall ever teach me to forget to be, as I am now, her Servant, and your Lordship's; and but that modesty forbids, that I should sound the Trumpet of my own deserts, I could say, my choice manners have been such, as render me lov'd and remarkable to the Princes of the Blood.

Cow. Nay, to the King.

Egre. Nay to the King and Council.

And. These are Court-admirers, and ever echo him that bears the Bag. Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this jugling.

Eust. Then for my hopes.

Cow. Nay certainties.

Eust. They stand as fair as any mans. What can there fall in compass of her wishes, which she shall not be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she Titles? by the grace and favour of my Princely Friends, I am what she would have me.

Bri. He speaks well, and I believe him.

Lew. I could wish I did so. Pray you a word, Sir. He's a proper Gentleman, and promises nothing, but what is possible. So far I will go with you; nay, I add, he hath won much upon me; and were he but one thing that his Brother is, the bargain were soon struck up.

Bri. What's that, my Lord?

Lew. The Heir.

And. Which he is not, and I trust never shall be.

Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference; you see *Charles* has given o'er the world; I'le undertake, and with much ease, to buy his Birth-right of him for a Dry-fat of new Books; nor shall my state alone make way for him, but my elder Brothers, who being issueless, to advance our name, I doubt not will add his. Your resolution?

Lew. I'le first acquaint my Daughter with the proceedings; on these terms I am yours, as she shall be, make you no scruple. Get the Writings ready, she shall be tractable; to morrow we will hold a second conference. Farewell noble *Eustace*; and you brave Gallants.

Eust. Full increase of honour wait ever on your Lordship.

And. The Gout rather, and a perpetual Meagrim.

Bri. You see, *Eustace*, how I travel to possess you of a Fortune you were not born to; be you worthy of it: I'le furnish you for a Suitor: visit her, and prosper in't.

Eust. She's mine, Sir, fear it not: in all my travels, I ne'er met a Virgin that could resist my Courtship.
If it take now, we're made for ever, and will revel it. [*Ex.*

And. In tough Welsh Parsly, which, in our vulgar Tongue, is strong Hempen Halters; my poor Master cozen'd, and I a looker on! If we have studi'd our Majors and our Minors, Antecedents and Consequents, to be concluded Coxcombs, w'have made a fair hand on't. I am glad I have found out all their plots, and their Conspiracies; this shall t'old Monsieur *Miramont*, one, that though he cannot read a Proclamation, yet dotes on Learning, and loves my Master *Charles* for being a Scholar; I hear he's coming hither, I shall meet him; and if he be that old, rough, testy blade he always us'd to be, I'le ring him such a peal, as shall go near to shake their Bel-room, peradventure beat'm, for he is fire and flax; and so have at him. [*Exit.*

Actus Se[c]undus. Scena Prima.

Enter Miramount, Brisac.

Mir. NAY, Brother, Brother.

Bri. Pray, Sir, be not moved, I meddle with no business but mine own, and in mine own 'tis reason I should govern.

Mir. But how to govern then, and understand, Sir, and be as wise as y'are hasty, though you be my Brother, and from one bloud sprung, I must tell ye heartily and home too.

Bri. What, Sir?

Mir. What I grieve to find, you are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.

Bri. We'll part 'em, if you please.

Mir. No, they're entail'd to 'em. Seek to deprive an honest noble Spirit, your eldest Son, Sir, and your very Image, (but he's so like you, that he fares the worse for't) because he loves his Book, and dotes on that, and only studies how to know things excellent, above the reach of such course Brains as yours, such muddy Fancies, that never will know farther than when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants, and choak your hide-bound Tenants with musty Harvests.

Bri. You go too fast.

Mir. I'am not come to my pace yet. Because h'has made his study all his pleasure, and is retir'd into his Contemplation, not medling with the dirt and chaff of Nature, that makes the spirit of the mind mud too; therefore must he be flung from his inheritance? must he be dispossess'd, and Monsieur Gingle-boy his younger Brother—

Bri. You forget your self.

Mir. Because h'has been at Court, and learn'd new Tongues, and how to speak a tedious piece of nothing; to vary his face as Sea-men do their compass, to worship Images of gold and silver, and fall before the She-calves of the season; therefore must he jump into his Brother's Land?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spoke enough in praise of Learning, Sir?

Mir. Never enough.

Bri. But, Brother, do you know what Learning is?

Mir. It is not to be a Justice of Peace as you are, and palter out your time i'th' penal Statutes. To hear the curious Tenets controverted between a Protestant Constable, and Jesuite Cobler; to pick Natural Philosophy out of Bawdry, when your Worship's pleas'd to correctifie a Lady; nor 'tis not the main Moral of blind Justice, (which is deep Learning) when your Worships Tenants bring a light cause, and heavy Hens before ye, both fat and feeble, a Goose or Pig; and then you'll

sit like equity with both hands weighing indifferently the state o'th' question. These are your Quodlibets, but no Learning, Brother.

Bri. You are so parlously in love with Learning, that I'd be glad to know what you understand, Brother; I'm sure you have read all *Aristotle*.

Mir. Faith no; but I believe I have a learned faith, Sir, and that's it makes a Gentleman of my sort; though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound of 't, it goes so thund'ring as it conjur'd Devils: *Charles* speaks it loftily, and if thou wert a man, or had'st but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*, *Hesiod*, and the Greek Poets, thou wouldst run mad, and hang thy self for joy th' hadst such a Gentleman to be thy Son: O he has read such things to me!

Bri. And you do understand 'em, Brother?

Mir. I tell thee, No, that's not material; the sound's sufficient to confirm an honest man: Good Brother *Brisac*, does your young Courtier, that wears the fine Cloaths, and is the excellent Gentleman, (the Traveller, the Soldier, as you think too) understand any other power than his Tailor? or knows what motion is more than an Horse-race? What the Moon means, but to light him home from taverns? or the comfort of the Sun is, but to wear slash'd clothes in? And must this piece of ignorance be popt up, because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, sweet Lady? Say it had been at *Rome*, and seen the Reliques, drunk your *Verdea* Wine, and rid at *Naples*, brought home a Box of *Venice* Treacle with it, to cure young Wenches that have eaten Ashes: Must this thing therefore?—

Bri. Yes Sir, this thing must; I will not trust my Land to one so sotted, so grown like a Disease unto his Study; he that will fling off all occasions and cares, to make him understand what state is, and how to govern it, must, by that reason, be flung himself aside from managing. My younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

Mir. He is an Ass, a piece of Ginger-bread, gilt over to please foolish Girls puppets.

Bri. You are my elder Brother.

Mir. So I had need, and have an elder Wit, thou'dst shame us all else. Go to, I say, *Charles* shall inherit.

Bri. I say, no, unless *Charles* had a Soul to understand it;

can he manage six thousand Crowns a year out of the Metaphysics? or can all his learn'd Astronomy look to my Vineyards? Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines? (I know they can drink 'em) or your excellent Humanists sell 'em the Merchants for my best advantage? Can History cut my Hay, or get my Corn in? And can Geometry vend it in the Market? Shall I have my sheep kept with a *Jacobs-staff* now? I wonder you will magnifie this madman, you that are old, and should understand.

Mir. Should, say'st thou? thou monstrous piece of ignorance in Office! thou that hast no more knowledge than thy Clerk infuses, thy dapper Clerk, larded with ends of Latin, and he no more than custom of offences. Thou unreprieveable Dunce! that thy formal Bandstrings, thy Ring, nor pomander cannot expiate for, dost thou tell me I should? I'le pose thy Worship in thine own Library and Almanack, which thou art daily poring on, to pick out days of iniquity to cozen fools in, and Full Moons to cut Cattle: dost thou taint me, that have run over Story, Poetry, Humanity?

Bri. As a cold nipping shadow does o'er ears of Corn, and leave 'em blasted, put up your anger, what I'll do, I'll do.

Mir. Thou shalt not do.

Bri. I will.

Mir. Thou art an Ass then, a dull old tedious Ass; th' art ten times worse, and of less credit than Dunce *Hollingshead* the Englishman, that writes of Shows and Sheriffs.

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Well, take your pleasure, here's one I must talk with.

Lew. Good-day, Sir.

Bri. Fair to you, Sir.

Lew. May I speak w'ye?

Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodness.

Lew. Good morrow, Monsieur *Miramont.*

Mir. O sweet Sir, keep your good morrow to cool your Worships pottage; a couple of the worlds fools met together to raise up dirt and dunghils.

Lew. Are they drawn?

Bri. They shall be ready, Sir, within these two hours; and *Charles* set his hand.

Lew. 'Tis necessary; for he being a joint purchaser, though your Estate was got by your own industry, unless he seal to the Conveyance, it can be of no validity.

Bri. He shall be ready and do it willingly.

Mir. He shall be hang'd first.

Bri. I hope your Daughter likes.

Lew. She loves him well, Sir; young *Eustace* is a bait to catch a Woman, a budding spritely Fellow; y'are resolv'd then, that all shall pass from *Charles*?

Bri. All, all, he's nothing; a bunch of Books shall be his Patrimony, and more than he can manage too.

Lew. Will your Brother pass over his Land to your son *Eustace*? you know he has no Heir.

Mir. He will be flead first, and Horse-collars made of's skin.

Bri. Let him alone, a wilful man; my Estate shall serve the turn, Sir. And how does your Daughter?

Lew. Ready for the hour, and like a blushing Rose that stays the pulling.

Bri. To morrow then's the day.

Lew. Why then to morrow I'll bring the Girl; get you the Writings ready.

Mir. But hark you, Monsieur, have you the virtuous conscience to help to rob an Heir, an Elder Brother, of that which Nature and the Law flings on him? You were your Father's eldest Son, I take it, and had his Land; would you had had his wit too, or his discretion, to consider nobly, what 'tis to deal unworthily in these things; you'll say he's none of yours, he's his Son; and he will say, he is no Son to inherit above a shelf of Books: Why did he get him? why was he brought up to write and read, and know these things? why was he not like his Father, a dumb Justice? a flat dull piece of phlegm, shap'd like a man, a reverend Idol in a piece of Arras? Can you lay disobedience, want of manners, or any capital crime to his charge?

Lew. I do not, nor do weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir; this man must answer.

Bri. I have don't already, and given sufficient reason to secure me: and so good morrow, Brother, to your patience.

Lew. Good morrow, Monsieur *Miramont*.

Mir. Good Night-caps keep brains warm, or Maggots will breed in 'em. Well, *Charles*, thou shalt not want to buy thee Books yet, the fairest in thy Study are my gift, and the University of *Lovain*, for thy sake, hath tasted of my bounty; and to vex the old doting Fool thy Father, and thy Brother, they shall not share a *Solz* of mine between them; nay more, I'll give thee eight thousand Crowns a year, in some high strain to write my Epitaph.

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Eust. How do I look now, my Elder Brother? Nay, 'tis a handsome Suit.

Cow. All Courtly, Courtly.

Eust. I'll assure ye, Gentlemen, my Tailor has travel'd, and speaks as lofty Language in his Bills too; the cover of an old Book would not shew thus. Fie, fie; what things these Academicks are! these Book-worms, how they look!

Egre. They're meer Images, no gentle motion or behaviour in 'em; they'll prattle ye of *Primum Mobile*, and tell a story of the state of Heaven, what Lords and Ladies govern in such Houses, and what wonders they do when they meet together, and how they spit Snow, Fire, and Hail, like a Jugler, and make a noise when they are drunk, which we call Thunder.

Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest; such Small-beer brains, but ask 'em any thing out of the Element of their understanding, and they stand gaping like a roasted Pig: do they know what a Court is, or a Council, or how the affairs of Christendom are manag'd? Do they know any thing but a tired Hackney? and they cry absurd as the Horse understood 'em. They have made a fair Youth of your Elder Brother, a pretty piece of flesh!

Eust. I thank 'em for't, long may he study to give me his Estate. Saw you my Mistris?

Egre. Yes, she's a sweet young Woman; but be sure you keep her from Learning.

Eust. Songs she may have, and read a little unbak'd Poetry, such as the Dablers of our time contrive, that has no weight nor wheel to move the mind, nor indeed nothing but an empty

sound; she shall have cloaths, but not made by Geometry; Horses and Coach, but of no immortal Race: I will not have a Scholar in my house above a gentle Reader; they corrupt the foolish Women with their subtle Problems; I'le have my house call'd ignorance, to fright prating Philosophers from Entertainment.

Cow. It will do well, love those that love good fashions, good cloaths, and rich; they invite men to admire 'em, that speak the lisp of Court. Oh 'tis great Learning! to Ride well, Dance well, Sing well, or Whistle Courtly, they're rare endowments; that they have seen far Countreys, and can speak strange things, though they speak no truths, for then they make things common. When are you marri'd?

Eust. To morrow, I think; we must have a Masque, Boys, and of our own making.

Egre. 'Tis not half an hours work, a *Cupid*, and a Fiddle, and the thing's done: but let's be handsome, shall's be Gods or Nymphs?

Eust. What, Nymphs with Beards?

Cow. That's true, we'll be Knights then; some wandring Knights, that light here on a sudden.

Eust. Let's go, let's go, I must go visit, Gentlemen, and mark what sweet lips I must kiss to morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA III.

Enter Cook, Andrew, Butler.

Cook. And how do's my Master?

And. He's at's Book; peace, Coxcomb, that such an unlearned tongue as thine should ask for him!

Co. Do's he not study conjuring too?

And. Have you lost any Plate, *Butler*?

But. No, but I know I shall to morrow at dinner.

And. Then to morrow you shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle with no spirit o'th' Buttery, they taste too small for us; keep me a Pie *in Folio*, I beseech thee, and thou shalt see how learnedly I'le translate him. Shall's have good cheer to morrow?

Co. Excellent good cheer, *Andrew*.

And. The spight on't is, that much about that time, I shall be arguing, or deciding rather, which are the Males or Females of Red Herrings, and whether they be taken in the Red-Sea only; a question found out by *Copernicus*, the learned Motion-maker.

Co. I marry, *Butler*, here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him, would swear he understood no more than we do.

But. Certain, a learned *Andrew*.

And. I've so much on't, and am so loaden with strong understanding, I fear, they'll run me mad. Here's a new Instrument, a Mathematical Glister to purge the Moon with when she is laden with cold phlegmatick humours; and here's another to remove the Stars, when they grow too thick in the Firmament.

Co. O Heavens! why do I labour out my life in a Beef-pot? and only search the secrets of a Sallad, and know no farther?

And. They are not reveal'd to all heads; these are far above your Element of Fire, *Cook*. I could tell you of *Archimedes* Glass, to fire your Coals with; and of the Philosophers Turf, that ne'er goes out: and, *Gilbert Butler*, I could ravish thee with two rare inventions.

But. What are they, *Andrew*.

And. The one to blanch your Bread from chippings base, and in a moment, as thou wouldst an Almond; the Sect of the Epicureans invented that: The other for thy Trenchers, that's a strong one, to cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute, and no noise heard, which is the wonder, *Gilbert*; and this was out of *Plato*'s new *Ideas*.

But. Why, what a learned Master do'st thou serve, *Andrew*?

And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, *Gilbert*; with gods and goddesses, and such strange people he deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion, as thou do'st with thy Boy that draws thy drink, or *Ralph* there, with his Kitchin-Boys and Scalders.

Co. But why should he not be familiar, and talk sometimes, as other Christians do, of hearty matters, and come into the Kitchin, and there cut his Breakfast?

But. And then retire to the Buttery, and there eat it, and drink a lusty Bowl to my young Master, that must be now the Heir, he'll do all these, I and be drunk too; these are mortal things.

And. My Master studies immortality.

Co. Now thou talk'st of immortality, how do's thy Wife, *Andrew*? my old Master did you no small Pleasure when he procur'd her, and stock'd you in a Farm. If he should love her now, as he hath a Colts tooth yet, what says your learning and your strange Instruments to that, my *Andrew*? Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it? can ye put by his Mathematical Engine?

And. Yes, or I'le break it: thou awaken'st me, and I'le peep i'th' Moon this month but I'le watch for him. My Master rings, I must go make him a fire, and conjure o'er his Books.

Co. Adieu, good *Andrew*, and send thee manly patience with thy learning. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

Enter Charles.

Cha. I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading, and all my faculties turn into study; 'tis meat and sleep; what need I outward garments, when I can cloath my self with understanding? The Stars and glorious Planets have no Tailors, yet ever new they are, and shine like Courtiers. The Seasons of the year find no fond Parents, yet some are arm'd in silver Ice that glisters, and some in gawdy Green come in like Masquers. The Silk-worm spins her own suit and lodging, and has no aid nor partner in her labours. Why should we care for any thing but knowledge, or look upon the World but to contemn it?

Enter Andrew.

And. Would you have any thing?

Char. *Andrew*, I find there is a flie grown o'er the Eye o'th' *Bull*, which will go near to blind the Constellation.

And. Put a Gold-ring in's nose, and that will cure him.

Char. *Ariadne*'s Crown's away too; two main Stars that held it fast are slip[t] out.

And. Send it presently to *Galateo*, the Italian Star-wright, he'll set it right again with little labour.

Char. Thou art a pretty Scholar.

And. I hope I shall be; have I swept Books so often to know nothing?

Char. I hear thou art married.

And. It hath pleas'd your Father to match me to a Maid of his own chusing; I doubt her Constellation's loose too, and wants nailing; and a sweet Farm he has given us a mile off, Sir.

Char. Marry thy self to understanding, *Andrew*; these Women are *Errata* in all Authors, they're fair to see to, and bound up in Vellam, smooth, white and clear, but their contents are monstrous; they treat of nothing but dull age and diseases. Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is on those shelves, *Andrew*.

And. I think I have not, Sir.

Char. No, if thou had'st, thou'ld'st ne'er married a Woman in thy bosom, they're Cataplasms made o'th' deadly sins: I ne'er saw any yet but mine own Mother; or if I did, I did regard them but as shadows that pass by of under creatures.

And. Shall I bring you one? I'le trust you with my own Wife; I would not have your Brother go beyond ye; they're the prettiest Natural Philosophers to play with.

Char. No, no, they're Opticks to delude mens eyes with. Does my younger Brother speak any Greek yet, *Andrew*?

And. No, but he speaks High Dutch, and that goes daintily.

Char. Reach me the Books down I read yesterday, and make a little fire, and get a manchet; make clean those Instruments of Brass I shew'd you, and set the great Sphere by; then take the Fox tail, and purge the Books from dust; last, take your *Lilly*, and get your part ready.

And. Shall I go home, Sir? my Wife's name is *Lilly*, there my best part lies, Sir.

Charles. I mean your Grammar, O thou Dunderhead would'st thou be ever in thy Wife's *Syntaxis*? Let me

have no noise, nor nothing to disturb me; I am to find a secret.

And. So am I too; which if I find, I shall make some smart for't— [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, Notary.

Lewis. THis is the day, my Daughter *Angellina*, the happy, that must make you a Fortune, a large and full one, my care has wrought it, and yours must be as great to entertain it. Young *Eustace* is a Gentleman at all points, and his behaviour affable and courtly, his person excellent; I know you find that, I read it in your eyes, you like his youth; young handsome people should be match'd together, then follows handsome Children, handsome fortunes; the most part of his Father's Estate, my Wench, is ti'd in a Jointure, that makes up the harmony; and when ye are married, he's of that soft temper, and so far will be chain'd to your observance, that you may rule and turn him as you please. What, are the Writings drawn on your side, Sir?

Not. They are, and here I have so fetter'd him, that if the Elder Brother set his hand to, not all the power of Law shall e'er release him.

Lew. These Notaries are notable confident Knaves, and able to do more mischief than an Army. Are all your Clauses sure?

Not. Sure as proportion; they may turn Rivers sooner than these Writings.

Lew. Why did you not put all the Lands in, Sir?

Not. 'Twas not condition'd; if it had been found, it had been but a fault made in the Writing; if not found, all the Land.

Lew. These are small Devils, that care not who has mischief, so they make it; they live upon the meer scent of dissention. 'Tis well, 'tis well; are you contented, Girl? for your will must be known.

Ang. A Husband's welcome, and as an humble Wife I'le entertain him; no Sovereignty I aim at, 'tis the man's, Sir;

for she that seeks it, kills her husbands honour: The Gentleman I have seen, and well observ'd him, yet find not that grac'd excellence you promise; a pretty Gentleman, and he may please too, and some few flashes I have heard come from him, but not to admiration as to others: He's young, and may be good, yet he must make it, and I may help, and help to thank him also. It is your pleasure I should make him mine, and 't has been still my duty to observe you.

Lew. Why then let's go, and I shall love your modesty. To Horse, and bring the Coach out, *Angellina*; to morrow you will look more womanly.

Ang. So I look honestly, I fear no eyes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Enter Brisac, Andrew, Cook, Lilly.

Bris. Wait on your Master, he shall have that befits him.

And. No Inheritance, Sir?

Bri. You speak like a fool, a coxcomb; he shall have annual means to buy him Books, and find him cloathes and meat, what would he more? Trouble him with Land? 'tis flat against his nature. I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.

And. Shall Master *Eustace* have all?

Bri. All, all; he knows how to use it, he's a man bred in the world, th'other i'th' Heavens. My Masters, pray be wary, and serviceable; and *Cook*, see all your Sawces be sharp and poynant in the palate, that they may commend you; look to your Roast and Bak'd meats handsomely, and what new Kickshaws and delicate made things—Is th' Musick come?

But. Yes, Sir, they're here at Breakfast.

Bri. There will be a Masque too; you must see this Room clean, and, *Butler*, your door open to all good-fellows; but have an eye to your Plate, for there be Furies; my *Lilly*, welcome you are for the Linen, sort it, and see it ready for the Table, and see the Bride-bed made, and look the cords be not cut asunder by the Gallants too, there be such knacks abroad. Hark hither, *Lilly*, to morrow night at twelve a clo[c]k I'le sup w'ye: your husband shall be safe, I'le send ye meat too; before I cannot well slip from my company.

And. Will you so, will you so, Sir? I'le make one to eat it, I may chance make you stagger too.

Bri. No answer, *Lilly*?

Lil. One word about the Linen; I'le be ready, and rest your Worships still.

And. And I'le rest w'ye, you shall see what rest 'twill be. Are ye so nimble? a man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you.

Bri. Wait on your Master, for I know he wants ye, and keep him in his Study, that the noise do not molest him. I will not fail my *Lilly*—Come in, sweet-hearts, all to their several duties. [*Exeunt.*

And. Are you kissing ripe, Sir? Double but my Farm, and kiss her till thy heart ake. These Smock-vermine, how eagerly they leap at old mens kisses, they lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure; and if 't were not for the scurvy name of Cuckold, he should lie with her. I know she'll labour at length with a good Lordship. If he had a Wife now, but that's all one, I'le fit him. I must up unto my Master, he'll be mad with Study— [*Exit.*

ACTUS III. SCENA III.

Enter Charles.

Char. What a noise is in this house? my head is broken, within a Parenthesis, in every corner, as if the Earth were shaken with some strange Collect, there are stirs and motions. What Planet rules this house?

Enter Andrew.

Who's there?

And. 'Tis I, Sir, faithful *Andrew.*

Char. Come near, and lay thine ear down; hear'st no noise?

And. The Cooks are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make Pies, and breaking Marrow-bones—

Char. Can they set them again?

And. Yes, yes, in Broths and Puddings, and they grow stronger for the use of any man.

Char. What speaking's that? sure there's a Massacre.

And. Of Pigs and Geese, Sir, and Turkeys, for the spit. The Cooks are angry Sirs, and that makes up the medley.

Char. Do they thus at every Dinner? I ne're mark'd them yet, nor know who is a Cook.

And. They're sometimes sober, and then they beat as gently as a Tabor.

Char. What loads are these?

And. Meat, meat, Sir, for the Kitchen, and stinking Fowls the Tenants have sent in; they'll ne'r be found out at a general eating; and there's fat Venison, Sir.

Char. What's that?

And. Why Deer, those that men fatten for their private pleasures, and let their Tenants starve upon the Commons.

Char. I've read of Deer, but yet I ne'er eat any.

And. There's a Fishmongers Boy with Caviar, Sir, Anchoves, and Potargo, to make ye drink.

Char. Sure these are modern, very modern meats, for I understand 'em not.

And. No more does any man from Caca merda, or a substance worse, till they be greas'd with Oyl, and rubb'd with Onions, and then flung out of doors, they are rare Sallads.

Char. And why is all this, prethee tell me, *Andrew*? are there any Princes to dine here to day? by this abundance sure there should be Princes; I've read of entertainment for the gods at half this charge; will not six Dishes serve 'em? I never had but one, and that a small one.

And. Your Brother's marri'd this day; he's marri'd your younger Brother *Eustace.*

Char. What of that?

And. And all the Friends about are bidden hither; there's not a Dog that knows the house, but comes too.

Char. Marri'd! to whom?

And. Why to a dainty Gentlewoman, young, sweet, and modest.

Char. Are there modest women? how do they look?

And. O you'll bless yourself to see them. He parts with's Books, he ne'er did so before yet.

Char. What does my Father for 'em?

And. Gives all his Land, and makes your Brother heir.

Char. Must I have nothing?

And. Yes, you must study still, and he'll maintain you.

Char. I am his eldest Brother.

And. True, you were so; but he has leap'd o'er your shoulders, Sir.

Char. 'Tis well; he'll not inherit my understanding too?

And. I think not; he'll scarce find Tenants to let it out to.

Char. Hark! hark!

And. The Coach that brings the fair Lady.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Ladies, Notary, *&c.*

And. Now you may see her.

Char. Sure this should be modest, but I do not truly know what women make of it, *Andrew*; she has a face looks like a story, the story of the Heavens looks very like her.

And. She has a wide face then.

Char. She has a Cherubin's, cover'd and vail'd with modest blushes. *Eustace*, be happy, whiles poor *Charles* is patient. Get me my Books again, and come in with me—

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy, Miramont.

Bri. Welcome, sweet Daughter; welcome, noble Brother; and you are welcome, Sir, with all your Writings; Ladys, most welcome: What, my angry Brother! you must be welcome too, the Feast is flat else.

Mir. I am not come for your welcome, I expect none; I bring no joys to bless the bed withall; nor Songs, nor Masques to glorifie the Nuptials; I bring an angry mind to see your folly, a sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

Bri. You'll stay and dine though.

Mir. All your meat smells musty, your Table will shew nothing to content me.

Bri. I'le answer you here's good meat.

Mir. But your sauce is scurvie, it is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.

Eust. It seems your anger is at me, dear Uncle.

Mir. Thou art not worth my anger, th'art a Boy, a lump o'thy Father's lightness, made of nothing but antick cloathes and cringes; look in thy head, and 'twill appear a foot-ball

full of fumes and rotten smoke. Lady, I pity you; you are a handsome and a sweet young Lady, and ought to have a handsom man yok'd t'ye, an understanding too; this is a Gimcrack, that can get nothing but new fashions on you; for say he have a thing shap'd like a child, 'twill either prove a Tumbler or a Tailor.

Eust. These are but harsh words, Uncle.

Mir. So I mean 'em. Sir, you play harsher play w'your elder Brother.

Eust. I would be loth to give you.

Mir. Do not venture, I'le make your wedding cloaths sit closer t'ye then; I but disturb you, I'le go see my Nephew.

Lew. Pray take a piece of Rosemary.

Mir. I'le wear it, but for the Ladys sake, and none of yours; may be I'le see your Table too.

Bri. Pray do, Sir.

Ang. A mad old Gentleman.

Bri. Yes faith, sweet Daughter, he has been thus his whole age, to my knowledge; he has made *Charles* his Heir, I know that certainly; then why should he grudge *Eustace* any thing?

Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as, they say, this *Charles* is, that makes his Book his Mistris; Sure there's something hid in this old man's anger, that declares him not a meer sot.

Bri. Come, shall we go and seal, Brother? all things are ready, and the Priest is here. When *Charles* has set his hand unto the Writings, as he shall instantly, then to the Wedding, and so to dinner.

Lew. Come, let's seal the Book first for my Daughters Jointure.

Bri. Let's be private in't, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA IV.

Enter Charles, Miramont, Andrew.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone.

Char. Hum.

Mir. Ha'ye no greater feeling?

And. You were sensible of the great Book, Sir, when it

fell on your head, and now the house is ready to fall, do you fear nothing?

Char. Will he have my Books too.

Mir. No, he has a Book, a fair one too, to read on, and read wonders; I would thou hadst her in thy Study, Nephew, and 'twere but to new string her.

Char. Yes, I saw her, and me thought 'twas a curious piece of Learning, handsomely bound, and of a dainty Letter.

And. He flung away his Book.

Mir. I like that in him; would he had flung away his dulness too, and spoke to her.

Char. And must my Brother have all?

Mir. All that your Father has.

Char. And that fair woman too?

Mir. That woman also.

Char. He has enough then. May I not see her sometimes, and call her sister? I will do him no wrong.

Mir. This makes me mad, I could now cry for anger: these old Fools are the most stubborn and the wilfullest Coxcombs; Farewell, and fall to your Book, forget your Brother: you are my Heir, and I'le provide y'a Wife: I'le look upon this marriage, though I hate it. [*Exit.*

Enter Brisac.

Bri. Where is my Son?

And. There, Sir, casting a Figure what chopping children his Brother shall have.

Bri. He does well. How do'st, *Charles*? still at thy Book?

And. He's studying now, Sir, who shall be his Father.

Bri. Peace, you rude Knave—Come hither, *Charles*, be merry.

Char. I thank you, I am busie at my Book, Sir.

Bri. You must put your hand, my *Charles*, as I would have you, unto a little piece of Parchment here: only your name; you write a reasonable hand.

Char. But I may do unreasonably to write it. What is it, Sir?

Bri. To pass the Land I have, Sir, unto your younger Brother.

Char. Is't no more?

Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing: you shall be provided for, and new Books you shall have still, and new Studies, and have your means brought in without thy care, Boy, and one still to attend you.

Char. This shews your love, Father.

Bri. I'm tender to you.

And. Like a stone, I take it.

Char. Why Father, I'll go down, an't please you let me, because I'd see the thing they call the Gentlewoman; I see no Woman but through contemplation, and there I'll do't before the company, and wish my Brother fortune.

Bri. Do, I prethee.

Char. I must not stay, for I have things above require my study.

Bri. No, thou shalt not stay; thou shalt have a brave dinner too.

And. Now has he o'erthrown himself for ever; I will down into the Cellar, and be stark drunk for anger. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA V.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Eustace, Priest, Ladies, Cowsy, Notary, *and* Miramont.

Not. Come, let him bring his Sons hand, and all's done. Is your's ready?

Pri. Yes, I'll dispatch ye presently, immediately, for in truth I am a hungry.

Eust. Do, speak apace, for we believe exactly: do not we stay long, Mistress?

Ang. I find no fault, better things well done, than want time to do them. Uncle, why are you sad?

Mir. Sweet smelling blossom, would I were thine Uncle to thine own content, I'd make thy Husband's state a thousand better, a yearly thousand. Thou hast mist a man, (but that he is addicted to his study, and knows no other Mistress than his mind) would weigh down bundles of these empty kexes.

Ang. Can he speak, Sir?

Mir. Faith yes, but not to Women; his language is to

Heaven, and heavenly wonder; to Nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. And does he speak well there?

Mir. O admirably! but he's too bashful to behold a Woman, there's none that sees him, and he troubles none.

Ang. He is a man.

Mir. Faith yes, and a clear sweet spirit.

Ang. Then conversation me thinks—

Mir. So think I; but it is his rugged Fate, and so I leave you.

Ang. I like thy nobleness.

Eust. See my mad Uncle is courting my fair Mistress.

Lew. Let him alone; there's nothing that allays an angry mind so soon as a sweet Beauty: he'll come to us.

Enter Brisac, *and* Charles.

Eust. My Father's here, my Brother too! that's a wonder, broke like a Spirit from his Cell.

Bri. Come hither, come nearer, *Charles*; 'twas your desire to see my noble Daughter, and the company, and give your Brother joy, and then to Seal, Boy; you do, like a good Brother.

Lew. Marry does he, and he shall have my love for ever for't. Put to your hand now.

Not. Here's the Deed, Sir, ready.

Char. No, you must pardon me a while, I tell ye, I am in contemplation, do not trouble me.

Bri. Come, leave thy Study, *Charles.*

Char. I'll leave my life first; I study now to be a man, I've found it. Before what Man was, was but my Argument.

Mir. I like this best of all, he has taken fire, his dull mist flies away.

Eust. Will you write, Brother?

Char. No, Brother, no; I have no time for poor things, I'm taking the height of that bright Constellation.

Bri. I say you trifle time, Son.

Char. I will not seal, Sir; I am your Eldest, and I'll keep my Birth-right, for Heaven forbid I should become example: Had y'only shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it, and been a

proud man to have parted with it; 'tis dirt, and labour. Do I speak right, Uncle?

Mir. Bravely, my Boy, and bless thy tongue.

Char. I'll forward: but you have open'd to me such a treasure, I find my mind free; Heaven direct my fortune.

Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a son to sacrifice?

Char. Such an inimitable piece of Beauty, that I have studied long, and now found only, that I'll part sooner with my soul of Reason, and be a Plant, a Beast, a Fish, a Flie, and only make the number of things up, than yield to one foot of Land, if she be ti'd to't.

Lew. He speaks unhappily.

Ang. And methinks bravely. This the meer Scholar?

Eust. You but vex your self, Brother, and vex your study too.

Char. Go you and study, for 'tis time, young *Eustace*; you want both man and manners; I've study'd both, although I made no shew on't. Go turn the Volumes over I have read, eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee; wear out the tedious night with thy dim Lamp, and sooner lose the day, than leave a doubt. Distil the sweetness from the Poets Spring, and learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is: Traverse the stories of the great Heroes, the wise and civil lives of good men walk through; thou hast seen nothing but the face of Countrys, and brought home nothing but their empty words: why shouldst thou wear a Jewel of this worth, that hast no worth within thee to preserve her?

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the Air
Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the Violet and the Rose
The blew Veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,
Make me live by serving you.

Dear again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory;
I am your servant and your thrall.

Mir. Speak such another Ode, and take all yet. What say ye to the Scholar now?

Ang. I wonder; is he your Brother, Sir?

Eust. Yes, would he were buried; I fear he'll make an Ass of me a younger.

Ang. Speak not so softly, Sir, 'tis very likely.

Bri. Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dispatch, *Charles.*

Char. Dispatch, what?

Bri. Why the Land.

Char. You are deceiv'd, Sir. Now I perceive what 'tis that wooes a woman, and what maintains her when she's woo'd: I'll stop here. A wilful poverty ne'er made a Beauty, nor want of means maintain'd it vertuously: though land and moneys be no happiness, yet they are counted good additions. That use I'll make; he that neglects a blessing, though he want a present knowledge how to use it, neglects himself. May be I have done you wrong, Lady, whose love and hope went hand in hand together; may be my Brother, that has long expected the happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance; pray give me leave, Sir, I shall clear all doubts; why did they shew me you? pray tell me that?

(*Mir.* He'll talk thee into a pension for thy knavery.)

Char. You, happy you, why did you break unto me? The Rosie sugred morn ne'er broke so sweetly: I am a man, and have desires within me, affections too, though they were drown'd a while, and lay dead, till the Spring of beauty rais'd them; till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump, a chaos of confusedness dwelt in me; then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd, and into form he drew my faculties; and now I know my Land, and now I love too.

Bri. We had best remove the Maid.

Char. It is too late, Sir. I have her figure here. Nay

frown not, *Eustace*, there are less worthy Souls for younger Brothers; this is no form of Silk, but Sanctity, which wild lascivious hearts can never dignifie. Remove her where you will, I walk along still, for, like the light, we make no separation; you may sooner part the Billows of the Sea, and put a barr betwixt their fellowships, than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut old Time into a Den, and stay his motion, wash off the swift hours from his downy wings, or steal Eternity to stop his glass, than shut the sweet Idea I have in me. Room for an Elder Brother, pray give place, Sir.

Mir. H'as studied duel too; take heed, he'll beat thee. H'as frighted the old Justice into a Feaver; I hope he'll disinherit him too for an Ass; for though he be grave with years, he's a great Baby.

Char. Do not you think me mad?

Ang. No certain, Sir, I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

Char. You look upon my cloaths, and laugh at me, my scurvy cloaths!

Ang. They have rich linings, Sir. I would your Brother—

Char. His are gold and gawdie.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of Copper.

Char. Can ye love me? I am an Heir, sweet Lady, however I appear a poor dependent; love you with honour, I shall love so ever. Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man; is't wealth or lands you covet? my Father must die.

Mir. That was well put in, I hope he'll take it deeply.

Char. Old men are not immortal, as I take it; is it you look for, youth and handsomness? I do confess my Brother's a handsome Gentleman, but he shall give me leave to lead the way, Lady. Can you love for love, and make that the reward? The old man shall not love his heaps of Gold with a more doting superstition, than I'le love you. The young man his delights, the Merchant, when he ploughs the angry Sea up, and sees the mountain billows falling on him, as if all the Elements, and all their angers, were turn'd into one vow'd destruction; shall not with greater joy embrace his safety. We'll live together like two wanton Vines, circling our souls and loves in one another, we'll spring together, and we'll bear

one fruit; one joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn; one age go with us, and one hour of death shall shut our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Ang. And one hand seal the Match, I'm yours for ever.

Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay.

Ang. Nay certainly, 'tis done, Sir.

Bri. There was a contract.

Ang. Only conditional, that if he had the Land, he had my love too; this Gentleman's the Heir, and he'll maintain it. Pray be not angry, Sir, at what I say; or if you be, 'tis at your own adventure. You have the out-side of a pretty Gentleman, but by my troth your inside is but barren; 'tis not a face I only am in love with, nor will I say your face is excellent, a reasonable hunting face to court the wind with; nor they're not words, unless they be well plac'd too, nor your sweet Dam-mes, nor your hired Verses, nor telling me of Clothes, nor Coach and Horses, no nor your visits each day in new Suits, nor your black Patches you wear variously, some cut like Stars, some in Half-moons, some Lozenges, (all which but shew you still a younger Brother.)

Mir. Gramercy, Wench, thou hast a noble Soul too.

Ang. Nor your long travels, nor your little knowledge, can make me doat upon you. Faith go study, and glean some goodness, that you may shew manly; your Brother at my suit I'm sure will teach you; or only study how to get a Wife, Sir. Y'are cast far behind, 'tis good you should be melancholy, it shews like a Gamester that had lost his mony; and 'tis the fashion to wear your arm in a skarf, Sir, for [you] have had a shrewd cut o'er the fingers.

Lew. But are y'in earnest?

Ang. Yes, believe me, Father, you shall ne'er choose for me; y'are old and dim, Sir, and th' shadow of the earth Eclips'd your judgment. Y'have had your time without control, dear Father, and you must give me leave to take mine now, Sir.

Bri. This is the last time of asking, will you set your hand to?

Cha. This is the last time of answering, I will never.

Bri. Out of my doors.

Char. Most willingly.

Mir. He shall, Jew, thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-asses*, Coxcomb, and never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, fool.

Ang. Must I be gone too?

Lew. I will never know thee.

Ang. Then this man will; what Fortune he shall run, Father, be't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter Egremont.

Egre. When shall the Masque begin?

Eust. 'Tis done already; all, all is broken off, I am undone, Friend, my Brother's wise again, and has spoil'd all, will not release the Land, has won the Wench too.

Egre. Could he not stay till the Masque was past? w'are ready. What a scurvy trick's this?

Mir. O you may vanish, perform it at some Hall, where the Citizens Wives may see't for Six-pence a piece, and a cold Supper. Come, let's go, *Charles.* And now, my noble Daughter, I'le sell the Tiles of my House, e're thou shalt want, Wench. Rate up your Dinner, Sir, and sell it cheap: some younger Brother will take't up in Commodities. Send you joy, Nephew *Eustace*; if you study the Law, keep your great Pippin-pies, they'll go far with ye.

Char. I'd have your blessing.

Bri. No, no, meet me no more. Farewel, thou wilt blast mine eyes else.

Char. I will not.

Lew. Nor send not you for Gowns.

Ang. I'll wear course Flannel first.

Bri. Come, let's go take some counsel.

Lew. 'Tis too late.

Bri. Then stay and dine; it may be we shall vex 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Brisac. NE'er talk to me, you are no men but Masquers; shapes, shadows, and the signs of men, Court bubbles, that every breath or breaks or blows away. You have

no souls, no metal in your bloods, no heat to stir ye when ye have occasion: frozen dull things, that must be turn'd with Leavers. Are you the Courtiers, and the travell'd Gallants? the spritely Fellows that the people talk of? Ye have no more spirit than three sleepy sopes.

Eust. What would ye have me do, Sir?

Bri. Follow your Brother, and get ye out of doors, and seek your Fortune. Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard, a hair-brain'd Puppy, and a Bookish Boy, that never knew a Blade above a Pen-knife, and how to cut his meat in Characters, cross my design, and take thine own Wench from thee, in mine own house too? Thou despis'd poor fellow!

Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you, Sir, then to my Uncle, with whom 't had been but sawciness t' have been so rough—

Egre. And we not seeing him strive in his own cause, that was principal, and should have led us on, thought it ill manners to begin a quarrel here.

Bri. You dare do nothing. Do you make your care the excuse of your Cowardise? Three Boys on Hobby-horses, with three penny Halberds, would beat you all.

Cow. You must not say so.

Bri. Yes, and sing it too.

Cow. You are a man of peace, therefore we must give way.

Bri. I'll make my way, and therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you; and having first torn off your flanting feathers, I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you to quit my house, I'll kick ye out of my gates; you gawdy Glow-worms, carrying seeming fire, yet have no heat within ye.

Cow. O blest travel! how much we owe thee for our power to suffer!

Egre. Some splenetive Youths now, that had never seen more than thy Country smoak, will grow in choler; it would shew fine in us.

Eust. Yes marry would it, that are prime Courtiers, and must know no angers, but give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose to hold our places.

Bri. Will you find the door? and find it suddenly? you shall lead the way, Sir, with your perfum'd retinue, and recover

the now lost *Angellina*, or build on it, I will adopt some beggar's doubtful issue, before thou shalt inherit.

Eust. We'll to counsel, and what may be done by man's wit or valour, we'll put in Execution.

Bri. Do, or never hope I shall know thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lewis.

Lew. O Sir, have I found you?

Bri. I never hid my self; whence flows this fury, with which, as it appears, you come to fright me?

Lew. I smell a plot, meer conspiracy amongst ye all to defeat me of my Daughter; and if she be not suddenly deliver'd, untainted in her reputation too, the best of *France* shall know how I am jugled with. She is my Heir, and if she may be ravish'd thus from my care, farewel Nobility; Honour and Blood are meer neglected nothings.

Bri. Nay then, my Lord, you go too far, and tax him, whose innocency understands not what fear is. If your unconstant Daughter will not dwell on certainties, must you thenceforth conclude that I am fickle? what have I omitted, to make good my integrity and truth? nor can her lightness, nor your supposition, cast an aspersion on me.

Lew. I am wounded in fact, nor can words cure it: do not trifle, but speedily, once more I do repeat it, restore my Daughter as I brought her hither, or you shall hear from me in such a kind, as you will blush to answer.

Bri. All the world, I think, conspires to vex me, yet I will not torment my self: some sprightful mirth must banish the rage and melancholy which hath almost choak'd me; t' a knowing man 'tis Physick, and 'tis thought on; one merry hour I'll have in spight of Fortune, to chear my heart, and this is that appointed; this night I'll hug my *Lilly* in mine arms, provocatives are sent before to chear me, we old men need 'em, and though we pay dear for our stoln pleasures, so it be done securely, the charge much like a sharp sauce, gives 'em relish. Well, honest *Andrew*, I gave you a Farm, and it shall have a Beacon, to give warning to my other Tenants when the Foe approaches; and presently, you being bestowed else-where, I'le graff it with dexterity on your forehead; indeed I will, *Lilly*, I come, poor *Andrew*. [*Exit.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA II.

Enter Miramont, Andrew.

Mir. Do they [chafe] roundly?

And. As they were rubb'd with Soap, Sir, and now they swear aloud, now calm again; like a Ring of Bells, whose sound the wind still alters, and then they sit in counsel what to do, and then they jar again what shall be done; they talk of Warrants from the Parliament, Complaints to the King, and Forces from the Province; they have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes, yet ne'er a one head worth a head of Garlick.

Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em; a couple of pure Puppies yok'd together. But what sayes the young Courtier Master *Eustace*, and his two warlike Friends?

And. They say but little, how much they think I know not; they look ruefully, as if they had newly come from a vaulting-house, and had been quite shot through 'tween wind and water by a she *Dunkirk*, and had sprung a Leak, Sir. Certain my Master was to blame.

Mir. Why, *Andrew*?

And. To take away the Wench o'th' sudden from him, and give him no lawful warning; he is tender, and of a young Girls constitution, Sir, ready to get the Green sickness with conceit. Had he but ta'ne his leave in availing Language, or bought an Elegy of his condolement, that the world might have ta'ne notice, he had been an Ass, 't had been some favour.

Mir. Thou say'st true, wise *Andrew*; but these Scholars are such things, when they can prattle.

And. And very parlous things, Sir.

Mir. And when [they] gain the liberty to distinguish the difference 'twixt a Father and a Fool, to look below, and spie a younger Brother pruning up, and dressing up his expectations in a rare glass of beauty, too good for him; those dreaming Scholars then turn Tyrants, *Andrew*, and shew no mercy.

And. The more's the pity, Sir.

Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my Brother, and anger him a little farther, *Andrew*. It shall be only anger, I assure thee, and little shame.

And. And I can fit you, Sir. Hark in your ear.

Mir. Thy Wife?

And. So I assure ye; this night at twelve a clock.

Mir. 'Tis neat and handsome; there are twenty Crowns due to thy project, *Andrew*; I've time to visit *Charles*, and see what Lecture he reads to his Mistris. That done, I'le not fail to be with you.

And. Nor I to watch my master— [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA III.

Enter Angelli[n]a, Sylvia, *with a Taper.*

Ang. I'm worse than e'er I was; for now I fear, that that I love, that that I only dote on; he follows me through every room I pass, and with a strong set eye he gazes on me, as if his spark of innocence were blown into a flame of lust. Virtue defend me. His Uncle too is absent, and 'tis night; and what these opportunities may teach him— What fear and endless care 'tis to be honest! to be a Maid what misery, what mischief! Would I were rid of it, so it were fairly.

Syl. You need not fear that, will you be a child still? He follows you, but still to look upon you; or if he did desire to lie with ye, 'tis but your own desire, you love for that end; I'le lay my life, if he were now a bed w'ye, he is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.

Ang. Dare you venture that?

Syl. Let him consent, and have at ye; I fear him not, he knows not what a woman is, nor how to find the mystery men aim at. Are you afraid of your own shadow, Madam?

Ang. He follows still, yet with a sober face; would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied.

Syl. Ye may both, and let him but go with ye.

Char. Why do you flie me? what have I so ill about me, or within me, to deserve it?

Ang. I am going to bed, Sir.

Char. And I am come to light ye; I am a Maid, and 'tis a Maidens office.

Ang. You may have me to bed, Sir, without a scruple, and yet I am chary too who comes about me. Two Innocents should not fear one another.

Syl. The Gentleman says true. Pluck up your heart, Madam.

Char. The glorious Sun both rising and declining we boldly look upon; even then, sweet Lady, when, like a modest Bride, he draws nights curtains, even then he blushes, that men should behold him.

Ang. I fear he will perswade me to mistake him.

Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your mind to't.

Ang. Pray ye to your bed.

Char. Why not to yours, dear Mistris? one heart and one bed.

Ang. True, Sir, when 'tis lawful: but yet you know—

Char. I would not know, forget it; those are but sickly loves that hang on Ceremonies, nurs'd up with doubts and fears; ours high and healthful, full of belief, and fit to teach the Priest: Love shall seal first, then hands confirm the bargain.

Ang. I shall be a Heretick if this continue. What would you do a bed? you make me blush, Sir.

Char. I'd see you sleep, for sure your sleeps are excellent, you that are waking such a noted wonder, must in your slumber prove an admiration. I would behold your dreams too, if't were possible; those were rich showes.

Ang. I am becoming Traitor.

Char. Then like blew *Neptune* courting of an Island, where all the perfumes and the precious things that wait upon great Nature are laid up, I'd clip it in my arms, and chastly kiss it, dwell in your bosome like your dearest thoughts, and sigh and weep.

Ang. I've too much woman in me.

Char. And those true tears falling on your pure Crystals, should turn to armelets for great Queens t'adore.

Ang. I must be gone.

Char. Do not, I will not hurt ye; this is to let you know, my worthiest Lady, y'have clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too: Fear not my manners, though I never knew, before these few hours, what a Beauty was, and such a one that fires all hearts that feel it; yet I have read of vertuous Temperance, and study'd it among my other Secrets; and sooner would I force a separation betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh, than but conceive one rudeness against Chastity.

Ang. Then we may walk.

Char. And talk of any thing, any fit for your ears, and my language; though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil; 'tis true, I have found it hard to look on you, and not desire, 'twill prove a wise mans task; yet those desires I have so mingled still, and tempered with the quality of honour, that if you should yield, I should hate you for't. I am no Courtier of a light condition, apt to take fire at every beauteous face; that only serves his will and wantonness, and lets the serious part run by as thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name, you must be mine; why should I rob my self of that that lawfully must make me happy? why should I seek to cuckold my delights, and widow all those sweets I aim at in you? We'll lose our selves in *Venus* Groves of Myrtle, where every little Bird shall be a *Cupid*, and sing of love and youth, each wind that blows, and curls the velvet-leaves, shall breed delights, the wanton Springs shall call us to their banks, and on the perfum'd flowers we'll feast our senses; yet we'll walk by untainted of their pleasures, and as they were pure Temples we'll talk in them.

Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a fair end of our fair loves; would I were worthy of you, or of such parents that might give you thanks: But I am poor in all but in your love. Once more, good night.

Char. A good night t'ye, and may the dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one, and lock up those fair lights in pleasing slumbers; no dreams but chaste and clear attempt your fancy, and break betimes sweet morn, I've lost my light else.

Ang. Let it be ever night when I lose you.

Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-School, he's so simple.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Brother, with two Gallants, is at door, Sir, and they're so violent, they'll take no denial.

Ang. This is no fit time of night.

Char. Let 'em in, Mistris.

Serv. They stay no leave; shall I raise the house on 'em?

Char. Not a man, nor make no murmur of't I charge ye.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Eust. They're here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me. How do you, Brother, with your curious story? have you not read her yet sufficiently?

Char. No, Brother, no; I stay yet in the Preface: the style's too hard for you.

Eust. I must entreat her; she's parcel of my goods.

Char. She's all when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir; nor I, nor what I have depend on you.

Char. Do, let her alone, she gives good counsel; do not trouble your self with Ladies, they are too light: Let out your Land, and get a provident Steward.

Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfie you; such vanities as you, are to be laugh'd at.

Eust. Nay, then you must go; I must claim mine own.

Both. Away, away with her.

Char. Let her alone, pray let her alone, and take your Coxcomb up: Let me talk civilly a while with you, Brother. It may be on some terms I may part with her. *She strikes off* Eustace's *hat.*

Eust. O, is your heart come down? what are your terms, Sir? Put up, put up.

Char. This is the first and chiefest; [*Snatches away his sword*] let's walk a turn. Now stand off, fools, I advise ye, stand as far off as you would hope for mercy: this is the first sword yet I ever handled, and a sword's a beauteous thing to look upon; and if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence: 'tis sharp, I'm sure, and if I put it home, 'tis ten to one I shall new pink your Sattins; I find I have spirit enough to dispose of it, and will enough to make ye all examples; let me toss it round, I have the full command on't. Fetch me a native Fencer, I defie him; I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me. Do you watch me when my Uncle is absent? this is my grief, I shall be flesh'd on Cowards; teach me to fight, I willing am to learn. Are ye all gilded flies, nothing but shew in ye? why stand ye gaping? who now touches her? who calls her his, or who dares name her to me? but name her as his own; who dares look on her? that shall be mortal too; but think, 'tis

dangerous. Art thou a fit man to inherit Land, and hast no wit nor spirit to maintain it? Stand still, thou sign of a man, and pray for thy friends, pray heartily, good prayers may restore ye.

Ang. But do not kill 'em, Sir.

Char. You speak too late, Dear; it is my first fight, and I must do bravely, I must not look with partial eyes on any; I cannot spare a button of these Gentlemen; did life lie in their heel, *Achilles* like, I'd shoot my anger at those parts, and kill 'em. Who waits within?

Ser. Sir.

Char. View all these, view 'em well, go round about 'em, and still view their faces; round about yet, see how death waits upon 'em, for thou shalt never view 'em more.

Eust. Pray hold, Sir.

Char. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me; I must not hold; 'twill darken all my glories. Go to my Uncle, bid him post to the King, and get my pardon instantly, I have need on't.

Eust. Are you so unnatural?

Char. You shall die last, Sir, I'll take thee dead, thou art no man to fight with. Come, will ye come? Me-thinks I've fought whole Battels.

Cow. We have no quarrel to you that we know on, Sir.

Egre. We'll quit the house, and ask ye mercy too. Good Lady, let no murther be done here; we came but to parly.

Char. How my sword thirsts after them! Stand away, Sweet.

Eust. Pray, Sir, take my submission, and I disclaim for ever.

Char. Away, ye poor things, ye despicable creatures! do you come poste to fetch a Lady from me? from a poor School-boy that ye scorn'd of late, and grow lame in your hearts when you should execute? Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her: What did you bring to carry her?

Egre. A Coach and four Horses.

Char. But are they good?

Egre. As good as *France* can shew Sir.

Char. Are you willing to leave those, and take your safeties? Speak quickly.

Eust. Yes with all our hearts.

Char. 'Tis done then. Many have got one Horse, I've got four by th' bargain.

Enter Miramont.

Mir. How now, who's here?

Ser. Nay, now y'are gone without bail.

Mir. What, drawn, my Friends? Fetch me my two-hand Sword; I will not leave a head on your shoulders, Wretches.

Eust. In troth, Sir, I came but to do my duty.

Both. And we to renew our loves.

Mir. Bring me a Blanket. What came they for?

Ang. To borrow me a while, Sir; but one that never fought yet, has so curri'd, so bastinado'd them with manly carriage, they stand like things *Gorgon* had turn'd to stone: they watch'd your being absent, and then thought they might do wonders here, and they have done so; for by my troth I wonder at their coldness, the nipping North or Frost never came near them; S^t^ *George* upon a sign would grow more sensible. If the name of Honour were for ever to be lost, these were the most sufficient men to do it in all the world; and yet they are but young, what will they rise to? They're as full of fire as a frozen Glow-worms rattle, and shine as goodly: Nobility and patience are match'd rarely in these three Gentlemen, they have right use on't; they'll stand still for an hour and be beaten. These are the Anagrams of three great Worthies.

Mir. They will infect my house with cowardize, if they breath longer in it; my roof covers no baffl'd Monsieurs, walk and air your selves; as I live they stay not here. White-liver'd wretches, without one word to ask a reason why. Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed; for if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect you, and read upon your flegmatick dull Carcases. My Horse again there: I have other business, which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it. Good-night *Charles*, fair goodness to your dear Lady; 'tis late, 'tis late.

Ang. Pray, Sir, be careful of us.

Mir. It is enough, my best care shall attend ye.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA IV.

Enter Andrew.

And. Are you come, old Master? Very good, your Horse is well set up; but ere you part, I'll ride you, and spur your Reverend Justiceship such a question, as I shall make the sides of your Reputation bleed, truly I will. Now must I play at Bo-peep—A Banquet—well, Potatoes and Eringoes, and, as I take it, Cantharides—Excellent, a Priapism follows, and as I'll handle it, it shall, old Lecherous Goat in Authority. Now they begin to Bill; how he slavers her! Gramercy *Lilly*, she spits his kisses out, and now he offers to fumble, she falls off, (that's a good Wench) and cries fair play above board. Who are they in the corner? As I live, a covy of Fidlers; I shall have some Musick yet at my making free o'th' Company of *Horners*; there's the comfort, and a Song too! He beckons for one—Sure 'tis no Anthem, nor no borrow'd
Rhymes out of the School of Vertue; I will listen— [*A Song.*
This was never penn'd at *Geneva*, the Note's too
sprightly. So, so, the Musick's paid for, and now what follows? O that Monsieur *Miramont* would but keep his word; here were a Feast to make him fat with laughter; at the most 'tis not six minutes riding from his house, nor will he break, I hope—O are you come, Sir? the prey is in the Net, and will break in upon occasion.

Mir. Thou shalt rule me, *Andrew*. O th'infinite fright that will assail this Gentleman! the Quartans, Tertians, and Quotidians that will hang like Serjeants on his Worships shoulders? the humiliation of the flesh of this man, this grave, austere man will be wondred at. How will those solemn looks appear to me; and that severe face, that speaks chains and shackles? Now I take him in the nick, e're I have done with him, he had better have stood between two panes of Wainscot, and made his recantation in the Market, than hear me conjure him.

And. He must pass this way to th' only Bed I have; he comes, stand close.

Bri. Well done, well done, give me my night-cap. So. Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee.

Come, Wench, a kiss between each point; kiss close, it is a sweet Parenthesis.

Lil. Y'are merry, Sir.

Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feel it, thou shalt, my *Lilly.*

Lil. Shall I air your Bed, Sir?

Bri. No, no; I'll use no Warming-pan but thine, Girl, that's all. Come kiss me again.

Lil. Ha'ye done yet?

Bri. No; but I will do, and do wonders, *Lilly.* Shew me the way.

Lil. You cannot miss it, Sir; you shall have a Cawdle in the morning for your Worship's breakfast.

Bri. How, i'th' morning, *Lilly*? th'art such a witty thing to draw me on. Leave fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now, and th'hast another Kickshaw, I must taste it.

Lil. 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender of you: y'have all y'are like to have.

And. And can this be earnest?

Mir. It seems so, and she honest.

Bri. Have I not thy promise, *Lilly*?

Lil. Yes, and I have performed enough to a man of your years, this is truth; and you shall find, Sir, you have kiss'd and tous'd me, handl'd my leg and foot; what would you more, Sir? As for the rest, it requires youth and strength, and the labour in an old man would breed Agues, Sciatica's, and Cramps: You shall not curse me for taking from you what you cannot spare, Sir. Be good unto your self, y'have ta'ne already all you can take with ease; you are past threshing, it is a work too boisterous for you, leave such drudgery to *Andrew.*

Mir. How she jeers him!

Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his own tillage, he's tough, and can manure it.

Bri. Y'are a quean, a scoffing, jeering quean.

Lil. It may be so, but I'm sure I'll ne'r be yours.

Bri. Do not provoke me, if thou do'st I'll have my Farm again, and turn thee out a begging.

Lil. Though you have the will, and want of honesty to deny your deed, Sir; yet I hope *Andrew* has got so much

learning from my young Master, as to keep his own ; at the worst I'll tell a short tale to the Judges, for what grave ends you sign'd your Lease, and on what terms you would revoke it.

Bri. Whore, thou dar'st not. Yield, or I'll have thee whipt : how my Bloud boils, as if 't were o're a Furnace !

Mir. I shall cool it.

Bri. Yet, gentle *Lilly*, pity and forgive me, I'll be a friend t'ye, such a loving bountiful friend—

Lil. To avoid Suits in Law, I would grant a little ; but should fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become of me ?

And. A Whore, a Whore !

Bri. Nothing but well Wench, I shall put such a strong Bit in his mouth, as thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly* ; nay, he shall hold the door, as I will work him, and thank thee for the Office.

Mir. Take heed, *Andrew*, these are shrewd temptations.

And. Pray you know your Cue, and second me, Sir. By your Worship's favour.

Bri. *Andrew* !

And. I come in time to take possession of th'Office you assign me ; hold the door ! alas, 'tis nothing for a simple man to stay without, when a deep understanding holds conference within, say with his Wife : a trifle, Sir. I know I hold my Farm by Cuckolds Tenure ; you are Lord o'th' Soil, Sir. *Lilly* is a Weft, a stray, she's yours to use, Sir, I claim no interest in her.

Bri. Art thou serious ? speak, honest *Andrew*, since thou hast o'erheard us, and wink at small faults, man ; I'm but a pidlar, a little will serve my turn ; thou'lt find enough when I've my belly full : Wilt thou be private and silent ?

And. By all means, I'll only have a Ballad made of't, sung to some lewd Tune, and the name of it shall be *Justice Trap* ; it will sell rarely with your Worships name, and *Lilly*'s on the top.

Bri. Seek not the ruine o' my reputation, *Andrew*.

And. 'Tis for your credit, Monsieur *Brisac*, printed in Capital Letters, then pasted upon all the posts in *Paris*.

Bri. No mercy, *Andrew* ?

And. O, it will proclaim you from the City to the Court, and prove Sport Royal.

Bri. Thou shalt keep thy Farm.

Mir. He does afflict him rarely.

And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving, the vizard of his hypocrisie pull'd of[f] to the Judge criminal.

Bri. O I am undone.

And. He's put out of Commission with disgrace, and held uncapable of bearing Office ever hereafter. This is my revenge, and this I'll put in practice.

Bri. Do but hear me.

And. To bring me back from my Grammar to my Horn-book, it is unpardonable.

Bri. Do not play the Tyrant; accept of composition.

Lil. Hear him, *Andrew.*

And. What composition?

Bri. I'll confirm thy Farm, and add unto it a hundred Acres more, adjoyning to it.

And. Umb, this mollifies; but y'are so fickle, and will again deny this, there being no witness by.

Bri. Call any witness, I'll presently assure it.

And. Say you so? troth there's a friend of mine, Sir, within hearing, that's familiar with all that's past, his testimony will be authentical.

Bri. Will he be secret?

And. You may tie his tongue up, as you would do your purse-strings.

Bri. *Miramont*!

Mir. Ha-ha-ha!

And. This is my witness. Lord how you are troubled! sure you have an Ag[u]e, you shake so with choler: Here's your loving Brother, Sir, and will tell no body but all he meets, that you have eat a Snake, and are grown young, gamesome, and rampant.

Bri. Caught thus?

And. If he were one that would make jests of you, or plague ye, with making your Religious gravity ridiculous to your Neighbours, then you had some cause to be perplex'd.

Bri. I shall become discourse for Clowns and Tapsters.

And. Quick, *Lilly*, quick, he's now past kissing, between point and point. He swounds, fetch him some Cordial—Now put in, Sir.

Mir. Who may this be? sure this is some mistake: let me see his face, wears he not a false beard? it cannot be *Brisac* that worthy Gentleman, the Pillar and the Patron of his Country; he is too prudent, and too cautelous, experience hath taught him t'avoid these fooleries, he is the punisher, and not the doer; besides he's old and cold, unfit for Woman: This is some counterfeit, he shall be whipt for't, some base abuser of my worthy Brother.

Bri. Open the doors; will ye imprison me? are ye my Judges?

Mir. The man raves! this is not judicious *Brisac*: yet now I think on't, h'has a kind of Dog look like my Brother, a guilty hanging face.

Bri. I'll suffer bravely, do your worst, do, do.

Mir. Why, it's manly in you.

Bri. Nor will I rail nor curse, you slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you; but all the torments that e're fell on men, that fed on mischief, fall heavily on you all.

[*Exit.*

Lil. You have given him a heat, Sir.

Mir. He will ride you the better, *Lilly.*

And. We'll teach him to meddle with Scholars.

Mir. He shall make good his promise t'increase thy Farm, *Andrew*, or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, *Lilly*, I am thy Champion. This jeast goes to *Charles*, and then I'll hunt him out, and Monsieur *Eustace* the gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily to see 'em mourn together.

And. 'Twill be rare, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Eust. TUrn'd out of doors and baffled!

Egre. We share with you in the affront.

Cow. Yet bear it not like you with such dejection.

Eust. My Coach and Horses made the ransom of our Cowardize!

Cow. Pish, that's nothing, 'tis *damnum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.

Egre. It is but feeding a Suitor with false hopes, and after squeeze him with a dozen of Oaths, You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.

Eust. And does the Court, that should be the Example and Oracle of the Kingdom, read to us no other Doctrine?

Egre. None that thrives so well as that, within my knowledge.

Cow. Flattery rubs out; but since great men learn to admire themselves, 'tis something crest-faln.

Egre. To be of no Religion, argues a subtle, moral understanding, and it is often cherish'd.

Eust. Piety then, and valour, nor to do and suffer wrong, are they no virtues?

Egre. Rather vices, *Eustace*; Fighting! what's fighting? it may be in fashion among provant swords, and Buff-jerkin men: But w'us that swim in choice of Silks and Tissues; though in defence of that word Reputation, which is indeed a kind of glorious nothing, to lose a dram of blood must needs appear as coarse as to be honest.

Eust. And all this you seriously believe?

Cow. It is a faith that we will die in, since from the black Guard to the grim Sir in Office, there are few hold other Tenets.

Eust. Now my eyes are open, and I behold a strong necessity that keeps me knave and coward.

Cow. Y'are the wiser.

Eust. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose to be of your society.

Egre. By no means.

Eust. Honour is nothing with you?

Cow. A meer bubble; for what's grown common, is no more regarded.

Eust. My sword forc'd from me too, and still detain'd, you think 'tis no blemish.

Egre. Get me a Batton, 'tis twenty times more Court-like, and less trouble.

Eust. And yet you wear a sword.

Cow. Yes, and a good one, a *Milan* hilt, and a *Damasco* blade for ornament, not use, the Court allows it.

Eust. Will't not fight of it self?

Cow. I ne'er tri'd this, yet I have worn as fair as any

man; I'm sure I've made my Cutler rich, and paid for several weapons, *Turkish* and *Toledo's*, two thousand Crowns, and yet could never light upon a fighting one.

Eust. I'le borrow this, I like it well.

Cow. 'Tis at your service, Sir, a Lath in a Velvet Scabbard will serve my turn.

Eust. And now I have it, leave me; y'are infectious, the plague and leprosie of your baseness spreading on all that do come near you; such as you render the Throne of Majesty, the Court, suspected and contemptible; you are Scarabee's that batten in her dung, and have no palats to taste her curious Viands; and like Owles, can only see her night deformities, but with the glorious splendor of her beauties, you are struck blind as Moles, that undermine the sumptuous Building that allow'd you shelter: you stick like running ulcers on her face, and taint the pureness of her native candor, and being bad Servants, cause your Masters goodness to be disputed of; you make the Court, that is the abstract of all Academies, to teach and practise noble undertakings, (where courage sits triumphant crown'd with Lawrel, and wisdom loaded with the weight of honour) a School of Vices.

Egre. What sudden rapture's this?

Eust. A heavenly one, that raising me from sloth and ignorance, (in which your conversation long hath charm'd me) carries me up into the air of action, and knowledge of my self; even now I feel, but pleading only in the Court's defence (though far short of her merits and bright lustre) a happy alteration, and full strength to stand her Champion against all the world, that throw aspersions on her.

Cow. Sure he'll beat us, I see it in his eyes.

Egre. A second *Charles*; pray look not, Sir, so furiously.

Eust. Recant what you have said, ye Mungrils, and lick up the vomit ye have cast upon the Court, where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding, and swear that you, like Spiders, have made poison of that which was a saving Antidote.

Egre. We will swear any thing.

Cow. We honour the Court as a most sacred place.

Egre. And will make oath, if you enjoyn us to't, nor knave, nor fool, nor coward living in it.

Eust. Except you two, you Rascals.

Cow. Yes, we are all these, and more, if you will have it so.

Eust. And that until you are again reform'd and grown new men, you ne'ere presume to name the Court, or press into the Porter's Lodge but for a penance, to be disciplin'd for your roguery, and this done with true contrition.

Both. Yes, Sir.

Eust. You again may eat scraps, and be thankful.

Cow. Here's a cold breakfast after a sharp nights walking.

Eust. Keep your oaths, and without grumbling vanish.

Both. We are gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Eust. May all the poorness of my spirit go with you: the fetters of my thraldom are fil'd off, and I at liberty to right my self; and though my hope in *Angellina*'s little, my honour (unto which compar'd she's nothing) shall, like the Sun, disperse those lowring Clouds that yet obscure and dim it; not the name of Brother shall divert me, but from him, that in the world's opinion ruin'd me, I will seek reparation, and call him unto a strict accompt. Ha! 'tis near day, and if the Muses friend, Rose-cheek'd *Aurora*, invite him to this solitary Grove, as I much hope she will, he seldome missing to pay his vows here to her, I shall hazard to hinder his devotions—The door opens, 'tis he most certain, and by's side my Sword. Blest opportunity.

Enter Charles.

Char. I have o'er-slept my self, and lost part of the morn, but I'le recover it: Before I went to bed, I wrote some Notes within my Table-book, which I will now consider. Ha! what means this? What do I with a Sword? Learn'd *Mercury* needs not th' aid of *Mars*, and innocence is to it self a guard; yet since Arms ever protect Arts, I may justly wear and use it; for since 'twas made my prize, I know not how I'm grown in love with't, and cannot eat nor study, and much less walk without it. But I trifle, matters of more weight ask my judgment.

Eust. Now, Sir, treat of no other Theme, I'le keep you to it, and see y'expound it well.

Char. Eustace!

Eust. The same, Sir, your younger Brother, who, as duty binds him, hath all this night (turn'd out of door) attended, to bid Good-morrow t'ye.

Char. This not in scorn, commands me to return it. Would you ought else?

Eust. O much, Sir, here I end not, but begin; I must speak to you in another strain than yet I ever us'd; and if the language appear in the delivery rough and harsh, you (being my Tutor) must condemn your self, from whom I learn'd it.

Char. When I understand (be't in what style you please) what's your demand, I shall endeavour, in the self-same phrase, to make an answer to the point.

Eust. I come not to lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your own, and 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you your learning and deep knowledge; (though I am not a Scholar as you are) I know them Diamonds by your sole industry, patience and labour, forc'd from steep Rocks, and with much toil attended, and but to few that prize their value granted, and therefore without Rival freely wear them.

Char. These not repin'd at (as you seem t'inform me) the motion must be of a strange condition, if I refuse to yield to't; therefore, *Eustace*, without this tempest in your looks, propound it, and fear not a denial.

Eust. I require then (as from an Enemy, and not a Brother) the reputation of a man, the honour, not by a fair War won when I was waking, but in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me; with these, the restitution of my Sword, with large acknowledgment of satisfaction, my Coach, my Horses; I will part with life, ere lose one hair of them; and, what concludes all, my Mistris *Angellina*, as she was before the musical Magick of thy tongue inchanted and seduc'd her. These perform'd, and with submission, and done publickly, at my Father's and my Uncle's intercession, (that I put in too) I perhaps may listen to terms of reconcilement; but if these, in every circumstance, are not subscrib'd to, to the last gasp I defie thee.

Char. These are strict conditions to a Brother.

Eust. My rest is up, nor will I give less.

Char. I'm no Gamester, *Eustace*, yet I can ghess your resolution stands to win or lose all; I rejoyce to find ye thus tender of your honour, and that at length you understand

what a wretched thing you were, how deeply wounded by your self, and made almost incurable in your own hopes, the dead flesh of pale cowardise growing over your festred reputation, which no Balm or gentle Unguent could ever make way to; and I am happy that I was the Surgeon that did apply those burning corrosives, that render you already sensible o'th' danger you were plung'd in, in teaching you, and by a fair gradation, how far, and with what curious respect and care the peace and credit of a man within, (which you ne'er thought till now) should be preferr'd before a gawdy outside; pray you fix here, for so far I go with you.

Eust. This discourse is from the subject.

Char. I'le come to it, Brother; but if you think to build upon my ruines, you'll find a false foundation: your high offers, taught by the Masters of dependencies, that by compounding differences 'tween others, supply their own necessities, with me will never carry't: as you are my Brother, I will dispense a little, but no more than honour can give way to; nor must I destroy that in my self I love in you; and therefore let not hopes or threats persuade you I will descend to any composition for which I may be censur'd.

Eust. You shall fight then.

Char. With much unwillingness with you; but if there's no evasion—

Eust. None.

Char. Hear yet a word; as for the Sword and other fripperies, in a fair way send for them, you shall have 'em. But rather than surrender *Angellina*, or hear it again mention'd, I oppose my breast unto loud thunder, cast behind me all tyes of Nature.

Eust. She detain'd, I'm deaf to all persuasion.

Char. Guard thy self then, *Eustace*; I use no other Rhetorick.

Enter Miram.

Mir. Clashing of swords so near my house! Brother oppos'd to Brother! here's no fencing at half sword; hold, hold, *Charles*, *Eustace*.

Eust. Second him, or call in more help. Come not between us, I'le not know nor spare you; D'ye fight by th' book?

Char. 'Tis you that wrong me, off Sir, and suddenly, I'le conjure down the Spirit that I have rais'd in him.

Eust. Never, *Charles*, 'tis thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.

Mir. I'm out of breath, yet trust not too much to't, Boys; for if you pause not suddenly, and hear reason, do, kill your Uncle, do; but that I'm patient, and not a cholerick old teasty fool, like your Father, I'd dance a matachin with you, should make you sweat your best bloud for't; I would, and it may be I will. *Charles*, I command thee, and *Eustace*, I entreat thee, th'art a brave Spark, a true tough-metall'd blade, and I begin to love thee heartily; give me a fighting Courtier, I'le cherish him for example; in our Age they're not born every day.

Char. You of late, Sir, in me lov'd learning.

Mir. True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*; 'twas when young *Eustace* wore his heart in's breeches, and fought his Battels in Complements and Cringes, when's understanding wav'd in a flanting Feather, and his best contemplation look'd no further than a new fashion'd doublet; I confess then, the lofty noise your Greek made, only pleas'd me; but now he's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*, nay, the whole dozen of Peers are bound up in him: Let me remember, when I was of his years, I did look very like him; and did you see my Picture as I was then, you would swear that gallant *Eustace* (I mean, now he dares fight) was the true substance, and the perfect figure. Nay, nay, no anger, you shall have enough, *Charles*.

Char. Sure, Sir, I shall not need addition from him.

Eust. Nor I from any, this shall decide my interest; though I am lost to all deserving men, to all that men call good, for suffering tamely insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted by yielding to a minute of delay in my revenge, and from that made a stranger unto my Father's house and favour, o'erwhelm'd with all disgraces; yet I will mount upward, and force my self a fortune, though my birth and breeding do deny it.

Char. Seek not, *Eustace*, by violence, what will be offer'd to you on easier composition; though I was not alli'd unto your weakness, you shall find me a Brother to your bravery of spirit, and one that, not compell'd to't by your sword,

(which I must never fear) will share with you in all but *Angellina*.

Mir. Nobly said, *Charles*, and learn from my experience, you may hear reason, and never maim your fighting; for your credit, which you think you have lost, spare *Charles*, and swinge me, and soundly; three or four walking velvet Cloaks, that wear no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it, thou art made up again.

Eust. All this is Lip-salve.

Mir. It shall be Hearts-ease, *Eustace*, ere I have done; as for thy Father's anger, now thou dar'st fight, ne'er fear it, for I've the dowcets of his gravity fast in a string, I will so pinch and wring him, that, spight of his authority, thou shalt make thine own conditions with him.

Eust. I'le take leave a little to consider.

Char. Here comes *Andrew*.

Mir. But without his comical and learned face; what sad disaster, *Andrew*?

And. You m[a]y read, Sir, a Tragedy in my face.

Mir. Art thou in earnest?

And. Yes, by my life, Sir; and if now you help not, and speedily, by force, or by persuasion, my good old Master (for now I pity him) is ruin'd for ever.

Char. Ha, my Father!

And. He, Sir.

Mir. By what means? speak.

And. At the suit of Monsieur *Lewis*; his house is seiz'd upon, and he in person is under guard, (I saw it with these eyes, Sir) to be convey'd to *Paris*, and there Sentenc'd.

Mir. Nay, then there is no jesting.

Char. Do I live, and know my Father injur'd?

And. And what's worse, Sir, my Ladie *Angellina*—

Eust. What of her?

And. She's carri'd away too.

Mir. How?

And. While you were absent, a crew of Monsieur *Lewis* friends and kinsmen, by force, brake in at th' back part of the house, and took her away by violence; faithful *Andrew* (as this can witness for him) did his best in her defence, but 'twould not do.

Mir. Away, and see our Horses sadled, 'tis no time to talk, but do. *Eustace*, you now are offer'd a spatious field, and in a pious War to exercise your valour; here's a cause, and such a one, in which to fall is honourable, your dutie and reverence due to a fathers name commanding it; but these unnatural jars arising between Brothers (should you prosper) would shame your victory.

Eust. I would do much, Sir, but still my rep[u]tation!

Mir. *Charles* shall give you all decent satisfaction; nay, joyn hands, and heartily, why, this is done like Brothers; and as old as I am, in this cause that concerns the honour of our Family, Monsieur *Lewis* (if reason cannot work) shall find and feel there's hot blood in this arm, I'le lead you bravely.

Eust. And if I follow not, a cowards name be branded on my forehead.

Char. This spirit makes you a sharer in my fortunes.

Mir. And in mine, of which (*Brisac* once freed, and *Angellina* again in our possession) you shall know, my heart speaks in my tongue.

Eust. I dare not doubt it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

Enter Lewis, Brisac, Angelli[n]a, Sylvia, *Officers.*

Lew. I'm deaf to all perswasions.

Bri. I use none, nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers, but when the King shall understand how false your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice must set me right again.

Ang. Sir, let not passion so far transport you, as to think in reason, this violent course repairs, but ruins it; that honour you would build up, you destroy; what you would seem to nourish, if respect of my preferment or my pattern may challenge your paternal love and care, why do you, now good fortune has provided a better Husband for me than your hopes could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him? In what is my Lord *Charles* defective, Sir? unless deep Learning be a blemish in him, or well proportion'd limbs be mulcts in nature, or, what you only aim'd at, large Revenues, are, on the sudden, grown distasteful to you. Of what can you accuse him?

Lew. Of a Rape done to Honour, which thy ravenous lust made thee consent to.

Syl. Her lust! you are her Father.

Lew. And you her Bawd.

Syl. Were you ten Lords, 'tis false; the pureness of her chaste thoughts entertains not such spotted instruments.

Ang. As I have a Soul, Sir.

Lew. I am not to be alter'd; to sit down with this disgrace, would argue me a Peasant, and not born Noble: all rigour that the Law, and that increase of power by favour yields, shall be with all severity inflicted; you have the King's hand for't, no Bail will serve, and therefore at your perils, Officers, away with 'em.

Bri. This is madness.

Lew. Tell me so in open Court, and there I'le answer you.

Enter Miramont, Charles, Eustace, Andrew.

Mir. Well overtaken.

Char. Ill if they dare resist,

Eust. He that advances but one step forward dies.

Lew. Shew the King's Writ.

Mir. Shew your discretion, 'twill become you better.

Char. Y'are once more in my power, and if again I part with you, let me for ever lose thee.

Eust. Force will not do't, nor threats; accept this service from your despair'd of *Eustace.*

And. And beware your Reverend Worship never more attempt to search my *Lilly pot*, you see what follows.

Lew. Is the King's power contemn'd?

Mir. No, but the torrent o' your wilful folly stopp'd. And for you, good Sir, if you would but be sensible, what can you wish, but the satisfaction of an obstinate will, that is not endear'd to you? rather than be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undo your Daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment, and your old foolish Neighbour; make your Estates, and in a Suit not worth a Cardecue, a prey to Advocates, and their buckram Scribes, and after they have plum'd ye, return home like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.

Char. This is a most strong truth, Sir.

Mir. No, no, Monsieur, let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge; but when our follies are repell'd by reason, 'tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more: Observe my learned *Charles*, he'll get thee a Nephew on *Angellina* shall dispute in her belly, and suck the Nurse by Logick: and here's *Eustace*, he was an Ass, but now is grown an *Amadis*; nor shall he want a Wife, if all my Land, for a Joynture, can effect: Y'are a good Lord, and of a gentle nature, in your looks I see a kind consent, and it shews lovely: and do you hear, old Fool? but I'le not chide, hereafter, like me, ever doat on Learning, the meer belief is excellent, 'twill save you; and next love Valour, though you dare not fight your self, or fright a foolish Officer, young *Eustace* can do it to a hair. And, to conclude, let *Andrew*'s farm b' encreas'd, that is your penance, you know for what, and see you rut no more; you understand me. So embrace on all sides.

I'le pay those Bilmen, and make large amends,
Provided we preserve you still our Friends— [Exeunt.

Prologue.

BUT that it would take from our modesty
To praise the Writer, or the Comedy,
Till your fair suffrage crown it, I should say,
Y'are all most welcome to no vulgar Play;
And so far w'are confident: And if he
That made it, still lives in your memorie,
You will expect what we present to night,
Should be judg'd worthy of your ears and sight.
You shall hear Fletcher *in it, his true strain,*
And neat expressions; living he did gain
Your good opinions; but now dead commends
This Orphan to the care of Noble Friends;
And may it raise in you content and mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legit'mate birth.
Your grace erects new Trophies to his fame,
And shall, to after-times, preserve his name.

Epilogue.

'Tis not the hands, or smiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well lik'd Play,
We only hope; but that you freely would
To th' Author's memory so far unfold,
And shew your loves and liking to his Wit,
Not in your praise, but often seeing it;
That being the grand assurance that can give
The Poet and the Player means to live.

THE SPANISH CURATE, A COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Don Henrique, *an uxorious Lord, cruel to his Brother.*
Don Jamie, *younger Brother to* Don Henrique.
Bartolus, *a covetous Lawyer Husband to* Amaranta.
Leandro, *a Gentleman who wantonly loves the Lawyers Wife.*
Angelo, Milanes, Arsenio, } *Three Gentlemen Friend*[*s*] *to* Leandro.
Ascanio, *Son to* Don Henrique.
Octavio, *supposed Husband to* Jacintha.
Lopez, *the* Spanish Curate.
Diego, *his Sexton.*
Assistant, *which we call a Judge.*
Algaziers, *whom we call Serjeants.*
4 Parishioners.
Apparitor.
Singers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Violante, *supposed Wife to* Don Henrique.
Jacintha, *formerly contracted to* Don Henrique.
Amaranta, *Wife to* Bartolus.
A Woman Moor, *Servant to* Amaranta.

The Scene Spain.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor. } { *William Eglestone.*
John Lowin. } { *Thomas Polard.*
Nicholas Toolie. } { *Robert Benfeild.*

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Angelo, Milanes, *and* Arsenio.

Arsenio. LEandro paid all.
Mil. 'Tis his usual custom,
And requisite he should: he has now put off
The Funeral black, (your rich heir wears with joy,

When he pretends to weep for his dead Father)
Your gathering Sires, so long heap muck together,
That their kind Sons, to rid them of their care,
Wish them in Heaven; or if they take a taste
Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence; what is befaln
To his Father, in the other world, I ask not;
I am sure his prayer is heard: would I could use one
For mine, in the same method.

Ars. Fie upon thee.
This is prophane.

Mil. Good Doctor, do not school me
For a fault you are not free from: On my life
Were all Heirs in *Corduba*, put to their Oaths,
They would confess with me, 'tis a sound Tenet:
I am sure *Leandro* do's.

Ars. He is th'owner
Of a fair Estate.

Mil. And fairly he deserves it,
He's a Royal Fellow: yet observes a mean
In all his courses, careful too on whom
He showers his bounties: he that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of Judgment: This invites
The prime men of the City to frequent
All places he resorts to, and are happy
In his sweet Converse.

Ars. *Don Jamie* the Brother
To the Grandee *Don Henrique*, appears much taken
With his behaviour.

Mil. There is something more in't:
He needs his Purse, and knows how to make use on't.
'Tis now in fashion for your *Don*, that's poor,
To vow all Leagues of friendship with a Merchant
That can supply his wants, and howsoe're
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder Brother
Don Henrique rich, and his Revenues long since
Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy Heir
Call'd, Madam *Vi*[*o*]*lante*, he yet holds
A hard hand o're *Jamie*, allowing him

A bare annuity only.
Ars. Yet 'tis said
He hath no child, and by the Laws of *Spain*
If he die without issue, *Don Jamie*
Inherits his Estate.
Mil. Why that's the reason
Of their so many jarrs: though the young Lord
Be sick of the elder Brother, and in reason
Should flatter, and observe him, he's of a nature
Too bold and fierce, to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his hopes.
Ars. What's the young Lad
That all of 'em make so much of?
Mil. 'Tis a sweet one,
And the best condition'd youth, I ever saw yet,
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him, and so modest,
That (in despight of poverty) he would starve
Rather than ask a courtesie: He's the Son
Of a poor cast-Captain, one *Octavio*;
And She, that once was call'd th'fair *Jacinta*,
Is happy in being his Mother: for his sake,

Enter Jamie, Leandro, *and* Ascanio.

(Though in their Fortunes faln) they are esteem'd of,
And cherish'd by the best. O here they come.
I now may spare his Character, but observe him,
He'l justifie my report.
Jam. My good *Ascanio*,
Repair more often to me: above Women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.
Asc. My Lord your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutour'd Youth
To be both rude and sawcy.
Lean. You cannot be
Too frequent where you are so much desir'd:
And give me leave (dear friend) to be your Rival
In part of his affection; I will buy it
At any rate.
Jam. Stood I but now possess'd

Of what my future hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadst a Patron
That would not say but do: yet as I am,
Be mine, I'le not receive thee as a servant,
But as my Son, (and though I want my self)
No Page attending in the Court of *Spain*
Shall find a kinder master.
Asc. I beseech you
That my refusal of so great an offer
May make no ill construction, 'tis not pride
(That common vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denyal to receive
A favour I should sue for: nor the fashion
Which the Country follows, in which to be a servant
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of poverty, is held an argument
Of a base abject mind, I wish my years
Were fit to do you service in a nature
That might become a Gentleman (give me leave
To think my self one) My Father serv'd the King
As a Captain in the field; and though his fortune
Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich
In Reputation, and wounds fairly taken.
Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd,
I rather feel a strong desire that sways me
To follow his profession, and if Heaven
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,
In the service of my Country, should I be,
To trail a Pike under your brave command!
There, I would follow you as a guide to honour,
Though all the horrours of the War made up
To stop my passage.
Jam. Thou art a hopeful Boy,
And it was bravely spoken: For this answer,
I love thee more than ever.
Mil. Pity such seeds
Of promising courage should not grow and prosper.
Ang. What ever his reputed Parents be,
He hath a mind that speaks him right and noble.
Lean. You make him blush; it needs not sweet *Ascanio*,

We may hear praises when they are deserv'd,
Our modesty unwounded. By my life
I would add something to the building up
So fair a mind, and if till you are fit
To bear Arms in the Field, you'l spend some years
In *Salamanca*, I'le supply your studies
With all conveniences.
Asc. Your goodness (Signiors)
And charitable favours overwhelm me.
If I were of your blood, you could not be
More tender of me: what then can I pay
(A poor Boy and a stranger) but a heart
Bound to your service? with what willingness
I would receive (good Sir) your noble offer,
Heaven can bear witness for me: but alas,
Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,
I must destroy the lives of my poor Parents
(To who[m] I ow my being) they in me
Place all their comforts, and (as if I were
The light of their dim eyes) are so indulgent
They cannot brook one short dayes absence from me;
And (what will hardly win belief) though young,
I am their Steward and their Nurse: the bounties
Which others bestow on me serves to sustain 'em,
And to forsake them in their age, in me
Were more than Murther.

Enter Henrique.

Ang. This is a kind of begging
Would make a Broker charitable.
Mil. Here, (sweet heart)
I wish it were more.
Lean. When this is spent,
Seek for supply from me.
Jam. Thy piety
For ever be remembred: nay take all,
Though 'twere my exhibition to a Royal
For one whole year.
Asc. High Heavens reward your goodness.
Hen. So Sir, is this a slip of your own grafting,

You are so prodigal?
Jam. A slip Sir?
Hen. Yes,
A slip; or call it by the proper name,
Your Bastard.
Jam. You are foul-mouth'd; do not provoke me,
I shall forget your Birth if you proceed,
And use you, (as your manners do deserve) uncivilly.
Hen. So brave! pray you give me hearing,
Who am I Sir?
Jam. My elder Brother: One
That might have been born a fool, and so reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The world a year before me.
Lean. Be more temperate.
Jam. I neither can nor will, unless I learn it
By his example: let him use his harsh
Unsavoury reprehensions upon those
That are his Hinds, and not on me. The Land
Our Father left to him alone rewards him,
For being twelve months elder, let that be
Forgotten, and let his Parasites remember
One quality of worth or vertue in him
That may authorize him, to be a censurer
Of me, or my manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a Tutor, till then, never.
Hen. From whom have you your means Sir?
Jam. From the will
Of my dead Father; I am sure I spend not
Nor give't upon your purse.
Hen. But will it hold out
Without my help?
Jam. I am sure it shall, I'le sink else,
For sooner I will seek aid from a Whore,
Than a courtesie from you.
Hen. 'Tis well; you are proud of
Your new Exchequer, when you have cheated him
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the List of your acquaintance.
Lean. Pray you hold

And give me leave (my Lord) to say thus much
(And in mine own defence) I am no Gull
To be wrought on by perswasion: nor no Coward
To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reason warrants; you may be
As sparing as you please, I must be bold
To make use of my own, without your licence.
Jam. 'Pray thee let him alone, he is not worth thy anger.
All that he do's (*Leandro*) is for my good,
I think there's not a Gentleman of *Spain*,
That has a better Steward, than I have of him.
Hen. Your Steward Sir?
Jam. Yes, and a provident one:
Why, he knows I am given to large expence,
And therefore lays up for me: could you believe else
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the yoke
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue
(His Coffers full, his Lands and Vineyards fruitful)
Could be so sold to base and sordid thrift,
As almost to deny himself, the means
And necessaries of life? Alas, he knows
The Laws of *Spain* appoint me for his Heir,
That all must come to me, if I out-live him,
Which sure I must do, by the course of Nature,
And the assistance of good Mirth, and Sack,
How ever you prove Melancholy.
Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly shalt repent this.
Jam. When thou art dead,
I am sure I shall not.
Mil. Now they begin to burn
Like oppos'd Meteors.
Ars. Give them line, and way,
My life for *Don Jamie.*
Jam. Continue still
The excellent Husband, and joyn Farm to Farm,
Suffer no Lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye
To be anothers; forget you are a Grandee;

Take use upon use, and cut the throats of Heirs
With cozening Mortgages: rack your poor Tenants,
Till they look like so many Skeletons
For want of Food; and when that Widows curses,
The ruines of ancient Families, tears of Orphans
Have hurried you to the Devil, ever remember
All was rak'd up for me (your thankful Brother)
That will dance merrily upon your Grave,
And perhaps give a double Pistolet
To some poor needy Frier, to say a Mass
To keep your Ghost from walking.
Hen. That the Law
Should force me to endure this!
Jam. Verily,
When this shall come to pass (as sure it will)
If you can find a loop-hole, though in Hell,
To look on my behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your Iron Chests, and once again
Pluto's flame-colour'd Daughter shall be free
To domineer in Taverns, Masques, and Revels
As she was us'd before she was your Captive.
Me thinks the meer conceipt of it, should make you
Go home sick, and distemper'd; if it do's,
I'le send you a Doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your Funeral.
Hen. You have said, Sir,
I will not fight with words, but deeds to tame you,
Rest confident I will, and thou shalt wish
This day thou hadst been dumb.— [*Exit.*
Mil. You have given him a heat,
But with your own distemper.
Jam. Not a whit,
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cause and him: all plagues go with him,
Let's talk of something else: what news is stirring?
Nothing to pass the time?
Mil. 'Faith it is said
That the next Summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the Wars.
Lean. What have we to do with them? Let us discourse

Of what concerns our selves. 'Tis now in fashion
To have your Gallants set down in a Tavern,
What the Arch-Dukes purpose is the next spring, and what
Defence my Lords (the States) prepare: what course
The Emperour takes against the encroaching Turk,
And whether his Moony-standards are design'd
For *Persia* or *Polonia*: and all this
The wiser sort of State-Worms seem to know
Better than their own affairs: this is discourse
Fit for the Council it concerns; we are young,
And if that I might give the Theme, 'twere better
To talk of handsome Women.

Mil. And that's one,
Almost as general.

Ars. Yet none agree
Who are the fairest.

Lean. Some prefer the *French*,
For their conceited Dressings: some the plump
Italian Bona-Robas, some the State
That ours observe; and I have heard one swear,
(A merry friend of mine) that once in *London*,
He did enjoy the company of a Gamester,
(A common Gamester too) that in one night
Met him th' *Italian*, *French*, and *Spanish* wayes,
And ended in the *Dutch*; for to cool her self,
She kiss'd him drunk in the morning.

Jam. We may spare
The travel of our tongues in forraign Nations,
When in *Corduba*, if you dare give credit
To my report (for I have seen her, Gallants)
There lives a Woman (of a mean birth too,
And meanly match'd) whose all-excelling Form
Disdains comparison with any She
That puts in for a fair one, and though you borrow
From every Country of the Earth the best
Of those perfections, which the Climat yields
To help to make her up, if put in Ballance,
This will weigh down the Scale.

Lean. You talk of wonders.

Jam. She is indeed a wonder, and so kept,

And, as the world deserv'd not to behold
What curious Nature made without a pattern,
Whose Copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,
Sequestred from the world.
Lean. Who is the owner
Of such a Jem? I am fire'd.
Jam. One *Bartolus*,
A wrangling Advocate.
Ars. A knave on Record.
Mil. I am sure he cheated me of the best part
Of my Estate.
Jam. Some Business calls me hence,
(And of importance) which denies me leisure
To give you his full character: In few words
(Though rich) he's covetous beyond expression,
And to encrease his heap, will dare the Devil,
And all the plagues of darkness: and to these
So jealous, as if you would parallel
Old *Argus* to him, you must multiply
His Eyes an hundred times: of these none sleep.
He that would charm the heaviest lid, must hire
A better *Mercurie*, than *Jove* made use of:
Bless your selves from the thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour lost: So farewel Signiors.— [*Exit.*
Ars. *Leandro*? in a dream? wake man for shame.
Mil. Trained into a fools paradise with a tale
Of an imagin'd Form.
Lea. *Jamie* is noble,
And with a forg'd Tale would not wrong his Friend,
Nor am I so much fir'd with lust as Envie,
That such a churl as *Bartolus* should reap
So sweet a harvest, half my State to any
To help me to a share.
Ars. Tush do not hope for
Impossibilities.
Lea. I must enjoy her,
And my prophetique love tells me I shall,
Lend me but your assistance.
Ars. Give it o're.
Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.

Lea. I have strange Engines
Fashioning here: and *Bartolus* on the Anvil,
Disswade me not, but help me.
Mil. Take your fortune,
If you come off well, praise your wit; if not,
Expect to be the subject of our Laughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Octavio, *and* Jacinta.

Jac. You met *Don Henrique*?
Oct. Yes.
Jac. What comfort bring you?
Speak cheerfully: how did my letter work
On his hard temper? I am sure I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,
That it must force Compunction.
Oct. You are cozen'd;
Can you with one hand prop a falling Tower?
Or with the other stop the raging main,
When it breaks in on the usurped shore?
Or any thing that is impossible?
And then conclude that there is some way left,
To move him to compassion.
Jac. Is there a Justice
Or thunder (my *Octavio*) and he
Not sunk unto the center?
Oct. Good *Jacinta*,
With your long practised patience bear afflictions,
And by provoking call not on Heavens anger,
He did not only scorn to read your letter,
But (most inhumane as he is) he cursed you,
Cursed you most bitterly.
Jac. The bad mans charity.
Oh that I could forget there were a Tye,
In me, upon him! or the relief I seek,
(If given) were bounty in him, and not debt,
Debt of a dear accompt!
Oct. Touch not that string,
'Twill but encrease your sorrow: and tame silence,

(The Balm of the oppressed) which hitherto
Hath eas'd your griev'd soul, and preserv'd your fame,
Must be your Surgeon still.
Jac. If the contagion
Of my misfortunes had not spread it self
Upon my Son *Ascanio*, though my wants
Were centupli'd upon my self, I could be patient:
But he is so good, I so miserable,
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,
And all that can be wish'd for from a Son,
Discharg'd to me, and I, barr'd of all means
To return any scruple of the debt
I owe him as a Mother, is a Torment,
Too painfull to be born.
Oct. I suffer with you,
In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,
High Heaven ordains (whose purposes cannot alter)

Enter Ascanio.

Children that pay obedience to their Parents,
Shall never beg their Bread.
Jac. Here comes our joy,
Where has my dearest been?
Asc. I have made, Mother,
A fortunate voyage and brought home rich prize,
In a few hours: the owners too contented,
From whom I took it. See here's Gold, good store too,
Nay, pray you take it.
Jac. Mens Charities are so cold,
That if I knew not, thou wert made of Goodness,
'Twould breed a jealousie in me by what means,
Thou cam'st by such a sum.
Asc. Were it ill got,
I am sure it could not be employed so well,
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,
(Rais'd by heavens mercy to me, not my merits)
Bestow'd it on me.
Oct. It were a sacriledge
To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it
To thy use only.

Jac. Buy thee brave Cloathes with it
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us
To our necessities; why do'st thou weep?
Asc. Out of my fear I have offended you;
For had I not, I am sure you are too kind,
Not to accept the offer of my service,
In which I am a gainer; I have heard
My tutor say, of all aereal fowl
The Stork's the Embleme of true pietie,
Because when age hath seiz'd upon her dam,
And made unfit for flight, the gratefull young one
Takes her upon his back, provides her food,
Repaying so her tender care of him,
E're he was fit to fly, by bearing her:
Shall I then that have reason and discourse
That tell me all I can doe is too little,
Be more unnatural than a silly bird?
Or feed or cloath my self superfluously,
And know, nay see you want? holy Saints keep me.
Jac. Can I be wretched,
And know my self the Mother to such Goodness?
Oct. Come let us drie our eyes, we'll have a feast,
Thanks to our little Steward.
Jac. And in him,
Believe that we are rich.
Asc. I am sure I am,
While I have power to comfort you, and serve you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Enter Henrique, *and* Violante.

Viol. Is it my fault, *Don Henrique*, or my fate?
What's my offence? I came young to your bed,
I had a fruitfull Mother, and you met me
With equall ardour in your *May* of blood;
And why then am I barren?
Hen. 'Tis not in Man
To yield a reason for the will of Heaven,
Which is inscrutable.
Viol. To what use serve

Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of blessings,
When that, which is the Crown of all our wishes,
The period of humane happiness,
One only Child that may possess what's ours,
Is cruelly deni'd us?

Hen. 'Tis the curse
Of great Estates to want those Pledges, which
The poor are happy in: They in a Cottage,
With joy, behold the Models of their youth,
And as their Root decaies, those budding Branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age;
But this is the beginning, not the end
Of misery to me, that 'gainst my will
(Since Heaven denies us Issue of our own)
Must leave the fruit of all my care and travel
To an unthankfull Brother that insults
On my Calamity.

Viol. I will rather choose
A Bastard from the Hospital and adopt him,
And nourish him as mine own.

Hen. Such an evasion
(My *Violante*) is forbid to us;
Happy the Romane State, where it was lawfull,
(If our own Sons were vicious) to choose one
Out of a vertuous Stock, though of poor Parents,
And make him noble. But the laws of *Spain*,
(Intending to preserve all ancient Houses)
Prevent such free elections; with this, my Brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold to
Reign o're me, as a Master.

Viol. I will fire
The Portion I brought with me, e're he spend
A Royal of it: no Quirck left? no Quiddit
That may defeat him?

Hen. Were I but confirmed,
That you would take the means I use with patience,
As I must practise it with my dishonour,
I could lay level with the earth his hopes
That soar above the clouds with expectation
To see me in my grave.

Viol. Effect but this,
And our revenge shall be to us a Son
That shall inherit for us.
Hen. Do not repent
When 'tis too late.
Viol. I fear not what may fall
He dispossess'd that does usurp on all. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leandro, (*with a letter writ out*) Milanes, *and* Arsenio.

Mil. CAn any thing but wonder?
Lea. Wonder on,
I am as ye see, and, what will follow, Gentlemen?
Ars. Why dost thou put on this form? what can this do?
Thou lookest most sillily.
Mil. Like a young Clerk,
A half pin'd-puppy that would write for a Royal.
Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty?
To what use, what occasion?
Lean. Peace, ye are fools,
More silly than my out-side seems, ye are ignorant;
They that pretend to wonders must weave cunningly.
Ars. What manner of access can this get? or if gotten
What credit in her eyes?
Lean. Will ye but leave me?
Mil. Me thinks a young man and a handsom Gentleman
(But sure thou art lunatick) me thinks a brave man
That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,
And so distribute 'em unto his comfort,
Should like himself appear, young, high, and buxom,
And in the brightest form.
Lean. Ye are cozen'd (Gentlemen)
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it,
Thus as I am, I will begin my voyage.
When you love, lanch it out in silks and velvets,
I'le love in Serge, and will outgo your Sattins.
To get upon my great horse and appear
The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,

Or fiddle out whole frosty nights (my friends)
Under the window, while my teeth keep tune,
I hold no handsomness. Let me get in,
There trot and fiddle where I may have fair play.
Ars. But how get in?
Lean. Leave that to me, your patience,
I have some toyes here that I dare well trust to:
I have smelt a Vicar out, they call him *Lopez.*
You are ne're the nearer now.
Mil. We do confess it.
Lea. Weak simple men, this Vicar to this Lawyer
Is the most inward *Damon.*
Ars. What can this do?
Mil. We know the fellow, and he dwells there.
Lean. So.
Ars. A poor, thin thief: he help? he? hang the Vicar,
Can reading of an——prefer thee?
Thou art dead-sick in love, and hee'l pray for thee.
Lean. Have patience (Gentlemen) I say this Vicar,
This thing I say is all one with the Close *Bartolus*
(For so they call the Lawyer) or his nature
Which I have studied by relation:
And make no doubt I shall hit handsomly,
Will I work cunningly, and home: understand me.

Enter Lopez, *and* Diego.

Next I pray leave me, leave me to my fortune
Difficilia pulchra, that's my Motto (Gentlemen)
I'le win this Diamond from the rock and wear her,
Or—
Mil. Peace, the Vicar: send ye a full sail, Sir.
Ars. There's your Confessor, but what shall be your pen-
Lean. A fools head if I fail, and so forsake me. (ance?
You shall hear from me daily.
Mil. We will be ready. [*Exeunt* Mil. Ars.
Lop. Thin world indeed!
Lean. I'le let him breath and mark him:
No man would think a stranger as I am
Should reap any great commodity from his pigbelly.
Lop. Poor stirring for poor Vicars.

Diego. And poor Sextons.
Lop. We pray and pray, but to no purpose,
Those that enjoy our lands, choak our Devotions.
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.
Diego. If you live miserably, how shall we do (Master)
That are fed only with the sound of prayers?
We rise and ring the Bells to get good stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.
Lop. When was there a Christning, *Diego*?
Diego. Not this ten weeks:
Alas, they have forgot to get children (Master)
The Wars, the Seas, and usurie undoe us,
Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our plough-shares.
They eat nothing here, but herbs, and get nothing but green (sauce:
There are some poor Labourers, that perhaps
Once in seven year, with helping one another,
Produce some few pin'd-Butter-prints, that scarce hold
The christning neither.
Lop. Your Gallants, they get Honour,
A strange fantastical Birth, to defraud the Vicar,
And the Camp Christens their Issues, or the Curtizans,
'Tis a lewd time.
Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not dye, there's nothing got by Burials.
Lop. *Diego*, the Air's too pure, they cannot perish.
To have a thin Stipend, and an everlasting Parish,
Lord what a torment 'tis!
Die. Good sensible Master,
You are allow'd to pray against all weathers,
(Both foul, and fair, as you shall find occasion)
Why not against all airs?
Lop. That's not i'th' Canons.
I would it had, 'tis out of our way forty pence. (here,
Di. 'Tis strange, they are starv'd too yet they will not die
They will not earth: a good stout plague amongst 'em,
Or half a dozen new fantastical Fevers
That would turn up their heels by whole-sale (Master)
And take the Doctors too, in their grave Counsels,
That there might be no natural help for mony:
How merrily would my Bells goe then?

Lop. Peace *Diego*,
The Doctors are our friends, let's please them well.
For though they kill but slow, they are certain, *Diego*,
We must remove into a muddy Air,
A most contagious Climate.
Die. We must certain,
An air that is the nursery of agues,
Such agues (Master) that will shake mens souls out,
Ne're stay for Possets, nor good old wives plasters.
Lop. Gowts and dead Palsies.
Die. The dead do's well at all times,
Yet Gowts will hang an arse a long time (Master)
The Pox, or English Surfeits if we had 'em;
Those are rich marle, they make a Church-yard fat,
And make the Sexton sing, they never miss, Sir.
Lop. Then Wills and Funeral Sermons come in season,
And Feasts that make us frolick.
Die. Would I could see 'em.
Lop. And though I weep i'th' Pulpit for my Brother,
Yet (*Diego*) here I laugh.
Die. The cause requires it.
Lop. Since people left to die I am dunce, *Diego*.
Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lea. A pretious pair of youths! I must make toward'em.
Lop. Who's that? look it seems he would speak to us.
I hope a Marriage, or some Will to make, *Diego*.
Die. My friend your business?
Lea. 'Tis to that grave Gentleman;
Bless your good learning, Sir.
Lop. And bless you also,
He bears a promising face, there's some hope toward.
Lea. I have a Letter to your worship.
Lop. Well Sir,
From whence I pray you?
Lea. From *Nova Hispania*, Sir,
And from an ancient friend of yours.
Lop. 'Tis well, Sir,
'Tis very well: the devil a-one I know there. (nance,
Die. Take heed of a Snap, Sir, h'as a cozening counte-
I do not like his way.

Lop. Let him goe forward.
Cantabit vacuus, They that have nothing fear nothing,
All I have to lose, *Diego*, is my learning,
And when he has gotten that, he may put it in a Nut shell.

LETTER READ.

S*Ignior* Lopez, *Since my arrival from* Cordova *to these parts, I have written divers Letters unto you, but as yet received no Answer of any* (Good and very good) *And although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you must more prevail with me* (Better and better: the devil a man know I yet) *and therefore with the present occasion offered I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours, which I have heretofore received from you, and do recommend my Son* Leandro *the Bearer to you with request that he may be admitted in that Universitie till such time as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted withall; This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: And so heaven keep you. Yours*

Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria, very well,
A very ancient friend of mine, I take it,
For till this hour I never heard his name yet.
Lea. You look, Sir, as if ye had forgot my Father.
Lop. No, no, I look, as I would remember him,
For that I never remembred, I cannot forget, Sir,
Alonzo Tiveria?
Lea. The same, Sir.
Lop. And now i'th' *Indies*?
Lea. Yes.
Lop. He may be any where,
For ought that I consider.
Lea. Think again, Sir,
You were Students both at one time in *Salamanca*,
And, as I take it, Chamber-fellows.
Lop. Ha?
Lea. Nay, sure you must remember.
Lop. Would I could.
Lea. I have heard him say, you were Gossips too.

Lop. Very likely,
You did not hear him say, to whom? for we Students
May oft-times over-reach our memories.
Do'st thou remember, *Diego*, this same Signiour?
Thou hast been mine these twenty years.
Die. Remember?
Why this Fellow would make ye mad: *Nova Hispania*?
And Signiour *Tiveria*? what are these?
He may as well name ye Friends out of *Cataya*.
Take heed I beseech your worship: do you hear, (my friend?)
You have no Letters for me?
Lea. Not any letter,
But I was charged to doe my Fathers love
To the old honest Sexton *Diego*: are you he, Sir?
Di[*e*]. Ha? have I friends, and know 'em not? my name is
But if either I remember you or your Father, (*Diego*,
Or *Nova Hispania* (I was never there Sir)
Or any kindred that you have—for heaven-sake, Master,
Let's cast about a little, and consider,
We may dream out our time.
Lea. It seems I am deceiv'd, Sir,
Yet, that you are *Don Lopez* all men tell me,
The Curate here, and have been some time, Sir,
And you the Sexton *Diego*, such I am sent to,
The letter tells as much: may be they are dead,
And you of the like names succeed: I thank ye Gentlemen,
Ye have done honestly, in telling truth,
I might have been forward else. For to that *Lopez*,
That was my Fathers friend, I had a charge,
(A charge of mony) to deliver (Gentlemen)
Five hundred Duckets, a poor small gratuity,
But since you are not he—
Lop. Good Sir, let me think,
I pray ye be patient,
Pray ye stay a little,
Nay, let me remember, I beseech ye stay, Sir.
Di. An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly;
An old friend too; I shall remember sure, Sir.
Lop. Thou sayst true *Diego*.
Die. 'Pray ye consider quickly,

Doe, doe, by any means, me thinks already
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.
Lea. He's old indeed, sir.
Die. With a goodly white Beard,
(For now he must be so: I know he must be)
Signior *Alonzo*, Master.
Lop. I begin to have him.
Die. H'as been from hence, about some twenty years, sir.
Lea. Some five and twenty, sir.
Die. You say most true, Sir,
Just to an hour; 'tis now just five and twenty,
A fine straight timber'd man, and a brave soldier,
He married: let me see,—
Lea. *De Castro*'s Daughter.
Die. The very same.
Lea. Thou art a very Rascal.
De Castro is the Turk to thee, or any thing:
The Mony rubbs 'em into strange remembrances,
For as many Duckets more they would remember *Adam.*
Lop. Give me your hand, you are welcome to your (country,
Now I remember plainly, manifestly,
As freshly, as if yesterdy I had seen him,
Most heartily welcome: sinfull that I am,
Most sinfull man! why should I lose this Gentleman?
This loving old Companion? we had all one soul, sir,
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome—
Lea. Farm sir,
You say most true.
Lop. *Alonzo Tiveria*!
Lord, Lord that time should play the treacherous knave thus!
Why, he was the only friend I had in *Spain*, sir,
I knew your Mother too, a handsome Gentlewoman,
She was married very young: I married 'em:
I do remember now the Maskes and Sports then,
The Fire-works, and the fine delights; good faith, sir,
Now I look in your face, whose eyes are those, *Diego*?
Nay, if he be not just *Alonzo*'s picture—
Lea. Lord, how I blush for these two impudents!
Die. Well Gentleman, I think your name's *Leandro.*
Lea. It is indeed, sir,

Gra'-mercy letter, thou hadst never known else.
Die. I have dandled ye, and kist ye and plaid with ye
A hundred, and a hundred times, and danc'd ye,
And swong ye in my Bell-ropes, ye lov'd swinging.
Lop. A sweet Boy.
Lea. Sweet lying knaves.
What would these doe for thousands?
Lop. A wondrous sweet Boy then it was, see now
Time that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter.
How do's the noble Gentleman? how fares he?
When shall we see him? when will he bless his Country?
Lea. O, very shortly, Sir, till his return
He has sent me over to your charge.
Lop. And welcome,
Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your friend, sir.
Lea. And to my Study, Sir, which must be the Law.
To further which, he would entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of some man
That's expert in that knowledge: for his pains
I have three hundred Duckets more: For my Diet,
Enough, Sir, to defray me: which I am charged
To take still, as I use it, from your custodie,
I have the mony ready, and I am weary. (welcome,
Lop. Sit down, sit down, and once more ye are most
The Law you have hit upon most happily,
Here is a Master in that art, *Bartolus*,
A neighbour by, to him I will prefer ye,
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour,
I'le doe ye faithful service, Sir.
Die. He's an Ass,
And so wee'll use him; he shall be a Lawyer.
Lo. But if ever he recover this mony again—before, *Diego*,
And get some pretty pittance: my Pupill's hungry.
Lea. Pray ye Sir, unlade me.
Lop. I'le refresh ye Sir;
When ye want, you know your Exchequer.
Lea. If all this get me but access, I am happy.
Lop. Come, I am tender of ye.
Lea. I'le go with ye.
To have this fort betray'd these fools must fleece me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Bartolus, *and* Amaranta.

Bar. My *Amaranta*, a retir'd sweet life,
Private and close, and still, and houswifely,
Becomes a Wife, sets off the grace of woman.
At home to be believ'd both young, and handsome,
As Lilies that are cas'd in crystall Glasses,
Makes up the wonder: shew it abroad 'tis stale,
And still the more eyes cheapen it 'tis more slubber'd,
And what need windowes open to inviting?
Or evening Tarrasses, to take opinions?
When the most wholsome air (my wife) blows inward,
When good thoughts are the noblest Companions,
And old chast stories, wife, the best discourses;
But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature?

Ama. You know your own disease: distrust, and jealousie,
And those two, give these Lessons, not good meaning,
What trial is there of my honestie,
When I am mew'd at home? to what end Husband,
Serves all the vertuous thoughts, and chast behaviours
Without their uses? Then they are known most excellent
When by their contraries they are set off, and burnish'd.
If ye both hold me fair, and chast, and vertuous,
Let me goe fearless out, and win that greatness:
These seeds grow not in shades, and conceal'd places:
Set 'em i'th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.

Bar. Peace, ye are too loud.

Ama. You are too covetous.
If that be rank'd a vertue, you have a rich one.
Set me (like other Lawyers wives) off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and as they have it,
My Coach, my people, and my handsome women,
My will in honest things.

Bar. Peace *Amaranta*. ('em,

Ama. They have content, rich clothes, and that secures
Binds, to their carefull husbands, their observance,
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.

Bar. Thou shalt too.

Ama. And freely may converse with proper Gentlemen,
Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

Enter Woman-Mo[o]re.

Bar. You are now too far again: thou shalt have any (thing,
Let me but lay up for a handsome Office,
And then my *Amaranta*—

Ama. Here's a thing now,
Ye place as pleasure to me: all my retinue,
My Chamber-maid, my Kitchin-maid, my friend,
And what she fails in, I must doe my self.
A foyle to set my Beauty off, I thank ye,
You will place the Devil next for a Companion.

Bar. No more such words, good wife,
What would you have, Maid?

Moor. Master Curate, and the Sexton, and a stranger, sir,
Attend to speak with your worship.

Bar. A stranger?

Ama. You had best to be jealous of the man you know not.

Bar. 'Pray thee no more of that.

Ama. 'Pray ye goe out to 'em,
That will be safest for ye, I am well here,
I only love your peace, and serve like a slave for it.

Bar. No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some honest Client,
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me,
Pre'thee goe in (my Duck) I'le but speak to 'em,
And return instantly.

Ama. I am commanded,
One day you will know my sufferance.— [*Exit.*

Bar. And reward it.
So, so, fast bind, fast find; Come in my neighbours,
My loving neighbours pray ye come in, ye are welcome.

Enter Lopez, Leandro, *and* Diego.

Lop. Bless your good reverence.

Bar. Good-day, good Master Curate,
And neighbour *Diego*, welcom: what's your business?
And 'pray ye be short (good friends) the time is pretious,
Welcom, good Sir.

Lop. To be short then with your Mastership,

(For I know your several hours are full of business)
We have brought ye this young-man, of honest parents,
And of an honest face.
Bar. It seems so, Neighbours,
But to what end?
Lop. To be your Pupil, Sir,
Your Servant, if you please.
Lea. I have travell'd far, Sir,
To seek a worthy man.
Bar. Alas, good Gentleman,
I am a poor man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a Servant of your Reckoning;
My house a little Cottage, and scarce able
To hold my self, and those poor few live under it;
Besides, you must not blame me Gentlemen,
If I were able to receive a Servant,
To be a little scrupulous of his dealing,
For in these times—
Lop. 'Pray let me answer that, sir,
Here is five hundred Duckets, to secure him,
He cannot want, Sir, to make good his credit,
Good gold, and coin.
Bar. And that's an honest pledge;
Yet sure, that needs not, for his face, and carriage,
Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.
Lea. And (for I have a ripe mind to the Law, sir,
In which I understand you live a Master)
The least poor corner in your house, poor Bed, sir,
(Let me not seem intruding to your worship)
With some Books to instruct me, and your counsel,
Shall I rest most content with: other Acquaintance
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of Law
I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, sir,
For surely mine own nature desires privacy.
Next, for your monthly pains (to shew my thanks,)
I do proportion out some twenty Duckets;
As I grow riper, more: three hundred now, sir,
To shew my love to learning, and my Master,
My diet I'le defray too, without trouble.
Lop. Note but his mind to learning.

Bar. I do strangely, yes, and I like it too, thanks to his mony.
Die. Would he would live with me, and learn to dig too.
Lop. A wondrous modest man, sir.
Bar. So it seems,
His dear love to his Studie must be nourish'd,
Neighbour, he's like to prove.
Lop. With your good counsel,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him;
His Parents, when they know your care—
Bar. Come hither.
Die. An honester young man, your worship ne're kept,
But he is so bashfull—
Bar. O I like him better.
Say I should undertake ye, which indeed, sir,
Will be no little straitness to my living,
Considering my Affairs, and my small house, sir,
For I see some promises that pull me to ye;
Could you content your self, at first thus meanly,
To lie hard, in an out-part of my house, sir?
For I have not many Lodgings to allow ye;
And studie should be still remote from company;
A little fire sometimes too, to refresh ye;
A Student must be frugal: sometimes Lights too,
According to your labour.
Lea. Any thing, Sir,
That's dry, and wholsome: I am no bred-wanton.
Bar. Then I receive you: but I must desire ye
To keep within your confines.
Lea. Ever Sir,
There's the Gold, and ever be your servant,
Take it and give me Books: may I but prove, sir,
According to my wish, and these shall multiply.
Lop. Do, study hard, pray ye take him in, and settle him,
He's only fit for you; Shew him his Cell, sir. (Lawyer,
Die. Take a good heart; and when ye are a cunning
I'le sell my Bells, and you shall prove it lawfull.
Ba. Come, sir, with me: neighbours I thank your diligence.
Lop. I'le come sometimes, and crack a case with ye.
Bar. Welcom— [*Exit.*
Lop. Here's mony got with ease: here, spend that jovially,

And pray for the fool, the Founder.
Die. Many more fools
I heartily pray may follow his example,
Lawyers, or Lubbers, or of what condition,
And many such sweet friends in *Nova Hispania.*
Lop. It will do well; let 'em but send their monys,
Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,
I'le know 'em instantly; nay I'le be kin to 'em;
I cannot miss a man, that sends me mony:
Let him law there, long as his Duckets last, Boy,
I'le grace him, and prefer him.
Die. I'le turn Trade, Master, and now live by the living,
Let the dead stink, 'tis a poor stinking Trade.
Lop. If the young fool now
Should chance to chop upon his fair Wife, *Diego*?
Die. And handle her Case, Master, that's a law point,
A point would make him start, and put on his Spectacles,
A hidden point, were worth the canvassing.
Lop. Now surely, surely, I should love him, *Diego*,
And love him heartily: nay, I should love my self,
Or any thing that had but that good fortune,
For to say truth, the Lawyer is a dog-bolt,
An arrant worm: and though I call him worshipfull,
I wish him a canoniz'd Cuckold, *Diego*,
Now, if my youth do dub him—
Di. He is too demure, Sir.
Lop. If he do sting her home.
Dieg. There's no such matter,
The woman was not born to so much blessedness,
He has no heat: study consumes his oyl, Master.
Lop. Let's leave it to the will of Fate, and presently
Over a cup of lustie Sack, let's prophesie.
I am like a man that dreamt he was an Emperour,
Come *Diego*, hope, and whilst he lasts, we'll lay it on. [*Ex.*

SCENA III.

Enter Jamy, Milanes, Arsenio.

Jam. *Angelo*, *Milanes*, did you see this wonder?
Mil. Yes, yes.

Jam. And you *Arsenio*?
Ars. Yes he's gone, Sir,
Strangely disguis'd, he's set upon his voyage.
Love guide his thoughts: he's a brave honest fellow.
Sit close Don Lawyer, O that arrant knave now,
How he will stink, will smoak again, will burst!
He's the most arrant Beast.
Mil. He may be more beast.
Ja. Let him bear six, and six, that all may blaze him,
The villany he has sowed into my Brother,
And from his State, the Revenue he has reach'd at:
Pay him, my good *Leandro*, take my prayers.
Ars. And all our wishes plough with his fine white heifer.
Ja. Mark him (my dear friend) for a famous Cuckold,
Let it out-live his Books, his pains, and hear me,
The more he seeks to smother it with Justice,

Enter a Servant.

Let it blaze out the more: what news *Andrea*?
Andr. News I am loth to tell ye: but I am charg'd, sir,
Your Brother layes a strict command upon ye,
No more to know his house, upon your danger,
I am sorry, Sir.
Jam. Faith never be: I am glad on't,
He keeps the house of pride, and foolery:
I mean to shun it: so return my Answer,
'Twill shortly spew him out; Come, let's be merry,
And lay our heads together, carefully
How we may help our friend; and let's lodge near him,
Be still at hand: I would not for my patrimony,
But he should crown his Lawyer, a learned Monster;
Come, let's away, I am stark mad till I see him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Bartolus, *and* Amaranta.

Amar. Why will ye bring men in, and yet be jealous?
Why will ye lodge a young man, a man able,
And yet repine?
Bar. He shall not trouble thee, sweet,

A modest poor slight thing, did I not tell thee
He was only given to the Book, and for that
How Royally he paies? finds his own meat too.
Amar. I will not have him here: I know your courses,
And what fits you will fall into of madness.
Bar. 'Faith, I will not, Wife.
Amar. I will not try ye.
Bar. He comes not near thee: shall not dare to tread
Within thy Lodgings: in an old out-Room
Where Logs, and Coles were laid.
Amar. Now ye lay fire; fire to consume your quiet.
Bar. Didst thou know him,
Thou wouldst think as I do: he disquiet thee?
Thou mayst wear him next thy heart, and yet not warm him.
His mind (poor man) 's o'th' Law, how to live after,
And not on lewdness: on my Conscience
He knows not how to look upon a Woman
More than by reading what Sex she is.
Amar. I do not like it, Sir.
Bar. Do'st thou not see (Fool)
What presents he sends hourly in his gratefulness?
What delicate meats?
Amar. You had best trust him at your Table,
Do, and repent it, do.
Bar. If thou be'st willing,
By my troth, I think he might come, he's so modest,
He never speaks: there's part of that he gave me,
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise immediately,
Even as he eats, he studies: he'll not disquiet thee,
Do as thou pleasest, Wife.
Amar. What means this Wood-cock? [*Knock within.*
Bar. Retire, Sweet, there's one knocks: come in, your (business.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, *Don Henrique*, would entreat ye, Sir,
To come immediately, and speak with him,
He has business of some moment.
Bar. I'le attend him,
I must be gone: I pre'thee think the best, Wife,

At my return, I'le tell thee more, good morrow;
Sir, keep ye close, and study hard: an hour hence
I'le read a new Case to ye.—*Exit.* [Leandro *within.*

Lean. I'le be ready.

Amar. So many hundred Duckets, to ly scurvily?
And learn the pelting Law? this sounds but slenderly,
But very poorly: I would see this fellow,
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find
To what end, and what study: there's the place:
I'le go o'th' other side, and take my Fortune.
I think there is a window. [*Exit.*

Enter Leandro.

Lean. He's gone out
Now, if I could but see her: she is not this way:
How nastily he keeps his house! my Chamber,
If I continue long, will choak me up,
It is so damp: I shall be mortified
For any woma[n], if I stay a month here:
I'le in, and strike my Lute, that sound may call her. [*Exit.*

Lute *and* Song.

1

Dearest do not you delay me,
Since thou knowest I must be gone;
Wind and Tide 'tis thought doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian Odours far excel.

2

Oh then speak thou fairest fair,
Kill not him that vows to serve thee,
But perfume this neighbouring Air;
Else dull silence sure will starve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrain'd a heart is broken.

Enter Amaranta.

Amar. He keeps very close: Lord, how I long to see him!

A Lute strook handsomely, a voice too; I'le hear that:
These Verses are no Law, they sound too sweetly,
Now I am more desirous. [Leandro *peeping.*
Lean. 'Tis she certain.
Amar. What's that that peeps?
Lean. O admirable face!
Amar. Sure 'tis the man.
Lean. I will go out a little.
Amar. He looks not like a fool, his face is noble:
How still he stands!
Lean. I am strucken dumb with wonder,
Sure all the Excellence of Earth dwells here.
Amar. How pale he looks! yet, how his eyes like torches,
Fling their beams round: how manly his face shews!
He comes on: surely he will speak: he is made most hand-
This is no Clerk behaviour; now I have seen ye, (somly:
I'le take my time: Husband, ye have brought home tinder. [*Exit.*
Lean. Sure she has transform'd me,
I had forgot my tongue clean,
I never saw a face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,
And speak my mind, my lips were lockt up here.
This is divine, and only serv'd with reverence;
O most fair cover of a hand far fairer,
Thou blessed Innocence, that guards that whiteness,
Live next my heart. I am glad I have got a relick, { *A noise*
A relick when I pray to it, may work wonders. { *within.*
Hark, there's some noise: I must retire again.
This blessed Apparition makes me happy;
I'le suffer, and I'le sacrifice my substance,
But I'le enjoy: now softly to my Kennel. [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Henrique, *and* Bartolus.

Hen. YOU know my cause sufficiently?
Bar. I do Sir.
Hen. And though it will impair my honesty,
And strike deep at my Credit, yet, my *Bartolus*,

There being no other evasion left to free me
From the vexation of my spightful Brother,
That most insultingly raigns over me,
I must and will go forward.
Bar. Do, my Lord,
And look not after credit, we shall cure that,
Your bended honesty we shall set right, Sir,
We Surgeons of the Law do desperate Cures, Sir,
And you shall see how heartily I'le handle it:
Mark how I'le knock it home: be of good chear, Sir,
You give good Fees, and those beget good Causes,
The Prerogative of your Crowns will carry the matter,
(Carry it sheer) the *Assistant* sits to morrow,
And he's your friend, your monyed men love naturally,
And as your loves are clear, so are your Causes.
Hen. He shall not want for that.
Bar. No, no, he must not,
Line your Cause warmly, Sir, the times are Aguish,
That holds a Plea in heart; hang the penurious,
Their Causes (like their purses) have poor Issues.
Hen. That way, I was ever bountiful.
Bar. 'Tis true, Sir,
That makes ye fear'd, forces the Snakes to kneel to ye,
Live full of mony, and supply the Lawyer,
And take your choice of what mans lands you please, Sir,
What pleasures, or what profits; what revenges,
They are all your own: I must have witnesses
Enough, and ready.
Hen. You shall not want, my *Bartolus*.
Bar. Substantial fearless souls, that will swear suddenly,
That will swear any thing.
Hen. They shall swear truth too.
Bar. That's no great matter: for variety
They may swear truth, else 'tis not much look'd after:
I will serve Process, presently, and strongly,
Upon your Brother, and *Octavio*,
Jacintha, and the Boy; provide your proofs, Sir,
And set 'em fairly off, be sure of Witnesses,
Though they cost mony, want no store of witnesses,
I have seen a handsome Cause so foully lost, Sir,

So beastly cast away for want of Witnesses.
Hen. There shall want nothing.
Bar. Then be gone, be provident,
Send to the Judge a secret way: you have me,
And let him understand the heart.
Hen. I shall, Sir.
Bar. And feel the pulses strongly beat, I'le study,
And at my hour, but mark me, go, be happy,
Go and believe i'th' Law.
Hen. I hope 'twill help me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Lopez, Diego, *and four* Parishioners *and* Singers.

Lop. Ne're talk to me, I will not stay amongst ye,
Debaush'd and ignorant lazie knaves I found ye,
And fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty years,
Preacht spoon-meat to ye, that a Child might swallow,
Yet ye are Block-heads still: what should I say to ye?
Ye have neither faith, nor mony left to save ye,
Am I a fit companion for such Beggers?
1 If the Shepheard will suffer the sheep to be scab'd, Sir—
Lop. No, no ye are rotten.
Die. Would they were, for my sake.
Lop. I have Nointed ye, and Tarr'd ye with my Doctrine,
And yet the Murren sticks to ye, yet ye are Mangy,
I will avoid ye.
2 Pray ye, Sir, be not angry,
In the pride of your new Cassock, do not part with us,
We do acknowledge ye are a careful Curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with Sermons,
A short slice of a Reading serves us, Sir,
We do acknowledge ye a quiet Teacher,
Before you'll vex your Audience, you'll sleep with 'em,
And that's a loving thing.
3 We grant ye, Sir,
The only benefactor to our Bowling,
To all our merry Sports the first provoker,
And at our Feasts, we know there is no reason,
But you that edifie us most, should eat most.

Lop. I will not stay for all this, ye shall know me
A man born to a more beseeming fortune
Than ringing all-in, to a rout of Dunces.
4 We will increase your Tithes, you shall have Eggs too,
Though they may prove most dangerous to our Issues.
1 I am a Smith; yet thus far out of my love,
You shall have the tenth Horse I prick, to pray for,
I am sure I prick five hundred in a year, Sir.
2 I am a Cook, a man of a dri'd Conscience,
Yet thus far I relent: you shall have tith Pottage.
3 Your stipend shall be rais'd too, good Neighbour *Diego.*
Die. Would ye have me speak for ye? I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd, not to be pacified:
No, there be other places for poor Sextons,
Places of profit, Friends, fine stirring places,
And people that know how to use our Offices,
Know what they were made for: I speak for such Capons?
Ye shall find the Key o'th' Church
Under the door, Neighbours,
You may go in, and drive away the Dawes.
Lop. My Surpless, with one sleeve, you shall find there,
For to that dearth of Linnen you have driven me;
And the old Cutwork Cope, that hangs by Geometry:
'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very tender;
The remnant of the Books, lie where they did, Neighbours,
Half puft away with the Church-wardens pipings,
Such smoaky zeals they have against hard places.
The Poor-mans Box is there too: if ye find any thing
Beside the Posie, and that half rub'd out too,
For fear it should awake too much charity,
Give it to pious uses, that is, spend it.
Die. The Bell-ropes, they are strong enough to hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your destiny.
1 'Pray ye be not so hasty.
Die. I'le speak a proud word to ye,
Would ye have us stay?
2 We do most heartily pray ye.
3 I'le draw as mighty drink, Sir.
Lop. A strong motive,
The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.

3 And I'le send for my Daughter.
Lop. This may stir too:
The Maiden is of age, and must be edified.
4 You shall have any thing: lose our learned Vicar?
And our most constant friend; honest dear *Diego*?
Die. Yet all this will not do: I'le tell ye, Neighbours,
And tell ye true, if ye will have us stay,
If you will have the comforts of our companies,
You shall be bound to do us right in these points,
You shall be bound, and this the obligation,
Dye when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties,
And do not seek to draw—out our undoings,
Marry try'd Women, that are free, and fruitful,
Get Children in abundance, for your Christnings,
Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice.
Lop. Let Weddings, Christnings, Churchings, Funerals,
And merry Gossippings go round, go round still,
Round as a Pig, that we may find the profit.
Die. And let your old men fall sick handsomely,
And dye immediately, their Sons may shoot up:
Let Women dye o'th' Sullens too, 'tis natural,
But be sure their Daughters be of age first,
That they may stock us still: your queazie young Wives
That perish undeliver'd, I am vext with,
And vext abundantly, it much concerns me,
There's a Child's Burial lost, look that be mended.
Lop. Let 'em be brought to Bed, then dye when they please.
These things considered, Country-men, and sworn to.
2 All these, and all our Sports again, and Gambols.
3 We must dye, and we must live, and we'll be merry,
Every man shall be rich by one another.
2 We are here to morrow and gone to day, for my part
If getting Children can befriend my Neighbours,
I'le labour hard but I'le fill your Font, Sir.
1 I have a Mother now, and an old Father,
They are as sure your own, within these two months—
4 My Sister must be pray'd for too, she is desperate,
Desperate in love.
Die. Keep desperate men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard: do you see how melancholy?

Do you mark the man? do you profess ye love him?
And would do any thing to stay his fury?
And are ye unprovided to refresh him,
To make him know your loves? fie Neighbours.
2 We'll do any thing.
We have brought Musick to appease his spirit,
And the best Song we'll give him.
Die. 'Pray ye sit down, Sir,
They know their duties now, and they stand ready
To tender their best mirth.
Lop. 'Tis well, proceed Neighbours,
I am glad I have brought ye to understand good manners,
Ye had Puritan hearts a-while, spurn'd at all pastimes,
But I see some hope now.
Die. We are set, proceed Neighbours.

SONG.

1

Let the Bells ring, and let the Boys sing,
The young Lasses skip and play,
Let the Cups go round, till round goes the ground,
Our Learned old Vicar will stay.

2

Let the Pig turn merrily, merrily ah,
And let the fat Goose swim,
For verily, verily, verily ah,
Our Vicar this day shall be trim.

3

The stew'd Cock shall Crow, Cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud Cock-a-loodle shall he Crow;
The Duck and the Drake, shall swim in a lake
Of Onions and Claret below.

4

Our Wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat;
To thee our most noble adviser,
Our pains shall be great, and Bottles shall sweat,
And we our selves will be wiser.

5

We'll labour and swinck, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And Tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to our Plow, and get Children enough,
And thou shalt be learned old Vicar.

Enter Arsenio *and* Milanes.

Ars. What ails this Priest? how highly the thing takes it!
Mil. Lord how it looks! has he not bought some Prebend?
Leandro's mony makes the Rascal merry,
Merry at heart; he spies us.
Lop. Be gone Neighbours,
Here are some Gentlemen: be gone good Neighbours,
Be gone, and labour to redeem my favour,
No more words, but be gone: these two are Gentlemen,
No company for crusty-handed fellows.
Die. We will stay for a year or two, and try ye.
Lop. Fill all your hearts with joy, we will stay with ye,
Be gone, no more; I take your pastimes graciously. [*Exeunt*
Would ye with me, my friends? [*Parishioners.*
Ars. We would look upon ye,
For me thinks ye look lovely.
Lop. Ye have no Letters?
Nor any kind Remembrances?
Mil. Remembrances?
Lop. From *Nova Hispania*, or some part remote, Sir,
You look like Travel'd men: may be some old friends.
That happily I have forgot; some Signiours
In *China* or *Cataya*; some Companions—
Die. In the *Moguls* Court, or else-where.
Ars. They are mad sure.
Lop. Ye came not from *Peru*? do they look, *Diego*,
As if they had some mystery about 'em?
Another *Don Alonzo* now?
Die. I marry,
And so much mony, Sir, from one you know not,
Let it be who it will.
Lop. They have gracious favours.
Would ye be private?

Mil. There's no need on't, Sir,
We come to bring ye a Remembrance from a Merchant.
Lop. 'Tis very well, 'tis like I know him.
Ars. No, Sir,
I do not think ye do.
Lop. A new mistake, *Diego*,
Let's carry it decently.
Ars. We come to tell ye,
You have received great sums from a young Factor
They call *Leandro*, that has rob'd his Master,
Rob'd him, and run away.
Die. Let's keep close, Master;
This news comes from a cold Country.
Lop. By my faith it freezes.
Mil. Is not this true? do you shrink now good-man Curat?
Do I not touch ye?
Lop. We have a hundred Duckets
Yet left, we do beseech ye, Sir—
Mil. You'll hang both.
Lop. One may suffice.
Die. I will not hang alone, Master,
I had the least part, you shall hang the highest.
Plague o' this *Tiveria*, and the Letter,
The Devil sent it post, to pepper us,
From *Nova Hispania*, we shall hang at home now.
Ars. I see ye are penitent, and I have compassion:
Ye are secure both; do but what we charge ye,
Ye shall have more gold too, and he shall give it,
Yet ne're indanger ye.
Lop. Command us, Master,
Command us presently, and see how nimbly—
Die. And if we do not handsomely endeavour—
Ars. Go home, and till ye hear more, keep private,
Till we appear again, no words, Vicar,
There's something added.
Mil. For you too.
Lop. We are ready.
Mil. Go and expect us hourly, if ye falter,
Though ye had twenty lives—
Die. We are fit to lose 'em.

Lop. 'Tis most expedient that we should hang both.
Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our fortune.
Mil. Farewel, and be your own friends.
Lop. We expect ye.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, *and* Ascanio.

Octa. We cited to the Court! { *A Bar, Table-book, 2 Chairs*
Jac. It is my wonder. { *and Paper, standish set out.*
Octa. But not our fear, *Jacintha*; wealthy men,
That have Estates to lose; whose conscious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horrour
To have their Actions sifted, or appear
Before the Judge. But we that know our selves
As innocent, as poor, that have no Fleece
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all
That can be urg'd against us.
Jac. I am confident
There is no man so covetous, that desires
To ravish our wants from us, and less hope
There can be so much Justice left on earth,
(T[h]ough sued, and call'd upon) to ease us of
The burthen of our wrongs.
Octa. What thinks *Ascanio*?
Should we be call'd in question, or accus'd
Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us
From tyrannous oppression?
Asc. I could pray
To him that ever has an open ear,
To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead
An Advocate, and sweat as much as he
Do's for a double Fee, ere you should suffer
In an honest cause.

Enter Jamie *and* Bartolus.

Octa. Happy simplicitie!
Jac. My dearest and my best one, *Don Jamie.*

Octa. And the Advocate, that caus'd us to be summon'd.
Asc. My Lord is mov'd, I see it in his looks,
And that man, in the Gown, in my opinion
Looks like a proguing Knave.
Jac. Peace, give them leave.
Jam. Serve me with Process?
Bar. My Lord, you are not lawless.
Jam. Nor thou honest;
One, that not long since was the buckram Scribe,
That would run on mens errands for an Asper,
And from such baseness, having rais'd a Stock
To bribe the covetous Judge, call'd to the Bar.
So poor in practice too, that you would plead
A needy Clyents Cause, for a starv'd Hen,
Or half a little Loin of Veal, though fly-blown,
And these, the greatest Fees you could arrive at
For just proceedings; but since you turn'd Rascal—
Bar. Good words, my Lord.
Jam. And grew my Brothers Bawd,
In all his vitious courses, soothing him
In his dishonest practises, you are grown
The rich, and eminent Knave, in the Devils name,
What am I cited for?
Bar. You shall know anon,
And then too late repent this bitter language,
Or I'll miss of my ends.
Jam. Were't not in Court,
I would beat that fat of thine, rais'd by the food
Snatch'd from poor Clyents mouths, into a jelly:
I would (my man of Law) but I am patient,
And would obey the Judge.
Bar. 'Tis your best course:
Would every enemy I have would beat me,
I would wish no better Action.
Octa. 'Save your Lordship.
Asc. My humble service.
Jam. My good Boy, how dost thou?
Why art thou call'd into the Court?

Enter Assistant, Henrique, Officer, *and* Witnesses.

Asc. I know not,
But 'tis my Lord the Assistants pleasure
I should attend here.
Jam. He will soon resolve us.
Offi. Make way there for the Judge.
Jam. How? my kind Brother?
Nay then 'tis rank: there is some villany towards.
Assist. This Sessions purchas'd at your suit, *Don Henrique*,
Hath brought us hither, to hear and determine
Of what you can prefer.
Hen. I do beseech
The honourable Court, I may be heard
In my Advocate.
Assist. 'Tis granted.
Bar. Humh, humh.
Jam. That Preface,
If left out in a Lawyer, spoils the Cause,
Though ne're so good, and honest.
Bar. If I stood here,
To plead in the defence of an ill man,
(Most equal Judge) or to accuse the innocent
(To both which, I profess my self a stranger)
It would be requisite I should deck my Language
With Tropes and Figures, and all flourishes
That grace a Rhetorician, 'tis confess'd
Adulterate Metals need the Gold-smiths Art,
To set 'em off; what in it self is perfect
Contemns a borrowed gloss: this Lord (my Client)
Whose honest cause, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge justice, finding in his Conscience
A tender scruple of a fault long since
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient
To be absolv'd of't by his Confessor,
If that in open Court he publish not
What was so long conceal'd.
Jam. To what tends this?
Bar. In his young years (it is no miracle
That youth, and heat of blood, should mix together)

He look'd upon this woman, on whose face
The ruines yet remain, of excellent form,
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.
Jac. You good Angels,
What an impudence is this?
Bar. And us'd all means
Of Service, Courtship, Presents, that might win her
To be at his devotion: but in vain;
Her Maiden Fort, impregnable held out,
Until he promis'd Marriage; and before
These Witnesses a solemn Contract pass'd
To take her as his Wife.
Assist. Give them their Oath.
Jam. They are incompetent Witnesses, his own Creatures,
And will swear any thing for half a Royal.
Offi. Silence.
Assist. Proceed.
Bar. Upon this strong assurance
He did enjoy his wishes to the full,
Which satisfied, and then with eyes of Judgement
(Hood-wink'd with Lust before) considering duly
The inequality of the Match, he being
Nobly descended, and allyed, but she
Without a name, or Family, secretly
He purchas'd a Divorce, to disanul
His former Contract, Marrying openly
The Lady *Violante*.
Jac. As you sit here
The Deputy of the great King, who is
The Substitute of that impartial Judge,
With whom, or wealth, or titles prevail nothing,
Grant to a much wrong'd Widow, or a Wife
Your patience, with liberty to speak
In her own Cause, and let me face to face
To this bad man, deliver what he is:
And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude ballanc'd,
Move not compassion, let me die unpitied;
His Tears, his Oaths, his Perjuries, I pass o're;
To think of them is a disease; but death
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,

(For Innocence cannot justifie what's false)
But all the Advocate hath alledged concerning
His falshood, and my shame, in my consent,
To be most true: But now I turn to thee,
To thee *Don Henrique*, and if impious Acts
Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,
I'le paint it on thy cheeks. Was not the wrong
Sufficient to defeat me of mine honour,
To leave me full of sorrow, as of want,
The witness of thy lust left in my womb,
To testifie thy falshood, and my shame?
But now so many years I had conceal'd
Thy most inhumane wickedness, and won
This Gentleman, to hide it from the world,
To Father what was thine (for yet by Heaven,
Though in the City he pass'd for my husband,
He never knew me as his wife.)

Assist. 'Tis strange:
Give him an Oath.

Oct. I gladly swear, and truly.

Jac. After all this (I say) when I had born
These wrongs, with Saint-like patience, saw another
Freely enjoy, what was (in Justice) mine,
Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,
I never would divulge it, to disturb
Thy peace at home; yet thou most barbarous,
To be so careless of me, and my fame,
(For all respect of thine in the first step
To thy base lust, was lost) in open Court
To publish my disgrace? and on record,
To write me up an easie-yielding wanton?
I think can find no precedent: In my extreams,
One comfort yet is left, that though the Law
Divorce me from thy bed, and made free way
To the unjust embraces of another,
It cannot yet deny that this thy Son
(Look up *Ascanio* since it is come out)
Is thy legitimate heir.

Jam. Confederacie!
A trick (my Lord) to cheat me; e're you give

Your Sentence, grant me hearing.
Assist. New Chimera's?
Jam. I am (my Lord) since he is without Issue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted heir,
And this forg'd by the Advocate, to defeat me
Of what the laws of *Spain* confer upon me,
A meer Imposture, and conspiracie
Against my future fortunes.
Assist. You are too bold.
Speak to the cause *Don Henrique.*
Hen. I confess,
(Though the acknowledgment must wound mine honour,)
That all the Court hath heard touching this Cause,
(Or with me, or against me) is most true:
The later part my Brother urg'd, excepted:
For what I now doe, is not out of Spleen
(As he pretends) but from remorse of conscience
And to repair the wrong that I have done
To this poor woman: And I beseech your Lordship
To think I have not so far lost my reason,
To bring into my familie, to succeed me,
The stranger—Issue of anothers Bed,
By proof, this is my Son, I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire
By a definitive Sentence of the Court,
He may be so recorded, and full power
To me, to take him home.
Jac. A second rape
To the poor remnant of content that's left me,
If this be granted: and all my former wrongs
Were but beginnings to my miseries,
But this the height of all: rather than part
With my *Ascanio*, I'le deny my oath,
Profess my self a Strumpet, and endure
What punishment soe're the Court decrees
Against a wretch that hath forsworn her self,
Or plai'd the impudent whore.
Assist. This tastes of passion,
And that must not divert the course of Justice;
Don Henrique, take your Son, with this condition

You give him maintenance, as becomes his birth,
And 'twill stand with your honour to doe something
For this wronged woman: I will compel nothing,
But leave it to your will. Break up the Court:
It is in vain to move me; my doom's pass'd,
And cannot be revok'd.— [*Exit.*

Hen. There's your reward.

Bar. More causes, and such Fees. Now to my Wife,
I have too long been absent: Health to your Lordship.
[*Exit.*

Asc. You all look strangely, and I fear believe
This unexpected fortune makes me proud,
Indeed it do's not: I shall ever pay you
The duty of a son, and honour you
Next to my Father: good my Lord, for yet
I dare not call you, uncle, be not sad,
I never shall forget those noble favours
You did me being a stranger, and if ever
I live to be the master of a fortune,
You shall command it.

Jam. Since it was determin'd
I should be cozen'd, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee, I am too tough to melt,
But something I will do.

Hen. 'Pray you take leave
Of your steward (gentle Brother) the good husband
That takes up all for you.

Jam. Very well, mock on,
It is your turn: I may have mine— [*Exit.*

Oct. But do not
Forget us, dear *Ascanio.*

Asc. Do not fear it,
I every day will see you: every hour
Remember you in my prayers.

Oct. My grief's too great
To be expressed in words— [*Exit.*

Hen. Take that and leave us, [*gives mony to Jacinta.*
Leave us without reply, nay come back sirrah
And study to forget such things as these
As are not worth the knowledge. [Asca. *offers to follow.*

Asc. O good Sir,
These are bad principles—
Hen. Such as you must learn
Now you are mine, for wealth and poverty
Can hold no friendship: and what is my will
You must observe and do, though good or ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Where is my wife? 'fore heaven, I have done wonders,
Done mighty things to day, my *Amaranta*,
My heart rejoyces at my wealthy Gleanings,
A rich litigious Lord I love to follow,
A Lord that builds his happiness on brawlings,
O 'tis a blessed thing to have rich Clyents,
Why, wife I say, how fares my studious Pupil?
Hard at it still? ye are too violent,
All things must have their rests, they will not last else,
Come out and breathe. [Leandro *within.*
Lean. I do beseech you pardon me,
I am deeply in a sweet point Sir.
Bar. I'le instruct ye:

Enter Amaranta.

I say take breath, seek health first, then your study.
O my sweet soul, I have brought thee golden birds home,
Birds in abundance: I have done strange wonders:
There's more a hatching too.
Am. Have ye done, good husband?
Then 'tis a good day spent.
Bar. Good enough chicken,
I have spread the nets o'th' law, to catch rich booties,
And they come fluttering in: how do's my Pupil?
My modest thing, hast thou yet spoken to him?
Am. As I past by his chamber I might see him,
But he is so bookish.
Bar. And so bashfull too,
I' faith he is, before he will speak, he will starve there.
Am. I pitie him a little.

Bar. So do I too.
Am. And if he please to take the air o'th' gardens,
Or walk i'th' inward rooms, so he molest not—
Bar. He shall not trouble thee, he dare not speak to thee.

Enter Moor, *with Chesse-board.*

Bring out the Chesse-board,—come let's have a game wife,
I'le try your masterie, you say you are cunning.
Am. As learned as ye are, Sir, I shall beat ye.

Enter Leandro.

Bar. Here he steals out, put him not out of countenance,
Prethee look another way, he will be gone else
Walk and refresh your self, I'll be with you presently.
Lean. I'le take the air a little. [*Play at chess.*
Bar. 'Twill be healthfull.
Am. Will ye be there? then here? I'le spare ye that man.
Lea. Would I were so near too, and a mate fitting.
Am. What think ye, Sir, to this? have at your Knight now.
Bar. 'Twas subtilly play'd: your Queen lies at my service.
Prethee look off, he is ready to pop in again,
Look off I say, do'st thou not see how he blushes?
Am. I do not blast him.
Lean. But ye do, and burn too,
What killing looks she steals!
Bar. I have you now close,
Now for a Mate.
Lean. You are a blessed man that may so have her.
Oh that I might play with her— [*knock within.*
Bar. Who's there? I come, you cannot scape me now wife.
I come, I come. [*knock.*
Lean. Most blessed hand that calls him.
Bar. Play quickly wife.
Am. 'Pray ye give leave to think, Sir.

Enter Moor.

Moor. An honest neighbour that dwells hard by, Sir,
Would fain speak with your worship about business.
Lean. The devil blow him off.

Bar. Play.
Am. I will study:
For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me— [*knock.*
Bar. He knocks again; I cannot stay. *Leandro,*
'Pray thee come near.
Lean. I am well, Sir, here.
Bar. Come hither:
Be not afraid, but come.
Am. Here's none will bite, Sir.
Lean. God forbid Lady.
Am. 'Pray come nearer.
Lean. Yes forsooth.
Bar. 'Prethee observe these men: just as they stand here,
And see this Lady do not alter 'em,
And be not partial, Pupil.
Lean. No indeed Sir.
Bar. Let her not move a pawn, I'le come back presently,
Nay you shall know I am a Conquerour.
Have an eye Pupil— [*Exit.*
Am. Can ye play at Chess Sir?
Lean. A little, Lady.
Am. But you cannot tell me
How to avoid this Mate, and win the Game too;
H'as noble eyes: ye dare not friend me so far.
Lean. I dare do any thing that's in mans power Lady,
To be a friend to such a noble beauty.
Am. This is no Lawyers language: I pray ye tell me,
Whither may I remove, Ye see I am set round,
To avoid my husband?
Lean. I shall tell ye happily,
But happily you will not be instructed.
Am. Yes, and thank ye too, shall I move this man?
Lean. Those are unseemly: move one can serve ye,
Can honour ye, can love ye.
Am. 'Pray ye tell quickly,
He will return, and then.
Lean. I'le tell ye instantly,
Move me, and I will move any way to serve ye,
Move your heart this way, Lady.
Am. How?

Lean. 'Pray ye hear me.
Behold the sport of love, when he is imperious,
Behold the slave of love.
Am. Move my Queen this way?
Sure, he's some worthy man: then if he hedge me,
Or here to open him.
Lean. Do but behold me,
If there be pity in you, do but view me,
But view the misery I have undertaken
For you, the povertie.
Am. He will come presently.
Now play your best Sir, though I lose this Rook here,
Yet I get libertie.
Lean. I'le seise your fair hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred kisses.
The God of love warm your desires but equal,
That shall play my game now.
Am. What do you mean Sir?
Why do you stop me?
Lean. That ye may intend me.
The time has blest us both: love bids us use it.
I am a Gentleman nobly descended,
Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it.
I bring a whole heart to ye, thus I give it,
And to those burning altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine lips, where perpetual Spring grows—
Am. Take that, ye are too saucy.
Lean. How, proud Lady?
Strike my deserts?
Am. I was to blame.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. What wife, there?
Heaven keep my house from thieves.
Lean. I am wretched:
Opened, discovered, lost to my wishes.
I shall be whooted at.
Bar. What noise was this, wife?
Why dost thou smile?
Lean. This proud thing will betray me.

Bar. Why these lie here? what angry, dear?
Am. No, Sir,
Only a chance, your pupil said he plaid well,
And so indeed he do's: he undertook for ye,
Because I would not sit so long time idle,
I made my liberty, avoided your mate,
And he again as cunningly endangered me,
Indeed he put me strangely to it. When presently
Hearing you come, & having broke his ambush too,
Having the second time brought off my Queen fair,
I rose o'th' sudden smilingly to shew ye,
My apron caught the Chesse-board, and the men,
And there the noise was.
Bar. Thou art grown a Master,
For all this I shall beat ye.
Lean. Or I, Lawyer,
For now I love her more, 'twas a neat answer,
And by it hangs a mighty hope, I thank her,
She gave my pate a sound knock that it rings yet,
But you shall have a sounder if I live lawyer,
My heart akes yet, I would not be in that fear—
Bar. I am glad ye are a gamester, Sir, sometimes
For recreation we two shall fight hard at it.
Am. He will prove too hard for me.
Lean. I hope he shall do, (Lady.
But your Chess-board is too hard for my head, line that, good
Bar. I have been attoning two most wrangling neighbours,
They had no mony, therefore I made even.
Come, let's go in and eat, truly I am hungry.
Lean. I have eaten already, I must intreat your pardon.
Bar. Do as ye please, we shall expect ye at supper.
He has got a little heart, now it seems handsomly.
Am. You'l get no little head, if I do not look to ye.
Lean. If ever I do catch thee again thou vanity—
Am. I was to blame to be so rash, I am sorry— [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Don Henrique, Violante, Ascanio.

H[en]. HEar but my reasons.
Viol. O my patience, hear 'em!
Can cunning falshood colour an excuse
With any seeming shape of borrowed truth?
Extenuate this wofull wrong, not error?
Hen. You gave consent that, to defeat my brother
I should take any course.
Vio. But not to make
The cure more loathsom than the foul disease:
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,
Tir'd with loose dalliance, and with emptie veins,
All those abilities spent before and wasted,
That could confer the name of mother on me?
But that (to perfect my account of sorrow
For my long barr[en]ness) you must heighten it
By shewing to my face, that you were fruitfull
Hug'd in the base embraces of another?
If Solitude that dwelt beneath my roof,
And want of children was a torment to me,
What end of my vexation to behold
A bastard to upbraid me with my wants?
And hear the name of father paid to ye,
Yet know my self no mother,
What can I say?
Hen. Shall I confess my fault and ask your pardon?
Will that content ye?
Vio. If it could make void,
What is confirm'd in Court: no, no, *Don Henrique*,
You shall know that I find my self abus'd,
And adde to that, I have a womans anger,
And while I look upon this Basilisk,
Whose envious eyes have blasted all my comforts
Rest confident I'le study my dark ends,
And not your pleasures.
Asc. Noble Lady, hear me,
Not as my Fathers son, but as your servant,

Vouchsafe to hear me, for such in my duty,
I ever will appear: and far be it from
My poor ambition, ever to look on you,
But with that reverence, which a slave stands bound
To pay a worthy Mistris: I have heard
That Dames of highest place, nay Queens themselves
Disdain not to be serv'd by such as are
Of meanest Birth: and I shall be most happie,
To be emploi'd when you please to command me
Even in the coursest office, as your Page,
I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine,
Carry your pantofles, and be sometimes bless'd
In all humilitie to touch your feet:
Or if that you esteem that too much grace,
I can run by your Coach: observe your looks,
And hope to gain a fortune by my service,
With your good favour, which now, as a Son,
I dare not challenge.

Vio. As a Son?

Asc. Forgive me,
I will forget the name, let it be death
For me to call you Mother.

Vio. Still upbraided?

Hen. No way left to appease you?

Vio. None: now hear me:
Hear what I vow before the face of Heaven,
And if I break it, all plagues in this life,
And those that after death are fear'd fall, on me,
While that this Bastard staies under my roof,
Look for no peace at home, for I renounce
All Offices of a wife.

Hen. What am I faln to?

Vio. I will not eat, nor sleep with you, and those hours,
Which I should spend in prayers for your health,
Shall be emploi'd in Curses.

Hen. Terrible.

Vio. All the day long, I'le be as tedious to you
As lingring fevers, and I'le watch the nights,
To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps.
Or if you do but slumber, I'le appear

In the shape of all my wrongs, and like a fury
Fright you to madness, and if all this fail
To work out my revenge, I have friends and kinsmen,
That will not sit down tame with the disgrace
That's offer'd to our noble familie
In what I suffer.
Hen. How am I divided
Between the duties I owe as a Husband,
And pietie of a Parent?
Asc. I am taught Sir
By the instinct of nature that obedience
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind,
Before those pleasures that are dearest to me,
Be wholly hers (my Lord) I quit all parts,
That I may challenge: may you grow old together,
And no distaste e're find you, and before
The Characters of age are printed on you
May you see many Images of your selves,
Though I, like some false glass, that's never look'd in,
Am cast aside, and broken; from this hour
(Unless invited, which I dare not hope for)
I never will set my forbidden feet
Over your threshold: only give me leave
Though cast off to the world to mention you
In my devotions, 'tis all I sue for
And so I take my last leave.
Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a wife, nay almost sold
A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot
So part with all humanity, but I must
Shew something of a Father: thou shalt not goe
Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: take that
To guard thee from necessities; may thy goodness
Meet many favours, and thine innocence
Deserve to be the heir of greater fortunes,
Than thou wer't born to. Scorn me not *Violante*,
This banishment is a kind of civil death,
And now, as it were at his funeral
To shed a tear or two, is not unmanly,
And so farewel for ever: one word more,

Though I must never see thee (my *Ascanio*)
When this is spent (for so the Judge decreed)
Send to me for supply: are you pleas'd now?
Vio. Yes: I have cause: to see you howl and blubber
At the parting of my torment, and your shame.
'Tis well: proceed: supply his wants: doe doe:
Let the great dower I brought serve to maintain
Your Bastards riots: send my Clothes and Jewels,
To your old acquaintance, your dear dame his Mother.
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.
Hen. Is all I doe misconstru'd?
Viol. I will take
A course to right my self, a speeding one:
By the bless'd Saints, I will; if I prove cruel,
The shame to see thy foolish pity, taught me
To lose my natural softness, keep off from me,
Thy flatteries are infectious, and I'le flee thee
As I would doe a Leper.
Hen. Let not fury
Transport you so: you know I am your Creature,
All love, but to your self, with him, hath left me.
I'le joyn with you in any thing.
Viol. In vain,
I'le take mine own waies, and will have no partners.
Hen. I will not cross you.
Viol. Do not, they shall find
That to a Woman of her hopes beguil'd
A Viper trod on, or an Aspick's mild. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Lopez, Milanes, Arsenio.

Lop. Sits the game there? I have you by mine order,
I love *Leandro* for't.
Mil. But you must shew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity.
Lop. He shall want nothing,
I know my Advocate to a hair, and what

Will fetch him from his Prayers, if he use any,
I am honyed with the project: I would have him horn'd
For a most precious Beast.
Ars. But you lose time.
Lop. I am gone, instruct you *Diego*, you will find him
A sharp and subtle Knave, give him but hints
And he will amplifie. See all things ready,
I'le fetch him with a vengeance— [*Exit.*
Ars. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too.
Mil. Tush, he is flesh'd,
And knows what vein to strike for his own credit.
Ars. All things are ready.
Mil. Then we shall have a merry Scene, ne're fear it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Enter Amaranta, *with a note, and* Moor.

Amar. Is thy Master gone out?
Moor. Even now, the Curate fetch'd him,
About a serious business as it seem'd,
For he snatch'd up his Cloak, and brush'd his Hat straight,
Set his Band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.
Amar. 'Tis well, 'tis very well, he went out, *Egla*,
As luckily, as one would say, go Husband,
He was call'd by providence: fling this short Paper
Into *Leandro*'s Cell, and waken him,
He is monstrous vexed, and musty, at my Chess-play;
But this shall supple him, when he has read it:
Take your own Recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.
Moor. If I do, I'll hang for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha.

Octa. If that you lov'd *Ascanio* for himself,
And not your private ends, you rather should
Bless the fair opportunity, that restores him

To his Birth-right, and the Honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good Fortune.
Jac. Grieve, *Octavio*?
I would resign my Essence, that he were
As happy as my love could fashion him,
Though every blessing that should fall on him,
Might prove a curse to me: my sorrow springs
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.
I am acquainted with *Don Henrique*'s nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery temper
Of Madam *Violante*: can you think
That she, that almost is at war with Heaven
For being barren, will with equal eyes
Behold a Son of mine?
Octa. His Father's care,
That for the want of Issue, took him home,
(Though with the forfeiture of his own fame)
Will look unto his safety.
Jac. Step-mothers
Have many eyes, to find a way to mischief,
Though blind to goodness.

Enter Jamie *and* Ascanio.

Octa. Here comes *Don Jamie*,
And with him our *Ascanio*.
Jam. Good youth leave me,
I know thou art forbid my company,
And only to be seen with me, will call on
Thy Fathers anger.
[*Asc.*] Sir, if that to serve you
Could lose me any thing (as indeed it cannot)
I still would follow you. Alas I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help my self,
I was, for some particular end, took home,
But am cast off again.
Jam. Is't possible?
Asc. The Lady, whom my Father calls his Wife,
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forc'd him
To turn me out of doors.
Jac. By my best hopes

I thank her cruelty, for it comes near
A saving Charity.
Asc. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you, 'pray you share:
My Father's wondrous kind, and promises
That I should be supplied: but sure the Lady
Is a malicious Woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Enter Servant.

Jam. I am turn'd a stone with wonder,
And know not what to think.
Ser. From my Lady,
Your private ear, and this—
Jam. New Miracles?
Ser. She says, if you dare make your self a Fortune,
She will propose the means; my Lord *Don Henrique*
Is now from home, and she alone expects you,
If you dare trust her, so, if not despair of
A second offer. [*Exit.*
Jam. Though there were an Ambush
Laid for my life, I'le on and sound this secret.
Retire thee, my *Ascanio*, with thy Mother:
But stir not forth, some great design's on foot,
Fall what can fall, if e're the Sun be set
I see you not, give me for dead.
Asc. We will expect you,
And those bless'd Angels, that love goodness, guard you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Enter Lopez *and* Bartolus.

Bar. Is't possible he should be rich?
Lop. Most possible,
He hath been long, though he had but little gettings,
Drawing together, Sir.
Bar. Accounted a poor Sexton,
Honest poor *Diego*.
Lop. I assure ye, a close Fellow,

Both close, and scraping, and that fills the Bags, Sir.
Bar. A notable good fellow too?
Lop. Sometimes, Sir,
When he hop'd to drink a man into a Surfeit,
That he might gain by his Grave.
Bar. So many thousands?
Lop. Heaven knows what.
Bar. 'Tis strange,
'Tis very strange; but we see by endeavour,
And honest labour—
Lop. *Milo*, by continuance
Grew from a silly Calf (with your worships reverence)
To carry a Bull, from a penny, to a pound, Sir,
And from a pound, to many: 'tis the progress.
Bar. Ye say true, but he lov'd to feed well also,
And that me-thinks—
Lop. From another mans Trencher, Sir,
And there he found it season'd with small charge:
There he would play the Tyrant, and would devour ye
More than the Graves he made; at home he liv'd
Like a Camelion, suckt th' Air of misery, *(Table out, Stan-*
And grew fat by the Brewis of an Egg-shell, *dish, Paper, Stools.*
Would smell a Cooks-shop, and go home and surfeit.
And be a month in fasting out that Fever.
Bar. These are good Symptoms: do's he lye so sick say ye?
Lop. Oh, very sick.
Bar. And chosen me Executor?
Lop. Only your Worship.
Bar. No hope of his amendment?
Lop. None, that we find.
Bar. He hath no Kinsmen neither?
Lop. 'Truth, very few,
Bar. His mind will be the quieter.
What Doctors has he?
Lop. There's none, Sir, he believes in.
Bar. They are but needless things, in such extremities.
Who draws the good mans Will?
Lop. Marry that do I, Sir,
And to my grief.
Bar. Grief will do little now, Sir,

Draw it to your comfort, Friend, and as I counsel ye,
An honest man, but such men live not always:
Who are about him?
Lop. Many, now he is passing,
That would pretend to his love, yes, and some Gentlemen
That would fain counsel him, and be of his Kindred;
Rich men can want no Heirs, Sir.
Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, Sir.
But we shall take a care.

Enter Diego, *in a Bed*, Milanes, Arsenio, *and* Parishioners.

Lop. Will ye come near, Sir?
'Pray ye bring him out; now ye may see in what state:
Give him fresh Air.
Bar. I am sorry, Neighbour *Diego*,
To find ye in so weak a state.
Die. Ye are welcome,
But I am fleeting, Sir.
Bar. Me-thinks he looks well,
His colour fresh, and strong, his eyes are chearful.
Lop. A glimmering before death, 'tis nothing else, Sir,
Do you see how he fumbles with the Sheet? do ye note that?
Di. My learned Sir, 'pray ye sit: I am bold to send for ye,
To take a care of what I leave.
Lop. Do ye hear that?
Ars. Play the Knave finely.
Die. So I will, I warrant ye,
And carefully.
Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him,
You see he's weak and has a wandring fancy.
Di. My honest Neighbours, weep not, I must leave ye,
I cannot always bear ye company,
We must drop still, there is no remedy:
'Pray ye Master Curate, will ye write my Testament,
And write it largely it may be remembred,
And be witness to my Legacies, good Gentlemen;
Your Worship I do make my full Executor,
You are a man of wit and understanding:
Give me a cup of Wine to raise my Spirits,

For I speak low: I would before these Neighbours
Have ye to swear, Sir, that you will see it executed,
And what I give let equally be rendred
For my souls health.
Bar. I vow it truly, Neighbours,
Let not that trouble ye, before all these,
Once more I give my Oath.
Die. Then set me higher,
And pray ye come near me all.
Lop. We are ready for ye.
Mil. Now spur the Ass, and get our friend time.
Die. First then,
After I have given my body to the worms,
(For they must be serv'd first, they are seldom cozen'd.)
Lop. Remember your Parish, Neighbour.
Die. You speak truly,
I do remember it, a lewd vile Parish,
And pray it may be mended: To the poor of it,
(Which is to all the Parish) I give nothing,
For nothing, unto nothing, is most natural,
Yet leave as much space, as will build an Hospital,
Their Children may pray for me.
Bar. What do you give to it?
Die. Set down two thousand Duckets.
Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remembred.
Die. To your worship,
(Because you must take pains to see all finish'd)
I give two thousand more, it may be three, Sir,
A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.
Bar. These are large sums.
Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.
Die. To my old Master Vicar, I give five hundred,
(Five hundred and five hundred are too few, Sir)
But there be more to serve.
Bar. This fellow coins sure. (Books,
Die. Give me some more drink. Pray ye buy Books, buy
You have a learned head, stuff it with Libraries,
And understand 'em, when ye have done, 'tis Justice.
Run not the Parish mad with Controversies,

Nor preach Abstinence to longing Women,
'Twill burge the bottoms of their Consciences:
I would give the Church new Organs, but I prophesie
The Church-wardens would quickly pipe'em out o'th' Parish,
Two hundred Duckets more to mend the Chancel,
And to paint true Orthographie, as many,
They write *Sunt* with a *C*, which is abominable,
'Pray you set that down; to poor Maidens Marriages.

Lop. I that's well thought of, what's your will in that point?
A meritorious thing.

Bar. No end of this Will?

Die. I give *per annum* two hundred Ells of Lockram,
That there be no strait dealings in their Linnens,
But the Sails cut according to their Burthens.
To all Bell-ringers, I bequeath new Ropes,
And let them use 'em at their own discretions.

Ars. You may remember us.

Die. I do good Gentlemen,
And I bequeath you both good careful Surgions,
A Legacy, you have need of, more than mony,
I know you want good Diets, and good Lotions,
And in your pleasures, good take heed.

Lop. He raves now,
But 'twill be quickly off.

Die. I do bequeath ye
Commodities of Pins, Brown-papers, Pack-threads,
Rost Pork, and Puddings, Ginger-bread, and Jews-trumps,
Of penny Pipes, and mouldy Pepper, take 'em,
Take 'em even where you please and be cozen'd with 'em,
I should bequeath ye Executions also,
But those I'le leave to th' Law.

Lop. Now he grows temperate.

Bar. You will give no more?

Die. I am loth to give more from ye,
Because I know you will have a care to execute.
Only, to pious uses, Sir, a little.

Bar. If he be worth all these, I am made for ever.

Die. I give to fatal Dames, that spin mens threads out,
And poor distressed Damsels, that are militant
As members of our own Afflictions,

A hundred Crowns to buy warm Tubs to work in,
I give five hundred pounds to buy a Church-yard,
A spacious Church-yard, to lay Thieves and Knaves in,
Rich men and honest men take all the room up.
Lop. Are ye not weary?
Die. Never of well-doing.
Bar. These are mad Legacies.
Die. They were got as madly;
My Sheep, and Oxen, and my moveables,
My Plate, and Jewels, and five hundred Acres;
I have no heirs.
Bar. This cannot be, 'tis monstrous.
Die. Three Ships at Sea too.
Bar. You have made me full Executor?
Die. Full, full, and total, would I had more to give ye,
But these may serve an honest mind.
Bar. Ye say true,
A very honest mind, and make it rich too;
Rich, wondrous rich, but where shall I raise these moneys,
About your house? I see no such great promises;
Where shall I find these sums?
Die. Even where you please, Sir,
You are wise and provident, and know business,
Ev'n raise 'em where you shall think good, I am reasonable.
Bar. Think good? will that raise thousands?
What do you make me?
Die. You have sworn to see it done, that's all my comfort.
Bar. Where I please? this is pack'd sure to disgrace me.
Die. Ye are just, and honest, and I know you will do it,
Ev'n where you please, for you know where the wealth is.
Bar. I am abused, betrayed, I am laugh'd at, scorn'd,
Baffl'd, and boared, it seems.
Ars. No, no, ye are fooled.
Lop. Most finely fooled, and handsomely, and neatly,
Such cunning Masters must be fool'd sometimes, Sir,
And have their Worships noses wiped, 'tis healthful,
We are but quit: you fool us of our moneys
In every Cause, in every Quiddit wipe us. (men.
Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha, some more drink, for my heart, Gentle-
This merry Lawyer—ha, ha, ha, ha, this Scholar—

I think this fit will cure me: this Executor—
I shall laugh out my Lungs.
Bar. This is derision above sufferance, villany
Plotted and set against me.
Die. Faith 'tis Knavery,
In troth I must confess, thou art fool'd indeed, Lawyer.
Mil. Did you think, had this man been rich—
Bar. 'Tis well, Sir.
Mil. He would have chosen such a Wolf, a Canker,
A Maggot-pate, to be his whole Executor?
Lop. A Lawyer, that entangles all mens honesties,
And lives like a Spider in a Cobweb lurking,
And catching at all Flies, that pass his pit-falls?
Puts powder to all States, to make 'em caper?
Would he trust you? Do you deserve?
Die. I find, Gentlemen,
This Cataplasm of a well cozen'd Lawyer
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my Feaver,
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.
Bar. I am asham'd to feel how flat I am cheated,
How grossly, and maliciously made a May-game,
A damned trick; my Wife, my Wife, some Rascal:
My Credit, and my Wife, some lustful Villain,
Some Bawd, some Rogue.
Ars. Some crafty Fool has found ye:
This 'tis, Sir, to teach ye to be too busie,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a stirring Oare in all mens actions.
Lop. We did this, but to vex your fine officiousness.
Bar. Good yield ye, and good thank ye: I am fooled,
The Lawyer is an Ass, I do confess it, (Gentlemen;
A weak dull shallow Ass: good even to your Worships:
Vicar, remember Vicar, Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich Rascal.
Die. I do remember, Sir,
'Pray ye stay a little, I have ev'n two Legacies
To make your mouth up, Sir.
Bar. Remember Varlets,
Quake and remember, Rogues;
I have brine for your Buttocks. [*Exit.*

Lop. Oh how he frets, and fumes now like a Dunghil!
Die. His gall contains fine stuff now to make poysons,
Rare damned stuff.
Ars. Let's after him, and still vex him,
And take my Friend off: by this time he has prosper'd,
He cannot lose this dear time: 'tis impossible.
Mil. Well *Diego*, thou hast done.
Lop. Hast done it daintily.
Mil. And shalt be as well paid, Boy—
Ars. Go, let's crucifie him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA VI.

Enter Amaranta, Leandro.

Lean. I have told ye all my story, and how desperately.
Ama. I do believe: let's walk on, time is pretious,
Not to be spent in words, here no more wooing,
The open Air's an enemy to Lovers,
Do as I tell ye.
Lean. I'le do any thing,
I am so over-[joy'd], I'le fly to serve ye.
Am. Take your joy moderately, as it is ministred,
And as the cause invites: that man's a fool
That at the sight o'th' Bond, dances and leaps,
Then is the true joy, when the mony comes.
Lean. You cannot now deny me.
Ama. Nay, you know not,
Women have crotchets, and strange fits.
Lean. You shall not.
Ama. Hold ye to that and swear it confidently,
Then I shall make a scruple to deny ye:
'Pray ye let's step in, and see a friend of mine,
The weather's sharp: we'll stay but half an hour,
We may be miss'd else: a private fine house 'tis, Sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.
Lean. Do Lady,
Do happy Lady.
Ama. All your mind's of doing,
You must be modester.
Lean. I will be any thing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA VII.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Open the doors, and give me room to chafe in
Mine own room, and my liberty: why Maid there,
Open I say, and do not anger me,
I am subject to much fury: when, ye Dish-clout?
When do ye come? asleep ye lazie Hell-hound?
Nothing intended, but your ease, and eating?
No body here? why Wife, why Wife? why Jewel?
No tongue to answer me? pre'thee, good Pupil,
Dispense a little with thy careful study,
And step to th' door, and let me in; nor he neither?
Ha! not at's study? nor asleep? nor no body?
I'le make ye hear: the house of ignorance,
No sound inhabits here: I have a Key yet
That commands all: I fear I am Metamorphiz'd.

Enter Lopez, Arsenio, Milanes, Diego.

Lop. He keeps his fury still, and may do mischief.
Mil. He shall be hang'd first, we'll be sticklers there, boys.
Die. The hundred thousand Dreams now, that possess him
Of jealousie, and of revenge, and frailtie,
Of drawing Bills against us, and Petitions.
Lop. And casting what his credit shall recover.
Mil. Let him cast till his Maw come up, we care not.
You shall be still secured. [*A great noise within.*
Die. We'll pay him home then;
Hark what a noise he keeps within!
Lop. Certain
H'as set his Chimneys o' fire, or the Devil roars there.
Die. The Codixes o'th' Law are broke loose, Gentlemen.
Ars. He's fighting sure.
Die. I'le tell ye that immediately— [*Exit.*
Mil. Or doing some strange out-rage on himself.
Ars. Hang him, he dares not be so valiant.

Enter Diego.

Die. There's no body at home, and he chafes like a Lyon,
And stinks withal. [*Noise still.*

Lop. No body?
Die. Not a Creature,
Nothing within, but he and his Law-tempest,
The Ladles, Dishes, Kettles, how they flie all!
And how the Glasses through the Rooms!

Enter Bartolus.

Ars. My friend sure
Has got her out, and now he has made an end on't.
Lop. See where the Sea comes? how it foams, and brustles?
The great Leviathan o'th' Law, how it tumbles?
Bar. Made every way an Ass? abus'd on all sides?
And from all quarters, people come to laugh at me?
Rise like a Comet, to be wonder'd at?
A horrid Comet, for Boys tongues, and Ballads?
I will run from my wits.

Enter Amaranta, Leandro.

Ars. Do, do, good Lawyer,
And from thy mony too, then thou wilt be quiet.
Mil. Here she comes home: now mark the salutations;
How like an Ass my friend goes?
Ars. She has pull'd his ears down.
Bar. Now, what sweet voyage? to what Garden, Lady?
Or to what Cousins house?
Ama. Is this my welcome?
I cannot go to Church, but thus I am scandal'd,
Use no devotion for my soul, but Gentlemen—
Bar. To Church?
Amar. Yes, and ye keep sweet youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me.
There's your delight again, pray take him to ye,
He never comes near me more to debase me. (wrong'd ye?
Bar. How's this? how's this? good wife, how, has he
Ama. I was fain to drive him like a sheep before me,
I blush to think how people fleer'd, and scorn'd me.
Others have handsome men, that know behaviour,
Place, and observance: this silly thing knows nothing,
Cannot tell ten; let every Rascal justle me,
And still I push'd him on as he had been coming.

Bar. Ha! did ye push him on? is he so stupid?
Ama. When others were attentive to the Priest,
Good devout Gentleman, then fell he fast,
Fast, sound asleep: then first began the Bag-pipes,
The several stops on's nose made a rare musick,
A rare and loud, and those plaid many an Anthem.
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.
Ars. As cunning, as she is sweet; I like this carriage.
Bar. What did he then?
Ama. Why then he talked in his Sleep too,
Nay, I'le divulge your moral vertues (sheeps-face)
And talk'd aloud, that every ear was fixt to him:
Did not I suffer (do you think) in this time?
Talk of your bawling Law, of appellations
Of Declarations, and Excommunications:
Warrants, and Executions: and such Devils
That drove all the Gentlemen out o'th' Church, by hurryes,
With execrable oaths, they would never come there again.
Thus am I served and man'd.
Lean. I pray ye forgive me,
I must confess I am not fit to wait upon ye:
Alas, I was brought up—
Ama. To be an Asse,
A Lawyers Asse, to carry Books, and Buckrams.
Bar. But what did you at Church?
Lop. At Church, did you ask her?
Do you hear Gentlemen, do you mark that question?
Because you are half an Heretick your self, Sir,
Would ye breed her too? this shall to the Inquisition,
A pious Gentlewoman reproved for praying?
I'le see this filed, and you shall hear further, Sir.
Ars. Ye have an ill heart.
Lop. It shall be found out, Gentlemen,
There be those youths will search it.
Die. You are warm Signiour,
But a Faggot will warm ye better: we are witnesses.
Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt.
Mil. Nay certain,
I do believe h'as rather no Religion. (Sir?
Lop. That must be known too, because she goes to Church,

O monstrum informe ingens!
Die. Let him go on, Sir,
His wealth will build a Nunnery, a fair one,
And this good Lady, when he is hang'd and rotten,
May there be Abbess.
Bar. You are cozen'd, honest Gentlemen,
I do not forbid the use but the form, mark me.
Lop. Form? what do you make of form?
Bar. They will undo me,
Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me;
I must make fair way, and hereafter, Wife,
You are welcome home, and henceforth take your pleasure,
Go when ye shall think fit, I will not hinder ye,
My eyes are open now, and I see my errour,
My shame, as great as that, but I must hide it.
The whole conveyance now I smell, but *Basta*,
Another time must serve: you see us friends, now
Heartily friends, and no more chiding, Gentlemen,
I have been too foolish, I confess, no more words,
No more, sweet Wife.
Ama. You know my easie nature.
Bar. Go get ye in: you see she has been angry:
Forbear her sight a while and time will pacify;
And learn to be more bold.
Lean. I would I could,
I will do all I am able. [*Exit.*
Bar. Do *Leandro*,
We will not part, but friends of all hands.
Lop. Well said,
Now ye are reasonable, we can look on ye.
Bar. Ye have jerkt me: but for all that I forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye
To morrow to a Breakfast, I make but seldom,
But now we will be merry.
Ars. Now ye are friendly,
Your doggedness and niggardize flung from ye.
And now we will come to ye.
Bar. Give me your hands, all;
You shall be welcome heartily.
Lop. We will be,

For we'll eat hard.
Bar. The harder, the more welcome,
And till the morning farewell; I have business. [*Exit.*
Mil. Farewel good bountiful *Bartolus*, 'tis a brave wench,
A suddain witty thief, and worth all service:
Go we'll all go, and crucifie the Lawyer.
Die. I'le clap four tire of teeth into my mouth more
But I will grind his substance.
Ars. Well *Leandro*,
Thou hast had a strange Voyage, but I hope
Thou rid'st now in safe harbour.
Mil. Let's go drink, Friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry may-games.
Lop. A match, a match, 'twill whet our stomachs better.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Violante *and* Servant.

Ser. MAdam, he's come. [*Chair and stools out.*
Viol. 'Tis well, how did he look, (startled?
When he knew from whom you were sent? was he not
Or confident? or fearful?
Ser. As appear'd
Like one that knew his fortune at the worst,
And car'd not what could follow.
Viol. 'Tis the better,
Reach me a Chair: so, bring him in, be careful
That none disturb us: I will try his temper,
And if I find him apt for my employments,

Enter Jamie, Servant.

I'le work him to my ends; if not, I shall
Find other Engines.
Ser. There's my Lady.
Viol. Leave us.
Jam. You sent for me?
Viol. I did, and do's the favour,
Your present state considered and my power,

Deserve no greater Ceremony?
Jam. Ceremonie?
I use to pay that where I owe a duty,
Not to my Brothers wife: I cannot fawn,
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd,
And so farewel.
Viol. He bears up still; I like it.
Pray you a word.
Jam. Yes, I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and sit by you as a friend,
But not stand as a Sutor: Now your pleasure?
Viol. You are very bold.
Jam. 'Tis fit: since you are proud,
I was not made to feed that foolish humour,
With flattery and observance.
Viol. Yet, with your favour,
A little form joyn'd with respect to her,
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em
(Nay raise you to a fate, beyond your hopes)
Might well become your wisdom.
Jam. It would rather
Write me a Fool, should I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for so many years I have found and prov'd
My greatest Enemy: I am still the same,
My wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,
To your new cerus'd face, what I have spoken
Freely behind your back, what I think of you,
You are the proudest thing, and have the least
Reason to be so that I ever read of.
In stature you are a Giantess: and your Tailor
Takes measure of you with a Jacobs Staff,
Or he can never reach you, this by the way
For your large size: now, in a word or two,
To treat of your Complexion were decorum:
You are so far from fair, I doubt your Mother
Was too familiar with the *Moor* that serv'd her,
Your Limbs and Features I pass briefly over,
As things not worth description; and come roundly
To your Soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.

Viol. I laugh at this, proceed.
Jam. This Soul I speak of,
Or rather Salt to keep this heap of flesh
From being a walking stench, like a large Inn,
Stands open for the entertainment of
All impious practices: but there's no Corner
An honest thought can take up: and as it were not
Sufficient in your self to comprehend
All wicked plots, you have taught the Fool, my Brother,
By your contagion, almost to put off
The nature of the man, and turn'd him Devil,
Because he should be like you, and I hope
Will march to Hell together: I have spoken,
And if the Limning you in your true Colours
Can make the Painter gracious, I stand ready
For my reward, or if my words distaste you,
I weigh it not, for though your Grooms were ready
To cut my Throat for't, be assur'd I cannot
Use other Language.
Viol. You think you have said now,
Like a brave fellow: in this Womans War
You ever have been train'd: spoke big, but suffer'd
Like a tame Ass; and when most spur'd and gall'd
Were never Master of the Spleen or Spirit,
That could raise up the anger of a man,
And force it into action.
Jam. Yes, vile Creature,
Wer't thou a subject worthy of my Sword,
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home
My banish'd hopes, thou now wer't dead; dead, woman;
But being as thou art, it is sufficient
I scorn thee, and contemn thee.
Viol. This shews nobly,
I must confess it: I am taken with it,
For had you kneel'd and whin'd and shew'd a base
And low dejected mind, I had despis'd you.
This bravery (in your adverse fortune) conquers
And do's command me, and upon the suddain
I feel a kind of pity, growing in me,
For your misfortunes, pity some say's the Parent,

Of future love, and I repent my part
So far in what you have suffered, that I could
(But you are cold) do something to repair
What your base Brother (such *Jamie* I think him)
Hath brought to ruine.
Jam. Ha?
Viol. Be not amaz'd,
Our injuries are equal in his Bastard,
You are familiar with what I groan for,
And though the name of Husband holds a tye
Beyond a Brother, I, a poor weak Woman,
Am sensible, and tender of a wrong,
And to revenge it would break through all lets,
That durst oppose me.
Jam. Is it possible?
Viol. By this kiss: start not: thus much, as a stranger
You may take from me; but, if you were pleas'd,
I should select you as a bosom friend,
I would print 'em thus, and thus.
Jam. Keep off.
Viol. Come near,
Near into the Cabinet of my Counsels:
Simplicity and patience dwell with Fools,
And let them bear those burthens, which wise men
Boldly shake off; be mine and joyn with me,
And when that I have rais'd you to a fortune,
(Do not deny your self the happy means)
You'll look on me with more judicious eyes
And swear I am most fair.
Jam. What would this Woman?
The purpose of these words? speak not in riddles,
And when I understand, what you would counsel,
My answer shall be suddain.
Viol. Thus then *Jamie*,
The objects of our fury are the same,
For young *Ascanio*, whom you Snake-like hug'd
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warm bosom,
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.
Jam. Now 'tis plain,

I apprehend you: and were he remov'd—
Viol. You, once again, were the undoubted heir.
Jam. 'Tis not to be deny'd; I was ice before,
But now ye have fir'd me.—
Viol. I'le add fuel to it,
And by a nearer cut, do you but steer
As I direct you, wee'l bring our Bark into
The Port of happiness.
Jam. How?
Viol. By *Henriques* death:
But you'l say he's your Brother; in great fortunes
(Which are epitomes of States and Kingdoms)
The politick brook no Rivals.
Jam. Excellent!
For sure I think out of a scrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may
(Dispensing but a little with my conscience)
Come into full possession, would not argue
One that desir'd to thrive.
Viol. Now you speak like
A man that knows the World.
Jam. I needs must learn
That have so good a Tutress: and what think you,
(*Don Henrique* and *Ascanio* cut off)
That none may live, that shall desire to trace us
In our black paths, if that *Octavio*
His foster Father, and the sad *Jacinta*,
(Faith pitie her, and free her from her Sorrows)
Should fall companions with 'em? When we are red
With murther, let us often bath in blood,
The colour will be scarlet.
Viol. And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact.
Jam. Suppose this done:
(If undiscovered) we may get for mony,
(As that you know buyes any thing in *Rome*)
A dispensation.
Viol. And be married?
Jam. True.
Or if it be known, truss up our Gold and Jewels,

And fly to some free State, and there with scorn—
Viol. Laugh at the laws of *Spain.*
'Twere admirable.
Jam. We shall beget rare children. I am rapt with
The meer imagination.—
Viol. Shall it be done?
Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious: furnish me with means
To hire the instruments, and to your self
Say it is done already: I will shew you,
E're the Sun set, how much you have wrought upon me,
Your province is only to use some means,
To send my Brother to the Grove that's neighbour
To the west Port of th' City; leave the rest
To my own practice; I have talk'd too long,
But now will doe: this kiss, with my Confession,
To work a fell revenge: a man's a fool,
If not instructed in a Womans School. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Bartolus, Algazeirs, *and a* Paratour.
The Table set out and stools.

Bar. You are well enough disguiz'd, furnish the Table,
Make no shew what ye are, till I discover:
Not a soul knows ye here: be quick and diligent,
These youths I have invited to a Breakfast,
But what the Sawce will be, I am of opinion
I shall take off the edges of their Appetites,
And grease their gums for eating heartily
This month or two, they have plaid their prizes with me,
And with their several flurts they have lighted dangerously,
But sure I shall be quit: I hear 'em coming.
Go off and wait the bringing in your service,
And do it handsomely: you know where to have it.

Enter Milanes, Arsenio, Lopez, Diego.

Welcom i' Faith.
Ars. That's well said, honest Lawyer.
Lop. Said like a neighbour.
Bar. Welcom all: all over,

And let's be merry.
Mil. To that end we came Sir,
An hour of freedome's worth an age of juglings.
Die. I am come too Sir, to specifie my Stomach
A poor reteiner to your worships bountie.
Bar. And thou shalt have it fill'd my merry *Diego*,
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous *Diego*,
Even fill'd till it groan again.
Die. Let it have fair play,
And if it founder then.—
Bar. I'le tell ye neighbours,
Though I were angry yesterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bob'd me.
Lop. No, no, by no means.
Bar. No, when I considered
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,
It made me merry: very merry, Gentlemen,
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't,
The mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.
Lop. Good mirth do's work so: honest mirth,
Now, should we have meant in earnest—
Bar. You say true neighbour.
Lop. It might have bred such a distast and sowrness,
Such fond imaginations in your Brains, Sir,
For things thrust home in earnest.—
Bar. Very certain,
But I know ye all for merry waggs, and ere long
You shall know me too in another fashion,
Though y'are pamper'd, ye shall bear part o'th' burthen.

Enter Amaranta, *and* Leandro.

Come wife; Come bid 'em welcom; Come my Jewel:
And Pupil, you shall come too; ne're hang backward,
Come, come the woman's pleas'd, her anger's over,
Come, be not bashfull.
Am. What do's he prepare here?
Sure there's no meat i'th' house, at least not drest,
Do's he mean to mock 'em? or some new bred crotchet
Come o're his brains; I do not like his kindness:
But silence best becomes me: if he mean foul play,

Sure they are enough to right themselves, and let 'em,
I'le sit by, so they beat him not to powder. (bour,
Bar. Bring in the meat there, ha? Sit down dear neigh-
A little meat needs little Complement,
Sit down I say.
Am. What do you mean by this Sir?
Bar. Convey away their weapons handsomely.
Am. You know there's none i'th' house to answer ye,
But the poor Girle; you know there's no meat neither.
Bar. Peace and be quiet; I shall make you smoak else,
There's men and meat enough, set it down formally.

Enter Algazeirs, *with dishes.*

Am. I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak on't.
Bar. I have no dainties for ye Gentlemen,
Nor loads of meat, to make the room smell of 'em.
Only a dish to every man I have dedicated,
And if I have pleas'd his appetite.
Lop. O, a Capon,
A Bird of grace, and be thy will, I honour it.
Die. For me some fortie pound of lovely Beef,
Plac'd in a mediterranean sea of Brewis.
Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after,
Wait diligently knaves.
Mil. What rare bit's this?
An execution! bless me!
Bar. Nay take it to ye,
There's no avoiding it, 'tis somewhat tough Sir,
But a good stomach will endure it easily,
The sum is but a thousand duckets Sir.
Ars. A Capias from my Surgeon, and my Silk-man!
Bar. Your carefull makers, but they have mar'd your diet.
Stir not, your Swords are gone: there's no avoiding me,
And these are Algazeirs, do you hear that passing bell?
Lop. A strong Citation, bless me!
Bar. Out with your Beads, Curate,
The Devil's in your dish: bell, book, and Candle.
Lop. A warrant to appear before the Judges!
I must needs rise, and turn to th' wall.
Bar. Ye need not,

Your fear I hope will make ye find your Breeches.
All. We are betrai'd.
Bar. Invited do not wrong me,
Fall to, good Guests, you have diligent men about ye,
Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye,
These will not see ye start; Have I now found ye?
Have I requited ye? You fool'd the Lawyer,
And thought it meritorious to abuse him,
A thick ram-headed knave: you rid, you spur'd him,
And glorified your wits, the more ye wronged him;
Within this hour ye shall have all your Creditours,
A second dish of new debts, come upon ye,
And new invitements to the whip, *Don Diego*,
And Excommunications for the learned Curate,
A Masque of all your furies shall dance to ye.
Ars. You dare not use us thus?
Bar. You shall be bob'd, Gentlemen,
Stir, and as I have a life, ye goe to prison,
To prison, without pitie instantly,
Before ye speak another word to prison.
I have a better Guard without, that waits;
Do you see this man, *Don* Curate? 'tis a Paratour
That comes to tell ye a delightfull story
Of an old whore ye have, and then to teach ye
What is the penaltie; Laugh at me now Sir,
What Legacie would ye bequeath me now,
(And pay it on the nail?) to fly my fury?
Lop. O gentle Sir.
Bar. Do'st thou hope I will be gentle,
Thou foolish unconsiderate Curate?
Lop. Let me goe Sir.
Bar. I'le see thee hang first.
Lop. And as I am a true Vicar,
Hark in your ear, hark softly—
Bar. No, no bribery.
I'le have my swindge upon thee; Sirra? Rascal?
You Lenten Chaps, you that lay sick, and mockt me,
Mockt me abominably, abused me lewdly,
I'le make thee sick at heart, before I leave thee,
And groan, and dye indeed, and be worth nothing,

Not worth a blessing, nor a Bell to knell for thee,
A sheet to cover thee, but that thou stealest,
Stealest from the Merchant, and the Ring he was buried with
Stealest from his Grave, do you smell me now?
Die. Have mercy on me!
Bar. No Psalm of mercy shall hold me from hanging thee.
How do ye like your Breakfast? 'tis but short, Gentlemen,
But sweet and healthfull; Your punishment, and yours, Sir,
For some near reasons that concern my Credit,
I will take to my self.
Am. Doe Sir, and spare not:
I have been too good a wife, and too obedient,
But since ye dare provoke me to be foolish—
Lea. She has, yes, and too worthie of your usage,
Before the world I justifie her goodness,
And turn that man, that dares but taint her vertues,
To my Swords point; that lying man, that base man,
Turn him, but face to face, that I may know him.
Bar. What have I here?
Lea. A Gentleman, a free man,
One that made trial of this Ladies constancie,
And found it strong as fate; leave off your fooling,
For if you follow this course, you will be Chronicled

Enter Jamy *and* Assistant.

For a devil, whilst a Saint she is mentioned,
You know my name indeed; I am now no Lawyer.
Die. Some comfort now, I hope, or else would I were
And yet the Judge, he makes me sweat. (hanged up.
Bar. What news now?
Jam. I will justifie upon my life and credit
What you have heard, for truth, and will make proof of.
Assist. I will be ready at the appointed hour there,
And so I leave ye.
Bar. Stay I beseech your worship,
And do but hear me.
Jam. Good Sir, intend this business,
And let this bawling fool, no more words lawyer,
And no more angers, for I guess your reasons,
This Gentleman, I'le justifie in all places,

And that fair Ladies worth; let who dare cross it.
The Plot was cast by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your wife, she is fair and vertuous.
Die. Take us to mercy too, we beseech your honour,
We shall be justified the way of all flesh else.
Jam. No more talk, nor no more dissention lawyer,
I know your anger, 'tis a vain and slight one,
For if you doe, I'le lay your whole life open,
A life that all the world shall—I'le bring witness,
And rip before a Judge the ulcerous villanies,
You know I know ye, and I can bring witness.
Bar. Nay good Sir, noble Sir.
Jam. Be at peace then presently,
Immediatley take honest and fair truce
With your good wife, and shake hands with that Gentleman;
H'as honour'd ye too much, and doe it cheerfully.
Lop. Take us along, for Heaven sake too.
Bar. I am friends,
There is no remedie, I must put up all,
And like my neighbours rub it out by th' shoulders,
And perfect friends; *Leandro* now I thank ye,
And there's my hand, I have no more grudge to ye,
But I am too mean henceforward for your Companie.
Lea. I shall not trouble ye.
Ars. We will be friends too.
Mil. Nay Lawyer, you shall not fright us farther,
For all your devils we will bolt.
Bar. I grant ye,
The Gentleman's your Bail, and thank his coming,
Did not he know me too well, you should smart for't;
Goe all in peace, but when ye fool next, Gentlemen,
Come not to me to Breakfast.
Die. I'le be bak'd first.
Bar. And pray ye remember, when ye are bold and merry,
The Lawyers Banquet, and the Sawce he gave ye.
Jam. Come: goe along; I have employment for ye,
Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool ye,
For all, for every one.
All. We are all your Servants.
Die. All, all for any thing, from this day forward

I'le hate all Breakfasts, and depend on dinners.
Jam. I am glad you come off fair.
Lea. The fair has blest me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Enter Octavi[o], Jacinta, [Ascanio].

Oct. This is the place, but why we are appointed
By *Don Jamie* to stay here, is a depth
I cannot sound.
Asc. Believ't he is too noble
To purpose any thing but for our good.
Had I assurance of a thousand lives,
And with them perpetuitie of pleasure,
And should lose all, if he prov'd only false,
Yet I durst run the hazard.
Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are,
And death concludes all misery.
Oct. Undiscovered

Enter Henrique, Jamie.

We must attend him.
Asc. Our stay is not long.
With him *Don Henrique*?
Jac. Now I fear;
Be silent.
Hen. Why dost thou follow me?
Jam. To save your life,
A plot is laid for't, all my wrongs forgot,
I have a Brothers Love.
Hen. But thy false self
I fear no enemy.
Jam. You have no friend,
But what breathes in me: If you move a step
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are lost.
Hen. 'Tis by thy practice then: I am sent hither
To meet her, that prefers my life and safetie
Before her own.
Jam. That you should be abus'd thus

With weak credulitie! She for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble Father,
Or that one Mother bare us, for whose love
You brake a contract to which heaven was witness,
To satisfie whose pride and wilfull humour
You have expos'd a sweet and hopefull Son
To all the miseries that want can bring him,
And such a Son, though you are most obdurate,
To give whom entertainment Savages
Would quit their Caves themselves, to keep him from
Bleak cold and hunger: This dissembling woman,
This Idol, whom you worship, all your love
And service trod under her feet, designs you
To fill a grave, or dead to lye a prey
For Wolves and Vulturs.
Hen. 'Tis false; I defie thee,
And stand upon my Guard.

Enter Leandro, Milanes, Arsenio, Bart. Lopez, Diego, Octavio, Jacinta, Ascanio, *and* Servants.

Jam. Alas, 'tis weak:
Come on, since you will teach me to be cruel,
By having no faith in me, take your fortune,
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.
Oct. My Lord.
Asc. In what have we offended?
Jam. I am deaf,
And following my will, I do not stand
Accomptable to reason: See her Ring
(The first pledge of your love, and service to her)
Deliver'd as a Warrant for your death:
These Bags of gold you gave up to her trust,
(The use of which you did deny your self)
Bestow'd on me, and with a prodigal hand,
Whom she pick'd forth to be the Architect
Of her most bloudy building; and to see
These Instruments, to bring Materials
To raise it up, she bad me spare no cost,
And (as a surplusage) offer'd her self
To be at my devotion.

Hen. O accurs'd !
Jam. But be incredulous still ; think this my plot ;
Fashion excuses to your self, and swear
That she is innocent, that she doats on ye ;
Believe this, as a fearfull Dream, and that
You lie not at my mercy, which in this
I will shew only : She her self shall give
The dreadfull Sentence, to remove all scruple
Who 'tis that sends you to the other world.

Enter Violante.

Appears my *Violante* ? speak (my dearest)
Do's not the object please you ?
Viol. More than if
All treasure that's above the earth, with that,
That lyes conceal'd in both the Indian Mines,
Were laid down at my feet : O bold *Jamy*,
Thou only canst deserve me.
Jam. I am forward,
And (as you easily may perceive,) I sleep not
On your commands.

Enter Assistant, *and* Officers.

Viol. But yet they live : I look'd
To find them dead.
Jam. That was deferr'd, that you
Might triumph in their misery, and have the power
To say they are not.
Viol. 'Twas well thought upon :
This kiss, and all the pleasures of my Bed
This night, shall thank thee.
Hen. Monster !
Viol. You Sir, that
Would have me Mother Bastards, being unable
To honour me with one Child of mine own,
That underneath my roof, kept your cast-Strumpet,
And out of my Revenues would maintain
Her riotous issue : now you find what 'tis
To tempt a woman : with as little feeling
As I turn off a slave, that is unfit

To doe me service; or a horse, or dog
That have out-liv'd their use, I shake thee off,
To make thy peace with heaven.
Hen. I do deserve this,
And never truly felt before, what sorrow
Attends on wilfull dotage.
Viol. For you, Mistris,
That had the pleasure of his youth before me,
And triumph'd in the fruit that you had by him,
But that I think, to have the Bastard strangled
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow
The way he leads thee, is sufficient torture,
I would cut off thy nose, put out thine eyes,
And set my foot on these bewitching lips,
That had the start of mine: but as thou art,
Goe to the grave unpitied.
Assist. Who would believe
Such rage could be in woman?
Viol. For this fellow,
He is not worth my knowledge.
Jam. Let him live then,
Since you esteem him innocent.
Viol. No *Jamy*,
He shall make up the mess: now strike together,
And let them fall so.
Assist. Unheard of crueltie!
I can endure no longer: seise on her.
Viol. Am I betrai'd?
Is this thy faith, *Jamy*?
Jam. Could your desires
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?
Or, though that you had sold your self to hell,
I should make up the bargain? Live (dear Brother)
Live long, and happy: I forgive you freely;
To have done you this service, is to me
A fair Inheritance: and how e're harsh language
(Call'd on by your rough usage) pass'd my lips,
In my heart I ever lov'd you: all my labours
Were but to shew, how much your love was cozen'd,
When it beheld it self in this false Glass,

That did abuse you; and I am so far
From envying young *Ascanio* his good fortune,
That if your State were mine, I would adopt him,
These are the Murtherers my noble friends,
Which (to make trial of her bloudy purpose)
I won, to come disguis'd thus.
Hen. I am too full
Of grief, and shame to speak: but what I'le doe,
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence;
And howsoever I have liv'd, I'le die
A much chang'd man.
Jam. Were it but possible
You could make satisfaction to this woman,
Our joyes were perfect.
Hen. That's my only comfort,
That it is in my power: I ne're was married
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, still expecting
When grief would kill *Jacintha*.
Assist. All is come out,
And finds a fair success: take her *Don Henrique*,
And once again embrace your Son.
Hen. Most gladly.
Assist. Your Brother hath deserv'd all.
Hen. And shall share
The moitie of my State.
Assist. I have heard, advocate,
What an ill Instrument you have been to him,
From this time strengthen him with honest counsels,
As you'le deserve my pardon.
Bar. I'le change my Copy:
But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had
A smart blow, though unseen.
Assist. Curate, and Sexton,
I have heard of you too, let me hear no more,
And what's past, is forgotten; For this woman,
Though her intent were bloody, yet our Law
Calls it not death: yet that her punishment
May deter others from such bad attempts,
The dowry she brought with her, shall be emploi'd

To build a Nunnery, where she shall spend
The remnant of her life.
Viol. Since I have miss'd my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.
Assist. The strict discipline
Of the Church, will teach you better thoughts. And Signiors,
You that are Batchelours, if you ever marry,
In *Bartolus* you may behold the issue
Of Covetousness and Jealousie; and of dotage,
And falshood in *Don Henrique*: keep a mean then;

For be assur'd, that weak man meets all ill,
That gives himself up to a womans will. [*Exeunt.*

Prologue.

TO tell ye (Gentlemen,) we have a Play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to day,
The Name ye know, that's nothing to my Story;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of Glory,
Of State, of Bitterness: of wit you'll say,
For that is now held wit, that tends that way,
Which we avoid: To tell ye too 'tis merry,
And meant to make ye pleasant, and not weary:
The Stream that guides ye, easie to attend:
To tell ye that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not. Nay, to goe thus far,
To swear it, if you swear against, is war.
To assure you any thing, unless you see,
And so conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to it self, and pray
Like a good Bark, it may work out to day,
And stem all doubts; 'twas built for such a proof,
And we hope highly: if she lye aloof
For her own vantage, to give wind at will,
Why let her work, only be you but still,
And sweet opinion'd, and we are bound to say,
You are worthy Judges, and you crown the Play.

THE SPANISH CURATE

Epilogue.

THE Play is done, yet our Suit never ends,
Still when you part, you would still part our friends,
Our noblest friends; if ought have faln amiss,
O let it be sufficient, that it is,
And you have pardon'd it. In Buildings great
All the whole Body cannot be so neat,
But something may be mended; Those are fair,
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

WIT
WITHOUT
MONEY,
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Valentine, *a Gallant that will not be perswaded to keep his Estate.*
Francisco, *his younger Brother.*
Master Lovegood *their Uncle.*
A Merchant, *Friend to Master* Lovegood.
Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain, *companions of* Valentine, *and Sutors to the* Widow.
Lance, *a Falkner, and an ancient servant to* Valentines *Father.*
Shorthose, *the Clown, and servant to the* Widow.
Roger, Ralph, *and* Humphrey, *three servants to the* Widow.
Three Servants.
Musicians.

Lady Hartwel, *a Widow.*
Isabel, *her Sister.*
Luce, *a waiting Gentlewoman to the Widow.*

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Uncle *and* Merchant.

Merc. WHen saw you *Valentine*?

Uncle. Not since the Horse-race, he's taken up with those that woo the Widow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people? he bore a worthy mind.

Uncle. Alas, he's sunk, his means are gone, he wants, and which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. That's strange.

Unc. Runs Lunatick, if you but talk of states, he cannot be brought (now he has spent his own) to think there's inheritance, or means, but all a common riches, all men bound to be his Bailiffs.

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Uncle. No Gentleman that has estate to use it in keeping house, or followers, for those wayes he cries against, for Eating sins, dull Surfeits, cramming of Serving-men, mustering of Beggars, maintaining Hospitals for Kites, and Curs, grounding their fat faiths upon old Country proverbs, God bless the Founders; these he would have ventured into more manly uses, Wit, and carriage, and never thinks of state, or means, the ground-works: holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies, and starve their understandings.

Mer. That's most certain.

Uncle. Yes, if he could stay there.

Mer. Why let him marry, and that way rise again.

Uncle. It's most impossible, he will not look with any handsomeness upon a Woman.

Mer. Is he so strange to Women?

Uncle. I know not what it is, a foolish glory he has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits, and yet he will converse and flatter 'em, make 'em, or fair, or foul, rugged, or smooth, as his impression serves, for he affirms, they are only lumps, and undigested pieces, lickt over to a form by our affections, and then they show. The Lovers let 'em pass.

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain.

Mer. He might be one, he carries as much promise; they are wondrous merry.

Uncle. O their hopes are high, Sir.

Fount. Is *Valentine* come to Town?

Bella. Last night, I heard.

Fount. We miss him monstrously in our directions, for this Widow is as stately, and as crafty, and stands I warrant you—

Hair. Let her stand sure, she falls before us else, come let's go seek *Valentine.*

Mer. This Widow seems a Gallant.

Uncle. A goodly Woman, and to her handsomness she bears her state, reserved, and great Fortune has made her Mistress of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

M[e]r. I would *Valentine* had her.

Uncle. There's no hope of that, Sir.

Mer. O' that condition, he had his Mortgage in again.

Uncle. I would he had.

Mer. Seek means, and see what I'le do, however let the Money be paid in, I never sought a Gentlemans undoing, nor eat the bread of other mens vexations, you told me of another Brother.

Uncle. Yes Sir, more miserable than he, for he has eat him, and drunk him up, a handsome Gentleman, and fine Scholar.

Enter three Tenants.

Mer. What are these?

Unc. The Tenants, they'll do what they can.

Mer. It is well prepared, be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon him, he is deaf to his own good.

Lance. We mean to tell him part of our minds an't please you.

Mer. Do, and do it home, and in what my care may help, or my perswasions when we meet next.

Unc. Do but perswade him fairly; and for your money, mine, and these mens thanks too, and what we can be able.

Mer. Y'are most honest, you shall find me no less, and so I leave you, prosper your business my friends. [*Ex.* Mer.

Unc. Pray Heaven it may, Sir.

Lance. Nay if he will be mad, I'le be mad with him, and tell him that I'le not spare him, his Father kept good Meat, good Drink, good Fellows, good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his Neighbours welcome; kept him too, and supplied his prodigality, yet kept his state still; must we turn Tenants now, after we have lived under the race of Gentry, and maintained good Yeomantry, to some of the City, to a great shoulder of Mutton and a Custard, and have our state turned into Cabbidge Gardens, must it be so?

Unc. You must be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his game.

Unc. Intreat him lovingly, and make him feel.

Lance. I'le pinch him to the bones else.

[*Valen. Within.*] And tell the Gentleman, I'le be with him presently, say I want money too, I must not fail boy.

Lance. You'l want Cloaths, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier repair to me anon, I'le read to him.

Unc. He comes, [b]e diligent, but not too rugged, start him, but affright him not.

Val. Phew, are you there?

Unc. We come to see you Nephew, be not angry.

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people? why, all the world shall never make me rich more, nor master of these troubles.

Tenants. We beseech you for our poor Childrens sake.

Val. Who bid you get 'em? have you not threshing work enough, but Children must be bang'd out o'th' sheaf too? other men with all their delicates, and healthful diets, can get but wind eggs: you with a clove of Garlick, a piece of Cheese would break a Saw, and sowre Milk, can mount like Stallions, and I must maintain these tumblers.

Lance. You ought to maintain us, we have maintained you, and when you slept provided for you; who bought the Silk you wear? I think our labours; reckon, you'll find it so: who found your Horses perpetual pots of Ale, maintain'd your Taverns, and who extol'd you in the Half-crown-boxes, where you might sit and muster all the Beauties? we had no hand in these; no, we are all puppies?
Your Tenants base vexations.

Val. Very well, Sir.

Lance. Had you Land, Sir, and honest men to serve your purposes, honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em, betray your self, and your poor Tribe to misery; mortgage all us, like old Cloaks; where will you hunt next? you had a thousand Acres, fair and open: The Kings-Bench is enclos'd, there's no good riding, the Counter is full of thorns and brakes, take heed Sir, and boggs, you'l quickly find what broth they're made of.

Val. Y'are short and pithy.

Lance. They say y'are a fine Gentleman, and of excellent judgement, they report you have a wit; keep your self out o'th' Rain, and take your Cloak with you, which by interpretation is your State, Sir, or I shall think your fame belied you, you have money, and may have means.

Val. I prethee leave prating, does my good lye within thy brain to further, or my undoing in thy pity? go, go, get you home, there whistle to your Horses, and let them edifie; away, sow Hemp to hang your selves withal: what am I to you, or you to me; am I your Landlord, puppies?

Unc. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmerciful you, to vex me with these Bacon Broth and Puddings, they are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.

3 *Tenants.* Your Fathers Worship would have used us better.

Val. My Fathers Worship was a Fool.

Lance. Hey, hey boys, old *Valentine* i'faith, the old boy still.

Unc. Fie Cousin.

Val. I mean besotted to his state, he had never left me the misery of so much means else, which till I sold, was a meer meagrim to me: If you will talk, turn out these Tenants, they are as killing to my nature Uncle, as water to a Feaver.

Lance. We will go, but it is like Rams, to come again the stronger, and you shall keep your state.

Val. Thou lyest, I will not.

Lance. Sweet Sir, thou lyest, thou shalt, and so good morrow. [*Exeunt* Tenants.

Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding: now to your business Uncle.

Unc. To your state then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't, name it no more, 'tis that I pray against, and Heaven has heard me, I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it, I mean, of thinking of more lands, or livings, than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays, for being quell'd with Carriers; out upon't, *caveat emptor*, let the fool out-sweat it, that thinks he has got a catch on't.

Unc. This is madness to be a wilful begger.

Val. I am mad then, and so I mean to be, will that content you? How bravely now I live, how jocund, how near the first inheritance, without fears, how free from title-troubles!

Unc. And from means too.

Val. Means? why all good men's my means; my wit's my Plow, the Town's my stock, Tavern's my standing-house, and all the world knows there's no want; all Gentlemen that love Society, love me; all Purses that wit and pleasure opens, are my Tenants; every mans Cloaths fit me, the next fair lodging is but my next remove, and when I please to be more eminent, and take the Air, a piece is levied, and a Coach prepared, and I go I care not whither, what need state here?

Unc. But say these means were honest, will they last, Sir?

Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer, should I take ought of you, 'tis true, I beg'd now, or which is worse than that, I stole a kindness, and which is worst of all, I lost my way in't; your mind's enclosed, nothing lies open nobly, your very thoughts are Hinds that work on nothing but daily sweat and trouble: were my way so full of dirt as this, 'tis true I'd shift it; are my acquaintance Grasiers? but Sir, know, no man that I am allied to, in my living, but makes it equal, whether his own use, or my necessity pull first, nor is this forc'd, but the meer quality and poisure of goodness, and do you think I venture nothing equal?

Unc. You pose me Cousin.

Val. What's my knowledge Uncle, is't not worth mony? what's my understanding, travel, reading, wit, all these digested, my daily making men, some to speak, that too much flegm had frozen up, some that spoke too much, to hold their peace, and put their tongues to pensions, some to wear their cloaths, and some to keep 'em, these are nothing Uncle; besides these wayes, to teach the way of nature, a manly love, community to all that are deservers, not examining how much, or what's done for them, 'tis wicked, and such a one like you, chews his thoughts [double], making 'em only food for his repentance.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* This cloak and hat Sir, and my Masters love.

Val. Commend's to thy Master, and take that, and leave 'em at my lodging.

1 *Ser.* I shall do it Sir.

Val. I do not think of these things.

2 *Ser.* Please you Sir, I have gold here for you.

Val. Give it me, drink that and commend me to thy Master; look you Uncle, do I beg these?

Unc. No sure, 'tis your worth, Sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough, but pray satisfie me, are not these ways as honest as persecuting the starved inheritance, with musty Corn, the very rats were fain to run away from, or felling rotten wood by the pound, like spices, which Gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces? do not I know your way of feeding beasts with grains, and windy stuff, to blow up Butchers? your racking Pastures, that have eaten up as many singing Shepherds, and their issues, as *Andeluzia* breeds? these are authentique, I tell you Sir, I would not change ways with you, unless it were to sell your state that hour, and if it were possible to spend it then too, for all your Beans in *Rumnillo*, now you know me.

Unc. I would you knew your self, but since you are grown such a strange enemy to all that fits you, give me leave to make your Brothers fortune.

Val. How?

Unc. From your mortgage, which yet you may recover, I'le find the means.

Val. Pray save your labour Sir, my Brother and my self will run one fortune, and I think what I hold a meer vexation, cannot be safe for him, I love him better, he has wit at will, the world has means, he shall live without this trick of state, we are heirs both, and all the world before us.

Unc. My last offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What is't, and then I'le answer.

Unc. What think you of a wife yet to restore you, and tell me seriously without these trifles.

Val. And you can find one, that can please my fancy, you shall not find me stubborn.

Unc. Speak your Woman.

Val. One without eyes, that is, self commendations, for when they find they are handsom, they are unwholsome; one without ears, not giving time to flatterers, for she that hears her self commended, wavers, and points men out a way to make

'em wicked; one without substance of her self; that woman without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton; though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glass the eyes of honest men, not her own admiration, all her ends obedience, all her hours new blessings, if there may be such a woman.

Unc. Yes there may be.

Val. And without state too.

Unc. You are disposed to trifle, well, fare you well Sir, when you want me next, you'l seek me out a better sence.

Val. Farewell Uncle, and as you love your estate, let not me hear on't. [*Exit.*

Unc. It shall not trouble you, I'le watch him still,
And when his friends fall off then bend his will. [*Exit.*

Enter Isabella, *and* Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now, your sister has ingrost all the brave Lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithall, much good may't do her, prethee speak softly, we are open to mens ears.

Luce. Fear not, we are safe, we may see all that pass, hear all, and make our selves merry with their language, and yet stand undiscovered, be not melancholy, you are as fair as she.

Isab. Who I? I thank you, I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd, my sister is a goodly portly Lady, a woman of a presence, she spreads sattens, as the Kings ships do canvas every where, she may spare me her misen, and her bonnets, strike her main Petticoat, and yet outsail me, I am a Carvel to her.

Luce. But a tight one.

Isab. She is excellent, well built too.

Luce. And yet she's old.

Isab. She never saw above one voyage *Luce*, and credit me after another, her Hull will serve again, a right good Merchant: she plaies, and sings too, dances and discourses, comes very near Essays, a pretty Poet, begins to piddle with Philosophie, a subtil Chymick Wench, and can extract the Spirit of mens Estates, she has the light before her, and cannot miss her choice for me, 'tis reason I wait my mean fortune.

Luce. You are so bashfull.

Isab. It is not at first word up and ride, thou art cozen'd,

that would shew mad i' faith : besides, we lose the main part of our politick government : if we become provokers, then we are fair, and fit for mens imbraces, when like towns, they lie before us ages, yet not carried, hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too without the loss of honour, and march off with our fair wedding, Colours flying. Who are these ?

Enter Franc. *and* Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.

Isab. Prethee peace then, a well built Gentleman.

Luce. But poorly thatcht.

Lance. Has he devour'd you too ?

Fran. H'as gulp'd me down *Lance.*

Lance. Left you no means to study ?

Fran. Not a farthing : dispatcht my poor annuity I thank him, here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten shillings.

Lan. You are fit for great mens services.

Fran. I am fit, but who'le take me thus ? mens miseries are now accounted stains in their natures. I have travelled, and I have studied long, observed all Kingdoms, know all the promises of Art and manners, yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter, I shall not thrive, all these are but vain Studies, art thou so rich as to get me a lodging *Lance* ?

Lan. I'le sell the titles of my house else, my Horse, my Hawk, nay's death I'le pawn my wife : Oh M^r^. *Francis*, that I should see your Fathers house fall thus !

Isab. An honest fellow.

Lan. Your Fathers house, that fed me, that bred up all my name !

Isab. A gratefull fellow.

Lan. And fall by—

Fran. Peace, I know you are angry *Lance*, but I must not hear with whom, he is my Brother, and though you hold him slight, my most dear Brother : A Gentleman, excepting some few rubs, he were too excellent to live here else, fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts, the issues of a noble and manly Spirit, as any he alive. I must not hear you ; though I am miserable, and he made me so, yet still he is my Brother, still I love him, and to that tye of blood link my affections.

Isab. A noble nature ! dost thou know him *Luce* ?

Luce. No, Mistress.

Isab. Thou shouldest ever know such good men, what a fair body and mind are married! did he not say he wanted?

Luce. What's that to you?

Isab. 'Tis true, but 'tis great pity.

Luce. How she changes! ten thousand more than he, as handsom men too.

Isab. 'Tis like enough, but as I live, this Gentleman among ten thousand thousand! is there no knowing him? why should he want? fellows of no merit, slight and puft souls, that walk like shadows, by leaving no print of what they are, or poise, let them complain.

Luce. Her colour changes strangely.

Isab. This man was made, to mark his wants to waken us; alas poor Gentleman, but will that keep him from cold and hunger, believe me he is well bred, and cannot be but of a noble linage, mark him, mark him well.

Luce. 'Is a handsom man.

Isab. The sweetness of his sufferance sets him off, O *Luce*, but whither go I?

Luce. You cannot hide it.

Isab. I would he had what I can spare.

Luce. 'Tis charitable.

Lance. Come Sir, I'le see you lodg'd, you have tied my tongue fast, I'le steal before you want, 'tis but a hanging.

Isab. That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow, why, this would move a stone, I must needs know; but that some other time. [*Exit* Lance, *and* Franc.

Luce. Is the wind there? that makes for me.

Isab. Come, I forgot a business.

Actus [Secundus]. Scena Prima.

Enter Widow, *and* Luce.

Wid. MY sister, and a woman of so base a pity! what was the fellow?

Luce. Why, an ordinary man, Madam.

Wid. Poor?

Luce. Poor enough, and no man knows from whence neither.

Wid. What could she see?

Luce. Only his misery, for else she might behold a hundred handsomer.

Wid. Did she change much?

Luce. Extreamly, when he spoke, and then her pity, like an Orator, I fear her love framed such a commendation, and followed it so far, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers, that she must doat upon afflictions? why does she not go romage all the prisons, and there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness, and flie her honour, common both to beggery: did she speak to him?

Luce. No, he saw us not, but ever since, she hath been mainly troubled.

Wid. Was he young?

Luce. Yes, young enough.

Wid. And looked he like a Gentleman?

Luce. Like such a Gentleman, that would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.

Wid. My sister, and sink basely! this must not be, does she use means to know him?

Luce. Yes Madam, and has employed a Squire called *Shorthose.*

Wid. O that's a precious Knave: keep all this private, but still be near her lodging: *Luce*, what you can gather by any means, let me understand: I'le stop her heat, and turn her charity another way, to bless her self first; be still close to her counsels; a begger and a stranger! there's a bless'dness! I'le none of that; I have a toy yet, sister, shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it, and for your pains take you the last gown I wore; this makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy.

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain, Valentine.

Fount. Sirra, we have so lookt for thee, and long'd for thee; this widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest, and stands so much upon her excellencies.

Bel. She hath put us off, this month now, for an answer.

Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her, no, not say, good morrow, nor good even, till that's past.

Val. She has found what dough you are made of, and so kneads you: are you good at nothing, but these after-games? I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, these widows—

Hare. If we had 'em.

Val. Why the Devil has not craft enough to wooe 'em, there be three kinds of fools, mark this note Gentlemen, mark it, and understand it.

Fount. Well, go forward.

Val. An Innocent, a knave fool, a fool politick: the last of which are lovers, widow lovers.

Bell. Will you allow no fortune?

Val. No such blind one.

Fount. We gave you reasons, why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you are those fools, I did allow those reasons, but as my Scholars and companions damn'd 'em: do you know what it is to wooe a widow? answer me coolely now, and understandingly.

Hare. Why to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

Val. Why there you are fools still, crafty to catch your selves, pure politick fools, I lookt for such an answer; once more hear me, it is, to wed a widow, to be doubted mainly, whether the state you have be yours or no, or those old boots you ride in. Mark me, widows are long extents in Law upon news, livings upon their bodies winding-sheets, they that enjoy 'em, lie but with dead mens monuments, and beget only their own ill Epitaphs: Is not this plain now?

Bell. Plain spoken.

Val. And plain truth; but if you'le needs do things of danger, do but lose your selves, not any part concerns your understandings, for then you are Meacocks, fools, and miserable, march off amain, within an inch of a Fircug, turn me o'th' toe like a Weather-cock, kill every day a Sergeant for a twelve month, rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls, and these will make a shew.

Hare. And these are trifles.

Val. Considered to a Widow, empty nothings, for here you venture but your persons, there the varnish of your persons, your discretions; why 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all, especially as now 'tis made; me thinks a man, an

understanding man, is more wise to me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets; what do we get by women, but our senses, which is the rankest part about us, satisfied, and when that's done, what are we? Crest-fallen Cowards. What benefit can children be, but charges and disobedience? What's the love they render at one and twenty years? I pray die Father: when they are young, they are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise and giddiness; and come to years once, there drops a son by th' sword in his Mistresses quarrel, a great joy to his parents: A Daughter ripe too, grows high and lusty in her blood, must have a heating, runs away with a supple ham'd Servingman: his twenty Nobles spent, takes to a trade, and learns to spin mens hair off; there's another, and most are of this nature, will you marry?

Fount. For my part yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

Val. And this same widow?

Fount. If I may, and me thinks, however you are pleased to dispute these dangers, such a warm match, and for you, Sir, were not hurtfull.

Val. Not half so killing as for you, for me she cannot with all the Art she has, make me more miserable, or much more fortunate, I have no state left, a benefit that none of you can brag of, and there's the Antidote against a Widow, nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits, which she can neither law nor claw away; to that, but little flesh, it were too much else; and that unwholsom too, it were too rich else; and to all this contempt of what she do's I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers, hear her without a faith, so pity her as if she were a Traytour, moan her person, but deadly hate her pride; if you could do these, and had but this discretion, and like fortune, it were but an equal venture.

Fount. This is malice.

Val. When she lies with your land, and not with you, grows great with joyntures, and is brought to bed with all the state you have, you'le find this certain; but is it come to pass you must marry, is there no buff will hold you?

Bel. Grant it be so.

Val. Then chuse the tamer evil, take a maid, a maid not worth a penny; make her yours, knead her, and mould her yours, a maid worth nothing, there's a vertuous spell in that

word nothing; a maid makes conscience of half a Crown a week for pins and puppits, a maid will be content with one Coach and two Horses, not falling out because they are not matches; with one man satisfied, with one rein guided, with one faith, one content, one bed, aged she makes the wise, preserves the fame and issue; a widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.

Val. You are my friends, and all my loving friends, I spend your mony, yet I deserve it too, you are my friends still, I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em; I eat your meat, help to wear her linnen, sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal, for which I'le do you this commodity, be ruled, and let me try her, I will discover her, the truth is, I will never leave to trouble her, till I see through her, then if I find her worthy.

Hare. This was our meaning *Valentine.*

Val. 'Tis done then, I must want nothing.

Hare. Nothing but the woman.

Val. No jealousie; for when I marry, the Devil must be wiser than I take him; and the flesh foolisher: come let's to dinner, and when I am well whetted with wine, have at her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella, *and* Luce.

Isab. But art thou sure?

Luce. No surer than I heard.

Hare. That it was that flouting fellows Brother?

Luce. Yes, *Shorthose* told me so.

Hare. He did searc[h] out the truth?

Luce. It seems he did.

Har. Prethee *Luce* call him hither, if he be no worse, I never repent my pity, now sirra, what was he we sent you after, the Gentleman i'th' black?

Enter Shorthose.

Short. I'th' torn black?

Isab. Yes, the same Sir.

Short. What would your Worship with him?

Isab. Why, my Worship would know his name, and what he is.

Short. 'Is nothing, he is a man, and yet he is no man.

Isab. You must needs play the fool.

Short. 'Tis my profession.

Isab. How is he a man, and no man?

Short. He's a begger, only the sign of a man, the bush pull'd down, which shows the house stands emptie.

Isab. What's his calling?

Short. They call him begger.

Isab. What's his kindred?

Short. Beggers.

Isab. His worth?

Short. A learned begger, a poor Scholar.

Isab. How does he live?

Short. Like worms, he eats old Books.

Isab. Is *Valentine* his Brother.

Short. His begging Brother.

Isab. What may his name be?

Short. *Orson.*

Isab. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Isab. Once more tell me his name directly.

Short. I'le be hang'd first, unless I heard him Christned, but I can tell what foolish people call him.

Isab. What?

Short. *Francisco.*

Isab. Where lies this learning, Sir?

Short. In *Pauls* Church yard forsooth.

Isab. I mean the Gentleman, fool.

Short. O that fool, he lies in loose sheets every where, that's no where.

Luce. You have glean'd since you came to *London*: in the Country, *Shorthose*, you were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcombe, here every Tavern teaches you, the pint pot has so belaboured you with wit, your brave acquaintance that gives you Ale, so fortified your mazard, that now there's no talking to you.

Isab. 'Is much improved, a fellow, a fine discourser.

Short. I hope so, I have not waited at the tail of wit so long to be an Ass.

Luce. But say now, *Shorthose*, my Lady should remove into the Country.

Short. I had as lieve she should remove to Heaven, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchoves, nor Master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my Lady, such-a-ones chief Chamber-maid.

Isab. No bouncing healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shorthose*, nor down o'th' knees to that illustrious Lady.

Luce. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of drawer, carry this pottle to my Father *Shorthose*.

Isab. No plays, nor gally foists, no strange Embassadors to run and wonder at, till thou beest oyl, and then come home again, and lye byth' Legend.

Luc. Say she should go.

Short. If I say, I'le be hang'd, or if I thought she would go.

Luce. What?

Short. I would go with her.

Luce. But *Shorthose*, where thy heart is?

Isab. Do not fright him.

Luce. By this hand Mistris 'tis a noise, a loud one too, and from her own mouth, presently to be gone too, but why, or to what end?

Short. May not a man die first? she'l give him so much time.

Isab. Gone o'th' sudden? thou dost but jest, she must not mock the Gentlemen.

Luce. She has put them off a month, th[e]y dare not see her, believe me Mistris, what I hear I tell you.

Isab. Is this true, wench? gone on so short a warning! what trick is this? she never told me of it, it must not be, sirra, attend me presently, you know I have been a carefull friend unto you, attend me in the Hall, and next be faithful, cry not, we shall not go.

Short. Her Coach may crack.

Enter Valentine, Francisco, *and* Lance.

Val. Which way to live! how darest thou come to town, to ask such an idle question?

Fran. Me thinks 'tis necessary, unless you could restore that Annuitie you have tipled up in Taverns.

Val. Where hast thou been, and how brought up *Francisco*, that thou talkest thus out of *France*? thou wert a pretty fellow, and of a handsom knowledge; who has spoiled thee?

Lan. He that has spoil'd himself, to make him sport, and by Copie, will spoil all comes near him: buy but a Glass, if you be yet so wealthy, and look there who?

Val. Well said, old Copihold.

Lan. My heart's good Freehold Sir, and so you'l find it, this Gentleman's your Brother, your hopeful Brother, for there is no hope of you, use him thereafter.

Val. E'ne as well as I use my self, what would'st thou have *Frank*?

Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?

Lan. Hark what he saies to you, O try your wits, they say you are excellent at it, for your Land has lain long bedrid, and unsensible.

Fran. And I'le forget all wrongs, you see my state, and to what wretchedness your will has brought me; but what it may be, by this benefit, if timely done, and like a noble Brother, both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.

Val. (A hundred pound!) dost thou know what thou hast said Boy?

Fran. I said a hundred pound.

Val. Thou hast said more than any man can justifie, believe it: procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee there's no such sum in nature, forty shillings there may be now i'th' Mint and that's a Treasure, I have seen five pound, but let me tell it, and 'tis as wonderful as Calves with five Legs; here's five shillings, *Frank*, the harvest of five weeks, and a good crop too, take it, and pay thy first fruits, I'le come down and eat it out.

Fran. 'Tis patience must meet with you Sir, not love.

Lanc. Deal roundly, and leave these fiddle faddles.

Val. Leave thy prating, thou thinkest thou art a notable wise fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow Hawk; two of the reverent.

Lanc. I think you are mad, or if you be not, will be, with the next moon, what would you have him do?

Val. How?

Lanc. To get money first, that's to live, you have shewed him how to want.

Val. 'Slife how do I live? why, what dull fool would ask that question? three hundred three pilds more, I and live bravely: the better half o'th' Town live most gloriously, and ask them what states they have, or what Annuities, or when they pray for seasonable Harvests: thou hast a handsome Wit, stir into the world, *Frank*, stir, stir for shame, thou art a pretty Scholar: ask how to live? write, write, write any thing, the World's a fine believing World, write News.

Lan. Dragons in *Sussex*, Sir, or fiery Battels seen in the Air at *Aspurge*.

Val. There's the way *Frank*, and in the tail of these, fright me the Kingdom with a sharp Prognostication, that shall scowr them, Dearth upon Dearth, like leven Taffaties, predictions of Sea-breaches, Wars, and want of Herrings on our Coast, with bloudy Noses.

Lan. Whirl-winds, that shall take off the top of *Grantham* Steeple, and clap it on *Pauls*, and after these, a Lenvoy to the City for their sins.

Val. Probatum est, thou canst not want a pension, go switch me up a Covey of young Scholars, there's twenty nobles, and two loads of Coals, are not these ready wayes? Cosmography thou art deeply read in, draw me a Map from the Mermaid, I mean a midnight Map to scape the Watches, and such long sensless examinations, and Gentlemen shall feed thee, right good Gentlemen, I cannot stay long.

Lan. You have read learnedly, and would you have him follow these Megera's, did you begin with Ballads?

Fran. Well, I will leave you, I see my wants are grown ridiculous, yours may be so, I will not curse you neither; you may think, when these wanton fits are over, who bred me, and who ruined me, look to your self, Sir, a providence I wait on.

Val. Thou art passionate, hast thou been brought up with Girls?

Enter Shorthose *with a bag.*

Short. Rest you merry, Gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, Sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a view of you, I may put my Spoon into the wrong Pottage-pot else.

Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?

Short. No, you are not he, you are a thought too handsome.

Lan. Who wouldst thou speak withal, why dost thou peep so?

Short. I am looking birds nests, I can find none in your bush beard, I would speak with you, black Gentleman.

Fran. With me, my friend?

Short. Yes sure, and the best friend, Sir, it seems you spake withal this twelve-month, Gentleman, there's money for you.

Val. How?

Short. There's none for you, Sir, be not so brief, not a penny; law how he itches at it, stand off, you stir my colour.

Lan. Take it, 'tis money.

Short. You are too quick too, first be sure you have it, you seem to be a Faulkoner, but a foolish one.

Lan. Take it, and say nothing.

Short. You are cozen'd too, 'tis take it, and spend it.

Fran. From whom came it, Sir?

Short. Such another word, and you shall have none on't.

Fran. I thank you, Sir, I doubly thank you.

Short. Well, Sir, then buy you better Cloaths, and get your Hat drest, and your Laundress to wash your Boots white.

Fran. Pray stay Sir, may you not be mistaken.

Short. I think I am, give me the money again, come quick, quick, quick.

Fran. I would be loth to render, till I am sure it be so.

Short. Hark in your ear, is not your name *Francisco*?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then, it may Thunder a hundred times, before such stones fall: do you not need it?

Fran. Yes.

Short. And 'tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it fast, 'tis not fly-blown, you may pay for the poundage, you forget your self, I have not seen a Gentleman so backward, a wanting Gentleman.

Fran. Your mercy, Sir.

Short. Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy, be merry with it, and be wise.

Fran. I would fain, if it please you, but know—

Short. It does not please me, tell over your money, and be not mad, Boy.

Val. You have no more such bags?

Short. More such there are, Sir, but few I fear for you, I have cast your water, you have wit, you need no money. [*Exit.*

Lan. Be not amazed, Sir, 'tis good gold, good old gold, this is restorative, and in good time, it comes to do you good, keep it and use it, let honest fingers feel it, yours be too quick Sir.

Fran. He named me, and he gave it me, but from whom.

Lan. Let 'em send more, and then examine it, this can be but a Preface.

Fran. Being a stranger, of whom can I deserve this?

Lan. Sir, of any man that has but eyes, and manly understanding to find mens wants, good men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, *Frank*, there are more wayes than certainties, now you believe: What Plough brought you this Harvest, what sale of Timber, Coals, or what Annuities? These feed no Hinds, nor wait the expectation of Quarter-daies, you see it showers in to you, you are an Ass, lie plodding, and lie fooling, about this Blazing Star, and that bo-peep, whining, and fasting, to find the natural reason why a Dog turns twice about before he lie down, what use of these, or what joy in Annuities, where every man's thy study, and thy Tenant, I am ashamed on thee.

Lan. Yes, I have seen this fellow, there's a wealthy Widow hard by.

Val. Yes marry is there.

Lan. I think he's her servant, or I am couzen'd else, I am sure on't.

Fran. I am glad on't.

Lan. She's a good Woman.

Fran. I am gladder.

Lan. And young enough believe.

Fran. I am gladder of all, Sir.

Val. *Frank*, you shall lye with me soon.

Fran. I thank my money.

Lan. His money shall lie with me, three in a Bed, Sir, will be too much this weather.

Val. Meet me at the Mermaid, and thou shalt see what things—

Lan. Trust to your self Sir.

[*Exeunt* Fran. *and* Val.

Enter Fount. Bella. *and* Valentine.

Fount. O *Valentine*!

Val. How now, why do you look so?

Bella. The Widow's going, man.

Val. Why let her go, man.

Hare. She's going out o'th' Town.

Val. The Town's the happier, I would they were all gone.

Fount. We cannot come to speak with her.

Val. Not to speak to her?

Bel. She will be gone within this hour, either now *Val.*

Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good *Val.*

Val. I had rather march i'th' mouth o'th' Cannon, but adiew, if she be above ground, go, away to your prayers, away I say, away, she shall be spoken withall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shorthose *with one boot on*, Roger, *and* Humphrey.

Rog. She will go, *Shorthose.*

Short. Who can help it *Roger*?

Raph. [*within.*] Help down with the hangings.

Rog. By and by *Raph.* I am making up o'th' trunks here.

Raph. Shorthose.

Short. Well.

Raph. Who looks to my Ladys wardrobe? *Humphrey.*

Hum. Here.

Raph. Down with the boxes in the gallery, and bring away the Coach cushions.

Short. Will it not rain, no conjuring abroad, nor no devices to stop this journey?

Rog. Why go now, why now, why o'th' sudden now? what preparation, what horses have we ready, what provision laid in i'th' Country?

Hum. Not an egge I hope.

Rog. No nor one drop of good drink boyes, there's the devil.

Short. I heartily pray the malt be musty, and then we must come up again.

Hum. What sayes the Steward?

Rog. He's at's wits end, for some four hours since, out of his haste and providence, he mistook the Millars mangie mare, for his own nagge.

Short. And she may break his neck, and save the journy. Oh *London* how I love thee!

Hum. I have no boots nor none I'le buy: or if I had, refuse me if I would venture my ability, before a Cloak-Bag, men are men.

Short. For my part, if I be brought, as I know it will be aimed at, to carry any durty dairy Cream-pot, or any gentle Lady of the Laundry, Chambring, or wantonness behind my Gelding, with all her Streamers, Knapsacks, Glasses, Gugawes, as if I were a running flippery, I'le give 'em leave to cut my girts, and slay me. I'le not be troubled with their Distibations, at every half miles end, I understand my self, and am resolved.

Hum. To morrow night at *Olivers*! who shall be there boys, who shall meet the wenches?

Rog. The well brew'd stand of Ale, we should have met at!

Short. These griefs like to another Tale of *Troy*, would mollifie the hearts of barbarous people, and Tom Butcher weep, *Æneas* enters, and now the town's lost.

Raph. Well whither run you, my Lady is mad.

Short. I would she were in Bedlam.

Raph. The carts are come, no hands to help to load 'em? the stuff lies in the hall, the plate.

[*Within Widow.*] Why knaves there, where be these idle (fellows?

Short. Shall I ride with one Boot?

Wid. Why where I say?

Raph. Away, away, it must be so.

Short. O for a tickling storm, to last but ten days. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Isabella, *and* Luce.

Luc. BY my troth Mistris I did it for the best.

Isab. It may be so, but *Luce*, you have a tongue,

a dish of meat in your mouth, which if it were minced *Luce*, would do a great deal better.

Luce. I protest Mistress.

Isab. It will be your own one time or other: *Walter.*

Walter [*within.*] Anon forsooth.

Isab. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak, you are so full of providence; and *Walter*, tuck up my little box behind the Coach, and bid my maid make ready, my sweet service to your good Lady Mistress; and my dog, good let the Coachman carry him.

Luce. But hear me.

Isab. I am in love sweet *Luce*, and you are so skilfull, that I must needs undo my self; and hear me, let *Oliver* pack up my Glass discreetly, and see my Curles well carried. O sweet *Luce*, you have a tongue, and open tongues have open you know what, *Luce.*

Luce. Pray you be satisfied.

Isab. Yes and contented too, before I leave you: there's a *Roger*, which some call a Butcher, I speak of certainties, I do not fish *Luce*, nay do not stare, I have a tongue can talk too: and a Green Chamber *Luce*, a back door opens to a long Gallerie; there was a night *Luce*, do you perceive, do you perceive me yet? O do you blush *Luce*? a Friday night I saw your Saint, *Luce*: for t'other box of Marmalade, all's thine sweet *Roger*, this I heard and kept too.

Luce. E'ne as you are a woman Mistress.

Isab. This I allow as good and Physical sometime, these meetings, and for the cheering of the heart; but *Luce*, to have your own turn served, and to your friend to be a dog-bolt.

Luce. I confess it Mistress.

Isab. As you have made my sister jealous of me, and foolishly, and childishly pursued it, I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes; for which mine honour suffers; your best waies must be applied to bring her back again, and seriously and suddenly, that so I may have a means to clear my self, and she a fair opinion of me, else you peevish—

Luce. My power and prayers Mistress.

Isab. What's the matter?

Enter Shorthose, *and* Widow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it, much good may do him with it.

Wid. Come, are you ready? you love so to delay time, the day grows on.

Isab. I have sent for a few trifles, when those are come; And now I know your reason.

Wid. Know your own honour then, about your business, see the Coach ready presently, I'le tell you more then.

[*Ex.* Luce, *and* Shorthose.

And understand it well, you must not think your sister so tender eyed as not to see your follies, alas I know your heart, and must imagine, and truly too; 'tis not your charitie can coin such sums to give away as you have done, in that you have no wisdom *Isabel*, no nor modesty, where nobler uses are at home; I tell you, I am ashamed to find this in your years, far more in your discretion, none to chuse but things for pity, none to seal your thoughts on, but one of no abiding, of no name; nothing to bring you to but this, cold and hunger: A jolly Joynture sister, you are happy, no mony, no not ten shillings.

Isab. You search nearly.

Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one that knows not where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest, unless it be i'th' stocks; what kindred has he, but a more wanting Brother, or what vertues.

Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see, sister.

Wid. Or say the man had vertue, is vertue in this age a full inheritance? what Joynture can he make you, *Plutarchs Morals*, or so much penny rent in the small Poets? this is not well, 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Isab. And this you quit the town for?

Wid. Is't not time?

Isab. You are better read in my affairs than I am, that's all I have to answer, I'le go with you, and willingly, and what you think most dangerous, I'le sit laugh at.

For sister 'tis not folly but good discretion governs our main fortunes.

Wid. I am glad to hear you say so.

Isa. I am for you.

Enter Shorthose, *and* Humphrey, *with riding rods.*

Hum. The Devil cannot stay her, she'l on't, eat an egg now, and then we must away.

Short. I am gaul'd already, yet I will pray, may *London* wayes from henceforth be full of holes, and Coaches crack their wheels, may zealous Smiths so housel all our Hackneys, that they may feel compunction in their feet, and tire at *High-gate*, may it rain above all Almanacks till Carriers sail, and the Kings Fish-monger ride like *Bike Arion* upon a Trout to *London*.

Hum. At S. *Albanes*, let all the Inns be drunk, not an Host sober to bid her worship welcom.

Short. Not a Fiddle, but all preach't down with Puritans; no meat but Legs of Beef.

Hum. No beds but Wool-Packs.

Short. And those so crammed with Warrens of starved Fleas that bite like Bandogs; let *Mims* be angry at their S. *Bel-Swagger*, and we pass in the heat on't and be beaten, beaten abominably, beaten horse and man, and all my Ladies linnen sprinkled with suds and dish-water.

Short. Not a wheel but out of joynt.

Enter Roger *laugh-ing.*

Hum. Why dost thou laugh?

Rog. There's a Gentleman, and the rarest Gentleman, and makes the rarest sport.

Short. Where, where?

Rog. Within here, h'as made the gayest sport with *Tom* the Coachman, so tewed him up with Sack that he lies lashing a But of Malmsie for his Mares.

Short. 'Tis very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs, and *Shorthose*, he has so maul'd the Red Deer pies, made such an alms i'th' butterie.

Short. Better still.

Enter Val. Widow.

Hum. My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman?

Short. May he anger her into a feather. [*Exeunt.*

Wid. I pray tell me, who sent you hither? for I imagine it is not your condition, you look so temperately, and like a Gentleman, to ask me these milde questions.

Val. Do you think I use to walk of errands, gentle Lady, or deal with women out of dreams from others?

Wid. You have not know[n] me sure?

Val. Not much.

Wid. What reason have you then to be so tender of my credit, you are no kinsman?

Val. If you take it so, the honest office that I came to do you, is not so heavy but I can return it: now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit.

Wid. Pray stay, a little proud.

Val. Monstrous proud, I griev'd to hear a woman of your value, and your abundant parts stung by the people, but now I see 'tis true, you look upon me as if I were a rude and saucie fellow that borrowed all my breeding from a dunghil, or such a one, as should now fall and worship you in hope of pardon: you are cozen'd Lady, I came to prove opinion a loud liar, to see a woman only great in goodness, and Mistress of a greater fame than fortune, but—

Wid. You are a strange Gentleman, if I were proud now, I should be monstrous angry, which I am not, and shew the effects of pride; I should despise you, but you are welcom Sir: To think well of our selves, if we deserve it, it is a lustre in us, and every good we have, strives to shew gracious, what use is it else? old age like Seer-trees, is seldom seen affected, stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts as his daring youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well, and now you speak to the purpose, you please me, but to be place proud?

Wid. If it be our own, why are we set here with distinction else, degrees, and orders given us? In you men, 'tis held a coolness, if you lose your right, affronts and loss of honour: streets, and walls, and upper ends of tables, had they tongues could tell what blood has followed, and what feud about your ranks; are we so much below you, that till you have us, are the tops of nature, to be accounted drones without a difference? you will make us beasts indeed.

Val. Nay worse than this too, proud of your cloaths, they

swear a Mercers Lucifer, a tumour tackt together by a Taylour, nay yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish that buttermilk can better.

Wid. Lord, how little will vex these poor blind people! if my cloaths be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow, my mind must be my Mercers too? or say my beauty please some weak eyes, must it please them to think, that blows me up, that every hour blows off? this is an Infants anger.

Val. Thus they say too, what though you have a Coach lined through with velvet, and four fair *Flanders* mares, why should the streets be troubled continually with you, till Carmen curse you? can there be ought in this but pride of shew Lady, and pride of bum-beating, till the learned lawyers with their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks till all their causes crack? why should this Lady, and t'other Lady, and the third sweet Lady, and Madam at *Mile-end*, be daily visited, and your poorer neighbours, with course napfes neglected, fashions conferr'd about, pouncings, and paintings, and young mens bodies read on like Anatomies.

Wid. You are very credulous, and somewhat desperate, to deliver this Sir, to her you know not, but you shall confess me, and find I will not start; in us all meetings lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts at Church, our very meditations some will swear, which all should fear to judge, at least uncharitably, are mingled with your memories, cannot sleep, but this sweet Gentleman swims in our fancies, that scarlet man of war, and that smooth senior; not dress our heads without new ambushes, how to surprize that greatness, or that glorie; our very smiles are subject to constructions; nay Sir, it's come to this we cannot pish, but 'tis a favour for some fool or other: should we examine you thus, wer't not possible to take you without Perspectives?

[*Val.*] It may be, but these excuse not.

Wid. Nor yours force no truth Sir, what deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues what hearts, and what inventions? O' my conscience, and 'twere not for sharp justice, you would venture to aim at your own mothers, and account it glorie to say you had done so: all you think are counsels, and cannot erre, 'tis we still that shew double, giddy, or gorg'd with passion; we that build Babels for mens conclusions, we

that scatter, as day does his warm light; our killing curses over Gods creatures, next to the devils malice: lets intreat your good words.

Val. Well, this woman has a brave soul.

Wid. Are not we gaily blest then, and much beholding to you for your substance? you may do what you list, we what beseems us, and narrowly do that too, and precisely, our names are served in else at Ordinaries, and belcht abroad in Taverns.

Val. O most brave Wench, and able to redeem an age of women.

Wid. You are no Whoremasters? Alas, no, Gentlemen, it were an impudence to think you vicious: you are so holy, handsome Ladies fright you, you are the cool things of the time, the temperance, meer Emblems of the Law, and veils of Vertue, you are not daily mending like Dutch Watches, and plastering like old Walls; they are not Gentlemen, that with their secret sins increase our Surgeons, and lie in Foraign Countries, for new sores; Women are all these Vices; you are not envious, false, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious, drunken, revengeful, giddie-eyed like Parrots, eaters of others honours.

Val. You are angry.

Wid. No by my troth, and yet I could say more too, for when men make me angry, I am miserable.

Val. Sure 'tis a man, she could not bear it thus bravely else, it may be I am tedious.

Wid. Not at all, Sir, I am content at this time you should trouble me.

Val. You are distrustful.

Wid. Where I find no truth, Sir.

Val. Come, come, you are full of passion.

Wid. Some I have, I were too near the nature o' God else.

Val. You are monstrous peevish.

Wid. Because they are monstrous foolish, and know not how to use that should try me.

Val. I was never answered thus; were you never drunk Lady?

Wid. No sure, not drunk, Sir; yet I love good Wine, as I love health and joy of heart, but temperately, why do you ask that question?

Val. For that sin that they most charge you with, is this sin's servant, they say you are monstrous—

Wid. What, Sir, what?

Val. Most strangely.

Wid. It has a name sure?

Val. Infinitely lustful, without all bounds, they swear you kill'd your Husband.

Wid. Let us have it all for Heavens sake, 'tis good mirth, Sir.

Val. They say you will have four now, and those four stuck in four quarters, like four winds to cool you: will she not cry nor curse?

Wid. On with your story.

Val. And that you are forcing out of dispensations with sums of money to that purpose.

Wid. Four Husbands! should not I be blest, Sir, for example? Lord, what should I do with them? turn a Malt-mill, or Tithe them out like Town-bulls to my Tenants, you come to make me angry, but you cannot.

Val. I'le make you merry then, you are a brave Woman, and in despite of envy a right one, go thy wayes, truth thou art as good a Woman, as any Lord of them all can lay his Leg over, I do not often commend your Sex.

Wid. It seems so, your commendations are so studied for.

Val. I came to see you and sift you into Flowr to know your pureness, and I have found you excellent, I thank you; continue so, and shew men how to tread, and women how to follow: get an Husband, an honest man, you are a good woman, and live hedg'd in from scandal, let him be too an understanding man, and to that stedfast; 'tis pity your fair Figure should miscarry, and then [you] are fixt: farewel.

Wid. Pray stay a little, I love your company now you are so pleasant, and to my disposition set so even.

Val. I can no longer. [*Exit.*

Wid. As I live a fine fellow, this manly handsome bluntness shews him honest; what is he, or from whence? bless me, four Husbands! how prettily he fooled me into Vices, to stir my jealousie, and find my nature; a proper Gentleman: I am not well o'th' sudden, such a companion I could live and dye with, his angers are meer mirth.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Come, come, I am ready.

Wid. Are you so?

Isa. What ails she? the Coach staies, and the people, the day goes on, I am as ready now as you desire, Sister: fie, who stays now, why do you sit and pout thus?

Wid. Prethee be quiet, I am not well.

Isa. For Heav'ns sake let's not ride staggering in the night, come, pray you take some Sweet-meats in your pocket, if your stomach—

Wid. I have a little business.

Isab. To abuse me, you shall not find new dreams, and new suspicions, to horse withal.

Wid. Lord who made you a Commander! hey ho, my heart.

Isab. Is the wind come thither, and Coward like, do you lose your Colours to 'em? are you sick o'th' *Valentine*? sweet Sister, come let's away, the Country will so quicken you, and we shall live so sweetly: *Luce*, my Ladies Cloak; nay, you have put me into such a gog of going, I would not stay for all the world; if I live here, you have so knock'd this love into my head, that I shall love any body, and I find my body, I know not how, so apt—pray let's be gone, Sister, I stand on thorns.

Wid. I prethee *Isabella*, i'faith I have some business that concerns me, I will suspect no more, here, wear that for me, and I'le pay the hundred pound you owe your Taylor.

Enter Shorthose, Roger, Humphrey, Ralph.

Isab. I had rather go, but—

Wid. Come walk in with me, we'll go to Cards, unsaddle the Horses.

Short. A Jubile, a Jubile, we stay, Boys.

Enter Uncle, Lan. Foun. Bella. Harebrain *following.*

Unc. Are they behind us?

Lan. Close, close, speak aloud, Sir.

Unc. I am glad my Nephew has so much discretion, at length to find his wants: did she entertain him?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome!

Unc. For his own sake do you think?

Lance. Most certain, Sir, and in his own cause bestir'd himself too, and wan such liking from her, she dotes on him, h'as the command of all the house already.

Unc. He deals not well with his friends.

Lance. Let him deal on, and be his own friend, he has most need of her.

Unc. I wonder they would put him—

Lan. You are in the right on't, a man that must raise himself, I knew he would couzen 'em, and glad I am he has: he watched occasion, and found it i'th' nick.

Unc. He has deceived me.

Lan. I told you howsoever he wheel'd about, he would charge home at length: how I could laugh now, to think of these tame fools!

Unc. 'Twas not well done, because they trusted him, yet.

Bel. Hark you Gentlemen.

Unc. We are upon a business, pray excuse us, they have it home.

Lanc. Come let it work good on Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Uncle, Lance.

Font. 'Tis true, he is a knave, I ever thought it.

Hare. And we are fools, tame fools.

Bell. Come let's go seek him, he shall be hang'd before he colt us basely. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella, Luce.

Isab. Art sure she loves him?

Luce. Am I sure I live? and I have clapt on such a commendation on your revenge.

Isab. Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

Luce. Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out.

Isa. He talks the best they say, and yet the maddest.

Luce. H'as the right way.

Isa. How is she?

Luce. Bears it well, as if she cared not, but a man may see with half an eye through all her forced behaviour, and find who is her *Valentine.*

Isa. Come let's go see her, I long to prosecute.
Luce. By no means Mistress, let her take better hold first.
Isab. I could burst now. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you Pilchers, you shotten, sold, slight fellows? was't not I that undertook you first from empty barrels, and brought those barking mouths that gaped like bung-holes to utter sence? where got you understanding? who taught you manners and apt carriage to rank your selves? who filled you in fit Taverns? were those born with your worships when you came hither? what brought you from the Universities of moment matter to allow you, besides your small base sentences?

Bell. 'Tis well, Sir.

Val. Long Cloaks with two-hand-rapiers, boot-hoses with penny-poses, and twenty fools opinions, who looked on you but piping rites that knew you would be prizing, and Prentices in *Paul*'s Church-yard, that scented your want of *Britains* Books.

Enter Widow, Luce, Hairbrain.

Font. This cannot save you.

Val. Taunt my integrity you Whelps?

Bell. You may talk the stock we gave you out, but see no further.

Hair. You tempt our patience, we have found you out, and what your trust comes to, ye're well feathered, thank us, and think now of an honest course, 'tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly into your tumbling tricks, they are stale.

Wid. Is not that he?

Luce. 'Tis he.

Wid. Be still and mark him.

Val. How miserable will these poor wretches be when I forsake 'em! but things have their necessities, I am sorry, to what a vomit must they turn again, now to their own dear Dunghil breeding; never hope after I cast you off, you men of *Motley*, you most undone things below pity, any that has a soul and six-pence dares relieve you, my name shall bar that blessing, there's your Cloak, Sir, keep it close to you, it may yet preserve

you a fortnight longer from the fool; your Hat, pray be covered, and there's the Sattin that your Worship sent me, will serve you at a Sizes yet.

Fount. Nay, faith Sir, you may e'ne rub these out now.

Val. No such relique, nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness shall keep me warm, these Breeches are mine own, purchased, and paid for, without your compassion, a Christian Breeches founded in Black-Friers, and so I'le maintain 'em.

Hare. So they seem, Sir.

Val. Only the thirteen shillings in these Breeches, and the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, Sir, a mark to know a Knave by, pray preserve it, do not displease more, but take it presently, now help me off with my Boots.

Hare. We are no Grooms, Sir.

Val. For once you shall be, do it willingly, or by this hand I'le make you.

Bell. To our own, Sir, we may apply our hands.

Val. There's your Hangers, you may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle will hold you without buckles; now I am perfect, and now the proudest of your worships tell me I am beholding to you.

Fount. No such matter.

Val. And take heed how you pity me, 'tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity; which are the poorer? you are now puppies; I without you, or you without my knowledge? be Rogues, and so be gone, be Rogues and reply not, for if you do—

Bell. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you: the Air is far sharper than our anger, Sir, and these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

Hare. Pray have a care, Sir, of your health. [*Ex. Lovers.*

Val. Yes Hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits; 'tis cold, and I am very sensible, extreamly cold too, yet I will not off, till I have shamed these Rascals; I have indured as ill heats as another, and every way if one could perish my body, you'll bear the blame on't; I am colder here, not a poor penny left.

Enter Uncle *with a Bag.*

Unc. 'Thas taken rarely, and now he's flead he will be ruled.

Lan. To him, tew him, abuse him, and nip him close.

Unc. Why how now, Cousin, sunning your self this weather?

Val. As you see, Sir, in a hot fit, I thank my friends.

Unc. But Cousin, where are your Cloaths man? those are no inheritance, your scruple may compound with those I take it, this is no fashion, Cousin.

Val. Not much followed, I must confess; yet Uncle I determine to try what may be done next Term.

Lance. How came you thus, Sir, for you are strangely moved.

Val. Rags, toys and trifles, fit only for those fools that first possessed 'em, a[n]d to those Knaves they are rendred. Freemen, Uncle, ought to appear like innocents, old *Adam*, a fair Fig-leaf sufficient.

Unc. Take me with you, were these your friends, that clear'd you thus?

Val. Hang friends, and even reckonings that make friends.

Unc. I thought till now, there had been no such living, no such purchase, for all the rest is labour, as a list of honourable friends; do such men as you, Sir, in lieu of all your understandings, travels, and those great gifts of nature, aim at no more than casting off your Coats? I am strangely cozen'd.

Lance. Should not the Town shake at the cold you feel now, and all the Gentry suffer interdiction, no more sense spoken, all things *Goth* and *Vandal*, till you be summed again, Velvets and Scarlets, anointed with gold Lace, and Cloth of silver turned into *Spanish* Cottens for a penance, wits blasted with your Bulls, and Taverns withered, as though the Term lay at S^t^ *Albans*?

Val. Gentlemen, you have spoken long and level, I beseech you take breath a while and hear me; you imagine now, by the twirling of your strings, that I am at the last, as also that my friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Unc. Yes, Sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor Pannier, to raise me up again above your rents, Uncle.

Unc. All this I do believe.

Val. You have no mind to better me.

Unc. Yes, Cousin, and to that end I come, and once more offer you all that my power is master of.

Val. A match then, lay me down fifty pounds there.

Unc. There it is, Sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleased to give this, as due unto my merit, without caution of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift hereafter to be hoped for.

Unc. How? [Luce *lays a Suit and Letter at the door.*

Val. Without daring, when you are drunk, to relish of revilings, to which you are prone in Sack, Uncle.

Unc. I thank you, Sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while, away I say, Sir, let him go forward with his naked fashion, he will seek you too morrow; goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry, how I sweat!

Unc. Farewel, Sir. [*Exeunt* Uncle *and* Lance.

Val. Would I sweat too, I am monstrous vext, and cold too; and these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in; clothes I must get, this fashion will not fadge with me; besides, 'tis an ill winter wear,—What art thou? yes, they are clothes, and rich ones, some fool has left 'em: and if I should utter—what's this paper here? Let these be only worn by the most noble and deserving Gentleman *Valentine*,—dropt out o'th' clouds! I think they are full of gold too; well, I'le leave my wonder, and be warm again, in the next house I'le shift. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Francisco, Uncle, *and* Lance.

Fran. WHY do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.

Unc. Peace Cousin peace, you are too tender of him, he must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus, the violence of his disease *Francisco*, must not be jested with, 'tis grown infectious, and now strong Corrosives must cure him.

Lance. H'as had a stinger, has eaten off his clothes, the next his skin comes.

Unc. And let it search him to the bones, 'tis better, 'twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble friends now? will his fantastical opinions cloath him, or the learned Art of having nothing feed him?

Unc. It must needs greedily, for all his friends have flung him off, he is naked, and where to skin himself again, if I know, or can devise how he should get himself lodging, his Spirit must be bowed, and now we have him, have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time we meet him cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him, for all means are cut off, or borrowing six-pence, to shew his bounty in the pottage Ordinary ?

Fran. Which way went he ?

Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him, you have been trimm'd already, let him take his fortune, [he] spun it out himself, Sir, there's no pitie.

Unc. Besides some good to you now, from this miserie.

Fran. I rise upon his ruines ! fie, fie, Uncle, fie honest *Lance.* Those Gentlemen were base people, that could so soon take fire to his destruction.

Unc. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Morrow Uncle, morrow *Frank*, sweet *Frank*, and how, and how d'ee, think now, how shew matters ? morrow Bandog.

Unc. How ?

Fran. Is this man naked, forsaken of his friends ?

Val. Th'art handsom, *Frank*, a pretty Gentleman, i'faith thou lookest well, and yet here may be those that look as handsom.

Lance. Sure he can conjure, and has the Devil for his Tailor.

Unc. New and rich ! 'tis most impossible he should recover.

Lan. Give him this luck, and fling him into the Sea.

Unc. 'Tis not he, imagination cannot work this miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you Uncle, the very he, the he your wisdom plaid withall, I thank you for't, neighed at his nakednesse, and made his cold and poverty your pastime ; you see I live, and the best can do no more Uncle, and though I have no state, I keep the streets still, and take my pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman, wear clothes to keep me warm, poor things they serve me, can make a shew too if I list, yes uncle, and ring a peal in my pockets, ding dong, uncle, these are mad foolish wayes, but who can help 'em ?

Unc. I am amazed.

Lan. I'le sell my Copyhold, for since there are such excellent new nothings, why should I labour? is there no Fairy haunts him, no Rat, nor no old woman?

Unc. You are *Valentine.*

Val. I think so, I cannot tell, I have been call'd so, and some say Christened, why do you wonder at me, and swell, as if you had met a Sergeant fasting, did you ever know desert want? y'are fools, a little stoop there may be to allay him, he would grow too rank else, a small eclipse to shadow him, but out he must break, glowingly again, and with a great lustre, look you uncle, motion and majesty.

Unc. I am confounded.

Fran. I am of his faith.

Val. Walk by his careless kinsman, and turn again and walk, and look thus Uncle, taking some one by the hand, he loves best, leave them to the mercy of the hog-market, come *Frank*, Fortune is now my friend, let me instruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow Uncle, I must needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits, within two hours I shall be thus again, now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance. [*Ex.* Val. *and* Franc.

Unc. I do believe him.

Lan. So do I, and heartily upon my conscience, burie him stark naked, he would rise again, within two hours imbroidered: sow mustard-seeds, and they cannot come up so thick as his new sattens do, and clothes of silver, there's no striving.

Unc. Let him play a while then, and let's search out what hand:—

Lan. I, there the game lies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, *and* Harebrain.

Foun. Come, let's speak for our selves, we have lodg'd him sure enough, his nakedness dare no[t] peep out to cross us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hare. Let's in boldly, and use our best arts, who she deigns to favour, we are all content.

Foun. Much good may do her with him, no civil wars.

Bel. By no means, now do I wonder in what old tod Ivie he lies whistling for means, nor clothes he hath none, nor none

will trust him, we have made that side sure, teach him a new wooing.

Hare. Say it is his Uncles spite.

Foun. It is all one Gentlemen, 'thas rid us of a fair incumbrance, and makes us look about to our own fortunes. Who are these?

Enter Isabel *and* Luce.

Isab. Not see this man yet! well, I shall be wiser: but *Luce*, didst ever know a woman melt so? she is finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace, the three Suitors.

Isab. I could so titter now and laugh, I was lost *Luce*, and I must love, I know not what; O *Cupid*, what pretty gins thou hast to halter Woodcocks! and we must into the Country in all haste, *Luce*.

Luce. For Heaven's sake, Mistris.

Isab. Nay, I have done, I must laugh though; but Scholar, I shall teach you.

Foun. 'Tis her sister.

Bel. Save you Ladies.

Isab. Fair met Gentlemen, you are visiting my sister, I assure my self.

Hare. We would fain bless our eyes.

Isab. Behold and welcom, you would see her?

Foun. 'Tis our business.

Isab. You shall see her, and you shall talk with her.

Luce. She will not see 'em, nor spend a word.

Isab. I'le make her fr[e]t a thousand, nay now I have found the s[c]ab, I will so scratch her.

Luce. She cannot endure 'em.

Isab. She loves 'em but too dearly, come follow me, I'le bring you toth' party Gentlemen, then make your own conditions.

Luce. She is sick you know.

Isab. I'le make her well, or kill her, and take no idle answer, you are fools then, nor stand off for her state, she'l scorn you all then, but urge her still, and though she fret, still follow her, a widow must be won so.

Bel. She speaks bravely.

Isab. I would fain have a Brother in law, I love mens

company, and if she call for dinner to avoid you, be sure you stay; follow her into her chamber, if she retire to Pray, pray with her, and boldly, like honest lovers.

Luce. This will kill her.

Foun. You have shewed us one way, do but lead the tother.

Isab. I know you stand o'thorns, come I'le dispatch you.

Luce. If you live after this.

Isab. I have lost my aim.

Enter Valentine, *and* Francisco.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since.

Val. No hang 'em, hang 'em.

Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?

Val. Let 'em alone *Frank*, I'le make 'em their own justice, and a jerker.

Fran. Such base discourteous Dog-whelps.

Val. I shall dog 'em, and double dog 'em, ere I have done.

Fran. Will you go with me, for I would fain find out this piece of bountie, it was the Widows man, that I am certain of.

Val. To what end would you go?

Fran. To give thanks.

Val. Hang giving thanks, hast not thou parts deserve it? it includes a further will to be beholding, beggars can do no more at door, if you will go, there lies your way.

Fran. I hope you will go.

Val. No not in ceremony, and to a woman, with mine own Father, were he living *Frank*; I would toth' Court with Bears first, if it be that wench, I think it is, for t'other's wiser, I would not be so lookt upon, and laught at, so made a ladder for her wit, to climb upon, for 'tis the tartest tit in Christendom, I know her well *Frank*, and have buckled with her, so lickt, and stroaked, flear'd upon, and flouted, and shown to Chambermaids, like a strange beast, she had purchased with her penny.

Fran. You are a strange man, but do you think it was a woman?

Val. There's no doubt on't, who can be there to do it else? besides the manner of the circumstances.

Fran. Then such courtesies, who ever does 'em sir, saving your own wisdom, must be more lookt into, and better answered, than with deserving slights, or what we ought to have conferred upon us, men may starve else, means are not gotten now with crying out I am a gallant fellow, a good Souldier, a man of learning, or fit to be employed, immediate blessings cease like miracles, and we must grow by second means, I pray go with me, even as you love me Sir.

Val. I will come to thee, but *Frank*, I will not stay to hear your fopperies, dispatch those e're I come.

Fran. You will not fail me.

Val. Some two hours hence expect me.

Fran. I thank you, and will look for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Shorthose, *and* Roger.

Wid. Who let in these puppies? you blind rascals, you drunken Knaves several.

Short. Yes forsooth, I'le let 'em in presently,—Gentlemen.

Wid. Sprecious, you blown Pudding, bawling Rogue.

Short. I bawl as loud as I can, would you have me fetch 'em upon my back.

Wid. Get 'em out rascal, out with 'em, out, I sweat to have 'em near me.

Short. I should sweat more to carry 'em out.

Roger. They are Gentlemen Madam.

Short. Shall we get 'em into th' butterie, and make'em drunk?

Wid. Do any thing, so I be eased.

Enter Isabel, Fount. Bella. Hare.

Isab. Now to her Sir, fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aside boy, I know she loves 'em, howsoever she carries it, and has invited 'em, my young Mistress told me so.

Short. Away to tables then. [*Exeunt.*

Isab. I shall burst with the sport on't.

Fount. You are too curious Madam, too full of preparation, we expect it not.

Bella. Me thinks the house is handsom, every place decent, what need you be vext?

Hare. We are no strangers.

Fount. What though we come e're you expected us, do not we know your entertainments Madam are free, and full at all times?

Wid. You are merry, Gentlemen.

Bel. We come to be merry Madam, and very merry, men love to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady a little of our old plea.

Wid. I am busie, and very busie too, will none deliver me.

Hare. There is a time for all, you may be busie, but when your friends come, you have as much power Madam.

Wid. This is a tedious torment.

Foun. How hansomly this little piece of anger shews upon her! well Madam well, you know not how to grace your self.

Bel. Nay every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

Wid. I must go up, I must go up, I have a business waits upon me, some wine for the Gentlemen.

Hare. Nay, we'l go with you, we never saw your chambers yet.

Isab. Hold there boyes.

Wid. Say I go to my prayers?

Foun. We'l pray with you, and help your meditations.

Wid. This is boysterous, or say I go to sleep, will you go to sleep with me?

Bel. So suddenly before meat will be dangerous, we know your dinner's ready Lady, you will not sleep.

Wid. Give me my Coach, I will take the air.

Hare. We'l wait on you, and then your meat after a quickned stomach.

Wid. Let it alone, and call my Steward to me, and bid him bring his reckonings into the Orchard, these unmannerly rude puppies— [*Exit* Widow.

Foun. We'l walk after you and view the pleasure of the place.

Isab. Let her not rest, for if you give her breath, she'l scorn and flout you, seem how she will, this is the way to win her, be bold and prosper.

Bel. Nay if we do not tire her.— [*Exeunt.*

Isab. I'le teach you to worm me, good Lady sister, and peep into my privacies to suspect me, I'le torture you, with

that you hate, most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done, she chafes and fumes outragiously, and still they persecute her.

Isab. Long may they do so, I'le teach her to declaim against my pities, why is she not gone out o'th' town, but gives occasion for men to run mad after her?

Luc. I shall be hanged.

Isab. This in me had been high treason, three at a time, and private in her Orchard! I hope she'l cast her reckonings right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.

Isab. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Why do you laugh sister? I fear me 'tis your trick, 'twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your pleasure.

Isab. What have you done with 'em?

Wid. Lockt 'em i'th' Orchard, there I'le make 'em dance and caper too, before they get their liberty, unmannerly rude puppies.

Isab. They are somewhat saucy, but yet I'le let 'em out, and once more sound 'em, why were they not beaten out?

Wid. I was about it, but because they came as suiters.

Isab. Why did you not answer 'em?

Wid. They are so impudent they will receive none: More yet! how came these in?

Enter Francisco *and* Lance.

Lan. At the door, Madam.

Isab. It is that face.

Luce. This is the Gentleman.

Wid. She sent the money to?

Luce. The same.

Isab. I'le leave you, they have some business.

Wid. Nay, you shall stay, Sister, they are strangers both to me; how her face alters!

Isab. I am sorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now though. Who would you speak with, Gentlemen?

Lan. You Lady, or your fair Sister there, here's a Gentleman that has received a benefit.

Wid. From whom, Sir?

Lan. From one of you, as he supposes, Madam, your man delivered it.

Wid. I pray go forward.

Lan. And of so great a goodness, that he dares not, without the tender of his thanks and service, pass by the house.

Wid. Which is the Gentleman?

Lan. This, Madam.

Wid. What's your name, Sir?

Fran. They that know me call me *Francisco*, Lady, one not so proud to scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched to hide a gratitude.

Wid. It is well bestowed then.

Fran. Your fair self, or your Sister as it seems, for what desert I dare not know, unless a handsome subject for your charities, or aptness in your noble will to do it, have showred upon my wants a timely bounty, which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.

Wid. I am sorry 'twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman, fie, do not blush, go roundly to the matter, the man is a pretty man.

Isab. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, dear Lady?

Isab. I pray no more, Sir, if I may perswade you, your only aptness to do this is recompence, and more than I expected.

Fran. But good Lady.

Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with it besides the imputation of vain glory, were greedy thankings of my self, I did it not to be more affected to; I did it, and if it happened where I thought it fitted, I have my end; more to enquire is curious in either of us, more than that suspicious.

Fran. But gentle Lady, 'twill be necessary.

Isab. About the right way nothing, do not fright it, being to pious use and tender sighted, with the blown face of Complements, it blasts it; had you not come at all, but thought thanks, it had been too much, 'twas not to see your person.

Wid. A brave dissembling Rogue, and how she carries it!

Isa. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you, though I affect a good tongue well; or try you, though my years desire a friend, that I relieved you.

Wid. A plaguie cunning quean.

Isab. For so I carried it, my end's too glorious in mine eyes, and bettered the goodness I propounded with opinion.

Wid. Fear her not, Sir.

Isa. You cannot catch me, Sister.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up Lady?

Isa. Let it suffice you have it, it was never mine, whilest good men wanted it.

Lan. This is a Saint sure.

Isa. And if you be not such a one, restore it.

Fran. To commend my self, were more officious than you think my thanks are, to doubt I may be worth your gift a treason, both to mine own good and understanding, I know my mind clear, and though modesty tells me, he that intreats intrudes; yet I must think something, and of some season, met with your better taste, this had not been else.

Wid. What ward for that, wench?

Isa. Alas, it never touched me.

Fran. Well, gentle Lady, yours is the first money I ever took upon a forced ill manners.

Isa. The last of me, if ever you use other.

Fran. How may I do, and your way to be thought a grateful taker?

Isa. Spend it, and say nothing, your modesty may deserve more.

Wid. O Sister will you bar thankfulness?

Isa. Dogs dance for meat, would ye have men do worse? for they can speak, cry out like Wood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds, I did it that my best friend should not know it, wine and vain glory does as much as I else, if you will force my merit, against my meaning, use it in well bestowing it, in shewing it came to be a benefit, and was so; and not examining a Woman did it, or to what end, in not believing sometimes your self, when drink and stirring conversation may ripen strange perswasions.

Fran. Gentle Lady, I were a base receiver of a courtesie,

and you a worse disposer, were my nature unfurnished of these fore-sights. Ladies honours were ever in my thoughts, unspotted Crimes, their good deeds holy Temples, where the incense burns not; to common eyes your fears are vertuous, and so I shall preserve 'em.

Isa. Keep but this way, and from this place to tell me so, you have paid me; and so I wish you see all fortune. [*Exit.*

Wid. Fear not, the Woman will be thanked, I do not doubt it. Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely? this is to wake my fears, or to abuse me, I shall look narrowly: despair not Gentlemen, there is an hour to catch a Woman in, if you be wise, so, I must leave you too; Now will I go laugh at my Suitors. [*Exit.*

Lan. Sir, what courage?

Fran. This Woman is a founder, and cites Statutes to all her benefits.

Lan. I never knew yet, so few years and so cunning, yet believe me she has an itch, but how to make her confess it, for it is a crafty Tit, and plays about you, will not bite home, she would fain, but she dares not; carry your self but so discreetly, Sir, that want or wantonness seem not to search you, and you shall see her open.

Fran. I do love her, and were I rich, would give two thousand pound to wed her wit but one hour, oh 'tis a Dragon, and such a spritely way of pleasure, ha *Lance.*

Lan. Your ha *Lance* broken once, you would cry, ho, ho, *Lance.*

Fran. Some leaden landed Rogue will have this wench now, when all's done, some such youth will carry her, and wear her, greasie out like stuff, some Dunce that knows no more but Markets, and admires nothing but a long charge at Sizes: O the fortunes!

Enter Isabel *and* Luce.

Lan. Comfort your self.

Luce. They are here yet, and alone too, boldly upon't; nay, Mistress, I still told you, how 'twould find your trust, this 'tis to venture your charity upon a boy.

Lan. Now, what's the matter? stand fast, and like your self.

Isa. Prethee no more Wench.

Luce. What was his want to you?

Isa. 'Tis true.

Luce. Or misery, or say he had been i'th' Cage, was there no mercy to look abroad but yours?

Isa. I am paid for fooling.

Lu. Must every slight companion that can purchase a shew of poverty and beggerly planet fall under your compassion?

Lanc. Here's a new matter.

Luce. Nay, you are served but too well, here he staies yet, yet as I live.

Fran. How her face alters on me!

Luce. Out of a confidence I hope.

Isab. I am glad on't.

Fran. How do you gentle Lady?

Isab. Much ashamed Sir, (but first stand further off me, y'are infectious) to find such vanitie, nay almost impudence, where I believ'd a worth: is this your thanks, the gratitude you were so mad to make me, your trim counsel Gentlemen?

Lanc. What, Lady?

Isab. Take your device again, it will not serve Sir, the woman will not bite, you are finely cozened, drop it no more for shame.

Luce. Do you think you are here Sir amongst your wast-coateers, your base wenches that scratch at such occasions? you are deluded: This is a Gentlewoman of a noble house, born to a better fame than you can build her, and eyes above your pitch.

Fran. I do acknowledge—

Isab. Then I beseech you Sir, what could 'see, (speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the Devil,) in my behaviour of such easiness that you durst venture to do this?

Fran. You amaze me, this Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Luce. I saw you drop it, Sir.

Isab. I took it up too, still looking when your modesty should miss it, why, what a childish part was this?

Fran. I vow.

Isab. Vow me no vowes, he that dares do this, has bred himself to boldness, to forswear too; there take your gew-

gaw, you are too much pampered, and I repent my part, as you grow older grow wiser if you can, and so farewel Sir.

[*Exeunt* Isabella, *and* Luce.

Lan. Grow wiser if you can? she has put it to you, 'tis a rich Ring, did you drop it?

Fran. Never, ne're saw it afore, *Lance.*

Lan. Thereby hangs a tail then: what slight she makes to catch her self! look up Sir, you cannot lose her if you would, how daintily she flies upon the Lure, and cunningly she makes her stops! whistle and she'l come to you.

Fran. I would I were so happy.

Lan. Maids are Clocks, the greatest Wheel they show, goes slowest to us, and make's hang on tedious hopes; the lesser, which are concealed, being often oyl'd with wishes, flee like desires, and never leave that motion, till the tongue strikes; she is flesh, blood and marrow, young as her purpose, and soft as pity; no Monument to worship, but a mould to make men in, a neat one, and I know how e're she appears now, which is near enough, you are stark blind if you hit not soon at night; she would venture forty pounds more but to feel a Flea in your shape bite her: drop no more Rings forsooth, this was the prettiest thing to know her heart by.

Fran. Thou putst me in much comfort.

Lan. Put your self in good comfort, if she do not point you out the way, drop no more Rings, she'l drop her self into you.

Fran. I wonder my Brother comes not.

Lan. Let him alone, and feed your self on your own fortunes; come be frolick, and let's be monstrous wise and full of counsel, drop no more Rings. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Wid. If you will needs be foolish you must be used so: who sent for you? who entertained you Gentlemen? who bid you welcom hither? you came crowding, and impudently bold; press on my patience, as if I kept a house for all Companions, and of all sorts: will 'have your wills, will vex me and force my liking from you I ne're ow'd you?

Fount. For all this we will dine with you.

Bel. And for all this will have a better answer from you.

Wid. You shall never, neither have an answer nor dinner, unless you use me with a more staid respect, and stay your time too.

Enter Isabella, Shorthose, Roger, Humphrey, Ralph, *with dishes of meat.*

Isab. Forward with the meat now.

Rog. Come Gentlemen, march fairly.

Short. *Roger*, you are a weak Serving-man, your white broath runs from you; fie, how I sweat under this Pile of Beef; an Elephant can do more! Oh for such a back now, and in these times, what might a man arrive at! Goose, grase you up, and Woodcock march behinde thee, I am almost foundred.

Wid. Who bid you bring the meat yet? away you knaves, I will not dine these two hours: how am I vext and chafed! go carry it back and tell the Cook, he's an arrant Rascal, to send before I called.

Short. Face about Gentlemen, beat a mournfull march then, and give some supporters, or else I perish—

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Isab. It does me much good to see her chafe thus.

Hare. We can stay Madam, and will stay and dwell here, 'tis good Air.

Fount. I know you have beds enough, and meat you never want.

Wid. You want a little.

Bel. We dare to pretend no. Since you are churlish, we'l give you Physick, you must purge this anger, it burns you and decays you.

Wid. If I had you out once, I would be at the charge of a portcullis for you.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow noble Lady.

Wid. Good morrow Sir. How sweetly now he looks, and how full manly! what slaves were these to use him so!

Val. I come to look a young man I call Brother.

Wid. Such a one was here Sir, as I remember your own Brother, but gone almost an hour agoe.

Val. Good ee'n then.

Wid. You must not so soon Sir, here be some Gentlemen, it may be you are acquainted with 'em.

Hare. Will nothing make him miserable?

Fount. How glorious!

Bel. It is the very he, does it rain fortunes, or has he a familiar?

Hare. How doggedly he looks too?

Fount. I am beyond my faith, pray let's be going.

Val. Where are these Gentlemen?

Wid. Here.

Val. Yes I know 'em, and will be more familiar.

Bel. Morrow Madam.

Wid. Nay stay and dine.

Val. You shall stay till I talk with you, and not dine neither, but fastingly my fury, you think you have undone me, think so still, and swallow that belief, till you be company for Court-hand Clarks, and starved Atturnies, till you break in at playes like Prentices for three a groat, and crack Nuts with the Scholars in peny Rooms again, and fight for Apples, till you return to what I found you, people betrai'd into the hands of Fencers, Challengers, Tooth-drawers Bills, and tedious Proclamations in Meal-markets, with throngings to see Cutpurses: stir not, but hear, and mark, I'le cut your throats else, till Water works, and rumours of New Rivers rid you again and run you into questions who built Thames, till you run mad for Lotteries, and stand there with your Tables to glean the golden Sentences, and cite 'em secre[t]ly to Servingmen for sound Essayes, till Taverns allow you but a Towel room to Tipple Wine in, that the Bell hath gone for twice, and Glasses that look like broken promises, tied up with wicker protestations, English Tobacco with half Pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and Bisket that Bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like Corals to bring the mark again, tell these hour Rascals so, this most fatal hour will come again, think I sit down the looser.

Wid. Will you stay Gentlemen, a piece of Beef and a cold Capon, that's all, you know you are welcom.

Hum. That was cast to abuse us.

Bel. Steal off, the Devil is in his anger.

Wid. Nay I am sure you will not leave me so discourteously, now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here? why do ye vex a woman of her goodness, her state and worth? can you bring a fair certificate that you deserve to be her footmen? husbands, you puppies? husbands for Whores and Bawds, away you wind suckers; do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble, and when you are gone, seem to laugh at my fury, and slight this Lady, I shall hear, and know this: and though I am not bound to fight for women, as far they are good I dare preserve 'em: be not too bold, for if you be, I'le swinge you monstrously without all pity, your honours now goe, avoid me mainly. [*Exeunt.*

Wid. Well Sir, you have delivered me, I thank you, and with your nobleness prevented danger, their tongues might utter, we'll all go and eat Sir.

Val. No, no, I dare not trust my self with women, go to your meat, eat little, take less ease, and tie your body to a daily labour, you may live honestly, and so I thank you. [*Exit.*

Wid. Well go thy ways, thou art a noble fellow, and some means I must work to have thee know it. [*Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Uncle, *and* Merchant.

Unc. MOst certain 'tis her hands that hold him up, and her sister relieves *Frank.*

Mer. I am glad to hear it: but wherefore do they not pursue this fortune to some fair end?

Unc. The women are too craftie, *Valentine* too coy, and *Frank* too bashfull, had any wise man hold of such a blessing, they would strike it out o'th' flint but they would form it.

Enter Widow, *and* Shorthose.

Mer. The Widow sure, why does she stir so early?

Wid. 'Tis strange, I cannot force him to understand me, and make a benefit of what I would bring him: tell my sister I'le use my devotions at home this morning, she may if she please go to Church.

Short. Hey ho.

Wid. And do you wait upon her with a torch Sir.

Short. Hey ho.

Wid. You lazie Knave.

Short. Here is such a tinkle tanklings that we can ne're lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out. *Ralph*, pray emptie my right shooe that you made your Chamber-pot, and burn a little Rosemarie in't, I must wait upon my Lady. This morning Prayer has brought me into a consumption, I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.

Wid. You drousie slave, nothing but sleep and swilling!

Short. Had you been bitten with Bandog fleas, as I have been, and haunted with the night Mare.

Wid. With an Ale-pot.

Short. You would have little list to morning Prayers, pray take my fellow *Ralph*, he has a Psalm Book, I am an ingrum man.

Wid. Get you ready quickly, and when she is ready wait upon her handsomely; no more, be gone.

Short. If I do snore my part out— [*Exit* Short.

Unc. Now to our purposes.

Mer. Good morrow, Madam.

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Unc. Good joy and fortune.

Wid. These are good things, and worth my thanks, I thank you Sir.

Mer. Much joy I hope you'l find, we came to gratulate your new knit marriage-band.

Wid. How?

Unc. He's a Gentleman, although he be my kinsman, my fair Niece.

Wid. Niece, Sir?

Unc. Yes Lady, now I may say so, 'tis no shame to you, I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light fancies, which you most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried, as nobly bred and managed.

Wid. What's all this? I understand you not, what Niece, what marriage-knot?

Unc. I'le tell plainly, you are my Niece, and *Valentine* the Gentleman has made you so by marriage.

Wid. Marriage?

Unc. Yes Lady, and 'twas a noble and vertuous part, to take a falling man to your protection, and buoy him up again to all his glories.

Wid. The men are mad.

Mer. What though he wanted these outward things, that flie away like shadows, was not his mind a full one, and a brave one? You have wealth enough to give him gloss and outside, and he wit enough to give way to love a Lady.

Unc. I ever thought he would do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew how ever he wheel'd about like a loose Cabine, he would charge home at length, like a brave Gentleman; Heavens blessing o' your heart Lady, we are so bound to honour you, in all your service so devoted to you.

Unc. Do not look so strange Widow, it must be known, better a general joy; no stirring here yet, come, come, you cannot hide 'em.

Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are the finest toyes, belike I am married then?

Mer. You are in a miserable estate in the worlds account else, I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with child?

Unc. No, great they say not, but 'tis a full opinion you are with child, and great joy among the Gentlemen, your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance, how long, and when he stayed, could name the bed too, where he paid down his first-fruits.

Wid. I shall believe anon.

Unc. And we consider for some private reasons, you would have it private, yet take your own pleasure; and so good morrow, my best Niece, my sweetest.

Wid. No, no, pray stay.

Unc. I know you would be with him, love him, and love him well.

Mer. You'l find him noble, this may beget—

Unc. It must needs work upon her.

[*Exit* Uncle, *and* Mer.

Wid. These are fine bobs i'faith, married, and with child too! how long has this been, I trow? they seem grave fellows,

they should not come to flout; married, and bedded, the world takes notice too! where lies this May-game? I could be vext extreamly now, and rail too, but 'tis to no end, though I itch a little, must I be scratcht I know not how, who waits there?

Enter Humphrey, *a* Servant.

Hum. Madam.

Wid. Make ready my Coach quickly, and wait you only, and hark you Sir, be secret and speedy, inquire out where he lies.

Hum. I shall do it, Madam.

Wid. Married, and got with child in a dream! 'tis fine i'faith, sure he that did this, would do better waking.

[*Exit.*

Enter Valentine, Fran. Lance, *and a Boy with a Torch.*

Val. Hold thy Torch handsomely: how dost thou *Frank*? *Peter Bassel*, bear up.

Fran. You have fried me soundly, Sack do you call this drink?

Val. A shrewd dog, *Frank*, will bite abundantly.

Lan. Now could I fight, and fight with thee.

Val. With me, thou man of *Memphis*?

Lan. But that thou art mine own natural master, yet my sack says thou art no man, thou art a Pagan, and pawnest thy land, which a noble cause.

Val. No arms, nor arms, good *Lancelot*, dear *Lance*, no fighting here, we will have Lands boy, Livings, and Titles, thou shalt be a Vice-Roy, hang fighting, hang't 'tis out of fashion.

Lan. I would fain labour you into your lands again, go to, it is behoveful.

Fran. Fie *Lance*, fie.

Lan. I must beat some body, and why not my Master, before a stranger? charity and beating begins at home.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.

Lan. I will not be compel'd, and you were two Masters, I scorn the motion.

Val. Wilt thou sleep?

Lan. I scorn sleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lan. I scorn meat, I come for rompering, I come to wait upon my charge discreetly; for look you, if you will not take your Mortgage again, here do I lie S^t^ *George*, and so forth.

Val. And here do I S^t^ *George*, bestride the Dragon, thus with my Lance.

Lan. I sting, I sting with my tail.

Val. Do you so, do you so, Sir? I shall tail you presently.

Fran. By no means, do not hurt him.

Val. Take this *Nelson*, and now rise, thou Maiden Knight of *Malligo*, lace on thy Helmet of inchanted Sack, and charge again.

Lan. I'le play no more, you abuse me, will you go?

Fran. I'le bid you good morrow, Brother, for sleep I cannot, I have a thousand fancies.

Val. Now thou art arrived, go bravely to the matter, and do something of worth, *Frank.*

Lan. You shall hear from us. [*Exeunt* Lance *and Frank.*

Val. This Rogue, if he had been sober, sure had beaten me, is the most tettish Knavé.

Enter Uncle *and* Merchant, *Boy with a Torch.*

Unc. 'Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, and you be so lusty.

Unc. You have made your Brother a fine man, we met him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a fool before, brought up amongst the midst of Small-Beer-Brew-houses, what would you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you, your latest hour is come.

Val. Are you my sentence?

Mer. The sentence of your state.

Val. Let it be hang'd then, and let it be hang'd high enough, I may not see it.

Unc. A gracious resolution.

Val. What would you have else with me, will you go drink, and let the world slide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boyes, drink Sack like Whey, boyes.

Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?

Val. Come hither Merchant: make me a supper, thou most reverent Land-catcher, a supper of forty pounds.

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then bring thy Wife along, and thy fair Sisters, thy Neighbours and their Wives, and all their trinkets, let me have forty Trumpets, and such Wine, we'll laugh at all the miseries of Mortgage, and then in state I'le render thee an answer.

Mer. What say you to this?

Unc. I dare not say, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your state, speak to the point, Sir?

Val. Not, not if it were mine heir in the *Turks* Gallies.

Mer. Then I must take an order?

Val. Take a thousand, I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it, because thou camest i'th' nick, thou shalt not have it, go take possession, and be sure you hold it, hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled, will ring you such a knell, go down in glory, and march upon my land, and cry, All's mine; cry as the Devil did, and be the Devil, mark what an Echo follows, build fine March-panes, to entertain Sir Silk-worm and his Lady, and pull the Chappel down, and raise a Chamber for Mistress Silver-pin, to lay her belly in, mark what an Earthquake comes. Then foolish Merchant my Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing, and they are people too never Christened, they know no Law nor Conscience, they'll devour thee; and thou mortal, the stopple, they'll confound thee within three days; no bit nor memory of what thou wert, no not the Wart upon thy Nose there, shall be e're heard of more; go take possession, and bring thy Children down, to rost like Rabbets, they love young Toasts and Butter, *Bow-bell* Suckers; as they love mischief, and hate Law, they are Cannibals; bring down thy kindred too, that be not fruitful, there be those Mandrakes that will mollifie 'em, go take possession. I'le go to my Chamber, afore Boy go. [*Exeunt.*

Mer. He's mad sure.

Unc. He's half drunk sure: and yet I like this unwillingness to lose it, this looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely, but he's so harsh and strange.

Unc. Believe it 'tis his drink, Sir, and I am glad his drink has thrust it out.

Mer. Cannibals? if ever I come to view his Regiment, if fair terms may be had.

Unc. He tells you true, Sir, they are a bunch of the most boisterous Rascals disorder ever made, let 'em be mad once, the power of the whole Country cannot cool 'em, be patient but a while.

Mer. As long as you will, Sir, before I buy a bargain of such Runts, I'le buy a Colledge for Bears, and live among 'em.

Enter Francisco, Lance, *Boy with a Torch.*

Fran. How dost thou now?

Lan. Better than I was, and straighter, but my head's a Hogshead still, it rowls and tumbles.

Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.

Lan. I may live to requite it, put a Snaffle of Sack in my mouth and then ride me very well.

Fran. 'Twas all but sport, I'le tell thee what I mean now, I mean to see this Wench.

Lan. Where a Devil is she? and there were two, 'twere better.

Fran. Dost thou hear the Bell ring?

Lan. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then she comes to prayers, early each morning thither: Now if I could but meet her, for I am of another mettle now.

Enter Isabel, *and* Shorthose *with a Torch.*

Lan. What light's yon?

Fran. Ha, 'tis a light, take her by the hand and court her.

Lan. Take her below the girdle, you'l never speed else, it comes on this way still, oh that I had but such an opportunity in a Saw-pit, how it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

Fran. 'Tis she: fortune I kiss thy hand—Good morrow Lady.

Isa. What voice is that, Sirra, do you sleep as you go, 'tis he, I am glad on't. Why, *Shorthose*?

Short. Yes forsooth, I was dreamt, I was going to Church.

Lan. She sees you as plain as I do.

Isab. Hold the torch up.

Short. Here's nothing but a stall, and a Butcher's Dog asleep in't, where did you see the voice?

Fran. She looks still angry.

Lan. To her and meet Sir.

Isab. Here, here.

Fran. Yes Lady, never bless your self, I am but a man, and like an honest man, now I will thank you—

Isab. What do you mean, who sent for you, who desired you?

Short. Shall I put out the Torch forsooth?

Isab. Can I not go about my private meditations, Ha, but such companions as you must ruffle me? you had best go with me Sir?

Fran. 'Twas my purpose.

Isab. Why, what an impudence is this! you had best, being so near the Church, provide a Priest, and perswade me to marry you.

Fran. It was my meaning, and such a husband, so loving, and so carefull, my youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at—Hark you?

Isab. 'Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly, turn home again sirra, you had best now force my man to lead your way.

Lan. Yes marry shall he Lady, forward my friend.

Isab. This is a pretty Riot, it may grow to a rape.

Fran. Do you like that better? I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

Short. I see nothing, I am asleep still, when you have done tell me, and then I'le wake Mistris.

Isab. Are you in earnest Sir, do you long to be hang'd?

Fran. Yes by my troth Lady in these fair Tresses.

Isab. Shall I call out for help?

Fran. No by no means, that were a weak trick Lady, I'le kiss, and stop your mouth.

Isab. You'l answer all these?

Fran. A thousand kisses more.

Isab. I was never abused thus, you had best give out too, that you found me willing, and say I doted on you?

Fran. That's known already, and no man living shall now carry you from me.

Isab. This is fine i'faith.

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Isab. Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way, I will to Church.

Fran. And I will wait upon you.

Isab. And it is most likely there's a Priest, if you dare venture as you profess, I would wish you look about you, to do these rude tricks, for you know the recompences, and trust not to my mercy.

Fran. But I will Lady.

Isab. For I'le so handle you.

Fran. That's it I look for.

Lan. Afore thou dream.

Shor. Have you done?

Isab. Go on Sir, and follow if you dare.

Fran. If I do not, hang me.

Lan. 'Tis all thine own boy, an 'twere a million, god a mercy Sack, when would small Beer have done this?

Knocking within. Enter Valentine.

Val. Whose that that knocks and bounces, what a Devil ails you, is hell broke loose, or do you keep an Iron mill?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. 'Tis a Gentlewoman Sir that must needs speak with you.

Val. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman, what have I to do with Gentlewomen?

Ser. She will not be answered Sir.

Val. Fling up the bed and let her in, I'le try how gentle she is— [*Exit* Servant.
This Sack has fill'd my head so full of bables, I am almost mad; what Gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has brought me no butter print along with her to lay to my charge, if she have 'tis all one, I'le forswear it.

Enter Widow.

Wid. O you're a noble Gallant, send off your Servant pray. [*Exit* Servant.

Val. She will not ravish me? by this light she looks as sharp set as a Sparrow hawk, what wouldst thou woman?

Wid. O you have used me kindly, and like a Gentleman, this is to trust to you.

Val. Trust to me, for what?

Wid. Because I said in jest once, you were a handsom man, one I could like well, and fooling, made you believe I loved you, and might be brought to marrie.

Val. The widow is drunk too.

Wid. You out of this, which is a fine discretion, give out the matter's done, you have won and wed me, and that you have put, fairly put for an heir too, these are fine rumours to advance my credit: i'th' name of mischief what did you mean?

Val. That you loved me, and that you might be brought to marrie me? why, what a Devil do you mean, widow?

Wid. 'Twas a fine trick too, to tell the world though you had enjoyed your first wish you wished, the wealth you aimed at, that I was poor, which is most true, I am, have sold my lands, because I love not those vexations, yet for mine honours sake, if you must be prating, and for my credits sake in the Town.

Val. I tell thee widow, I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no Lands, for now thy hopes and cares lye on thy husband, if e're thou marryest more.

Wid. Have not you married me, and for this main cause, now as you report it, to be your Nurse?

Val. My Nurse? why, what am I grown to, give me the Glass, my Nurse.

Wid. You n'er said truer, I must confess I did a little favour you, and with some labour might have been perswaded, but when I found I must be hourly troubled, with making broths, and dawbing your decayes with swadling, and with stitching up your ruines, for the world so reports.

Val. Do not provoke me.

Wid. And half an eye may see.

Val. Do not provoke me, the world's a lying world, and thou shalt find it, have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee, and mark what follows, my Nurse, yes, you shall rock me: Widow I'le keep you waking.

Wid. You are disposed Sir.

Val. Yes marry am I Widow, and you shall feel it, nay and they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger.

Wid. I think so.

Val. Come.

Wid. Whither?

Val. Any whither. [*Sings.*

The fit's upon me now, the fit's upon me now,
Come quickly gentle Ladie, the fit's upon me now,
The world shall know they're fools,
And so shalt thou do too,
Let the Cobler meddle with his tools,
The fit's upon me now.

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein, away with me, for if I have but two hours to consider, all the widows in the world cannot recover me.

Wid. If you will, go with me Sir.

Val. Yes marrie will I, but 'tis in anger yet, and I will marrie thee, do not cross me; yes, and I will lie with thee, and get a whole bundle of babies, and I will kiss thee, stand still and kiss me handsomely, but do not provoke me, stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous, I drunk sack yesternight, do not allure me: Thou art no widow of this world, come in pitie, and in spite I'le marrie thee, not a word more, and I may be brought to love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant, *and* Uncle, *at several doors.*

Mer. Well met again, and what good news yet?

Unc. Faith nothing.

Mer. No fruits of what we sowed?

Unc. Nothing I hear of.

Mer. No turning in this tide yet?

Unc. 'Tis all flood, and till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Fran. Isab. Lance, Shorthose, *a torch.*

Mer. Is not this his younger Brother?

Unc. With a Gentlewoman the widow's sister, as I live he smiles, he has got good hold, why well said *Frank* i'faith, let's stay and mark.

Isab. Well, you are the prettiest youth, and so you have handled me, think you ha' me sure.

Fran. As sure as wedlock.

Isab. You had best lie with me too.

Fran. Yes indeed will I, and get such black ey'd boyes.

Unc. God a Mercy, *Frank.*

Isab. This is a merrie world, poor simple Gentlewomen that think no harm, cannot walk about their business, but they must be catcht up I know not how.

Fran. I'le tell you, and I'le instruct ye too, have I caught you, Mistress?

Isab. Well, and it were not for pure pity, I would give you the slip yet, but being as it is.

Fran. It shall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, *and* Ralph, *with a torch.*

Isab. My sister, as I live, your Brother with her! sure, I think you are the Kings takers.

Unc. Now it works.

Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.

Wid. I think so.

Val. And such proof you shall have.

Wid. I pray speak softly.

Val. I'le speak it out Widow, yes and you shall confess too, I am no Nurse-child, I went for a man, a good one, if you can beat me out o'th' pit.

Wid. I did but jest with you.

Val. I'le handle you in earnest, and so handle you: Nay, when my credit calls.

Wid. Are you mad?

Val. I am mad, I am mad.

Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your preparation.

Val. Thou hast been at it, *Frank.*

Fran. Yes faith, 'tis done Sir.

Val. Along with me then, never hang an arse, widow.

Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, sister.

Val. Well said Black-brows, advance your torches Gentlemen.

Unc. Yes, yes Sir.

Val. And keep your ranks.

Mer. *Lance*, carrie this before him.
Unc. Carrie it in state.

Enter Musicians, Fount. Hare. Bel.

Val. What are you, Musicians? I know your coming, and what are those behind you?
Musi. Gentlemen that sent us to give the Lady a good morrow.
Val. O I know them, come boy sing the song I taught you,
And sing it lustily, come forward Gentlemen, you're welcom,
Welcom, now we are all friends, go get the Priest ready,
And let him not be long, we have much business:
Come *Frank*, rejoyce with me, thou hast got the start boy,
But I'le so tumble after, come my friends lead,
Lead cheerfully, and let your Fiddles ring boyes,
My follies and my fancies have an end here,
Display the morgage *Lance*, Merchant I'le pay you,
And every thing shall be in joynt again.
Unc. Afore, afore.
Val. And now confess, and know,
Wit without Money, sometimes gives the blow. [*Exeunt.*

BEGGARS BUSH,

A

COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Wolfort, *an usurper of the Earldom of* Flanders.
Gerrard, *falsely called* Clause, *King of the Beggars, Father in Law to* Florez.
Hubert, *an honest Lord, a friend to* Gerrard.
Florez, *falsely called* Goswin, *a rich Merchant of* Bruges.
Hempskirke, *a Captain under* Wolford.
Herman *a Courtier*, } *inhabitants of*
A Merchant, } Flanders.
Vandunke, *a drunken Merchant friend to* Gerrard, *falsely called Father to* Bertha.
Vanlock, *and* } *of* Bruges.
4 Merchants, }
Higgen, }
Prigg, } *Three Knavish Beggars.*
Snapp, }

Ferret, } *Two Gentlemen disguised*
Ginkes, } *under those names of* Gerrard's *party.*
Clown.
Boores.
Servants.
Guard.
A Sailor.

WOMEN.

Jaculin, *Daughter to* Gerrard, *beloved of* Hubert.
Bertha *called* Gertrude, *Daughter to the Duke of* Brabant, *Mistress to* Florez.
Margaret, *Wife to* Vandunke.
Mrs Frances, *a frow Daughter to* Vanlock.

The Scene Flanders.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter a Merchant *and* Herman.

Mer. IS he then taken?
Her. And brought back even now, Sir.
Mer. He was not in disgrace?

Her. No man more lov'd,
Nor more deserv'd it, being the only man
That durst be honest in this Court.
Mer. Indeed
We have heard abroad, Sir, that the State hath suffered
A great change, since the Countesses death.
Her. It hath, Sir.
Mer. My five years absence hath kept me a stranger
So much to all the occurents of my Country,
As you shall bind me for some short relation
To make me understand the present times.
Her. I must begin then with a War was made
And seven years with all cruelty continued
Upon our *Flanders* by the Duke of *Brabant*,
The cause grew thus: during our Earls minority,
Wolfort, (who now usurps) was employed thither
To treat about a match between our Earl
And the Daughter and Heir of *Brabant*: during which treaty
The *Brabander* pretends, this Daughter was
Stoln from his Court, by practice of our State,
Though we are all confirm'd, 'twas a sought quarrel
To lay an unjust gripe upon this Earldom,
It being here believ'd the Duke of *Brabant*
Had no such loss. This War upon't proclaim'd,
Our Earl, being then a Child, although his Father
Good *Gerrard* liv'd, yet in respect he was
Chosen by the Countesses favour, for her Husband,
And but a Gentleman, and *Florez* holding
His right unto this Country from his Mother,
The State thought fit in this defensive War,
Wolfort being then the only man of mark,
To make him General.
Mer. Which place we have heard
He did discharge with ho[n]our.
Her. I, so long,
And with so blest successes, that the *Brabander*
Was forc't (his treasures wasted, and the choice
Of his best men of Armes tyr'd, or cut off)
To leave the field, and sound a base retreat
Back to his Country: but so broken both

In mind and means, er'e to make head again,
That hitherto he sits down by his loss,
Not daring, or for honour, or revenge
Again to tempt his fortune. But this Victory
More broke our State, and made a deeper hurt
In *Flanders*, than the greatest overthrow
She ever receiv'd: For *Wolfort*, now beholding
Himself, and actions, in the flattering glass
Of self-deservings, and that cherish't by
The strong assurance of his power, for then
All Captains of the Army were his creatures,
The common Souldier too at his devotion,
Made so by full indulgence to their rapines
And secret bounties, this strength too well known
And what it could effect, soon put in practice,
As further'd by the Child-hood of the Earl:
And their improvidence, that might have pierc't
The heart of his designs, gave him occasion
To seize the whole, and in that plight you find it.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.

Her. Only I must add,
Bruges holds out.

Mer. Whither, Sir, I am going,
For there last night I had a ship put in,
And my Horse waits me. [*Exit.*

Her. I wish you a good journey.

Enter Wolfort, Hubert.

Wol. What? *Hubert* stealing from me? who disarm'd him?
It was more than I commanded; take your sword,
I am best guarded with it in your hand,
I have seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.

Wol. Would you leave me
Without a farewel, *Hubert*? flie a friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
What have I e're possess'd which was not yours?

Or either did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward or trust from me, but his approaches
Were by your fair reports of him prefer'd?
And what is more I made my self your Servant,
In making you the Master of those secrets
Which not the rack of Conscience could draw from me,
Nor I, when I askt mercy, trust my prayers with;
Yet after these assurances of love,
These tyes and bonds of friendship, to forsake me?
Forsake me as an enemy? come you must
Give me a reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will,
If I may do't in private: and you hear it.

Wol. All leave the room: you have your will, sit down
And use the liberty of our first friendship. (vanish'd,

Hub. Friendship? when you prov'd Traitor first, that
Nor do I owe you any thought, but hate,
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
And so I may make you first understand
What a strange monster you have made your self,
I welcome it.

Wol. To me this is strange language.

Hub. To you? why what are you?

Wol. Your Prince and Master,
The Earl of *Flanders*.

Hub. By a proper title!
Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions.

Wol. And in all this wisdom,
Had I not reason? when by *Gerrards* plots
I should have first been call'd to a strict accompt
How, and which way I had consum'd that mass
Of money, as they term it, in the War,
Who underhand had by his Ministers
Detracted my great action, made my faith
And loyalty suspected, in which failing
He sought my life by practice.

Hub. With what fore-head
Do you speak this to me? who (as I know't)

Must, and will say 'tis false.

Wol. My Guard there.

Hub. Sir, you bad me sit, and promis'd you would hear,
Which I now say you shall; not a sound more,
For I that am contemner of mine own,
Am Master of your life; then here's a Sword
Between you, and all aids, Sir, though you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass not
These gross untruths on me.

Wol. How? gross untruths?

Hub. I, and it is favourable language,
They had been in a mean man lyes, and foul ones.

Wol. You take strange Licence.

Hub. Yes, were not those rumours
Of being called unto your answer, spread
By your own followers? and weak *Gerrard* wrought
(But by your cunning practice) to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal course of Law,
But first to be made sure, and have your crimes
Laid open after, which your quaint train taking
You fled unto the Camp, and [there] crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had scap'd the fury of the War,
You might not fall by treason: and for proof,
You did not for your own ends make this danger;
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth and took their Oaths they had been hir'd
By *Gerrard* to your Murther. This once heard,
And easily believ'd, th'inraged Souldier
Seeing no further than the outward-man,
Snatch'd hastily his Arms, ran to the Court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were Servants, or thought friends to *Gerrard*,
Vowing the like to him.

Wol. Will you yet end?

Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his Son, the Earl,
Forsook the City; and by secret wayes
As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
Escap'd their fury: though 'tis more than fear'd

They fell amongst the rest; Nor stand you there
To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it, but your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As if compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief; do not stop your ears,
More are behind yet.
Wol. O repeat them not,
'Tis Hell to hear them nam'd.
Hub. You should have thought,
That Hell would be your punishment when you did them,
A Prince in nothing but your princely lusts,
And boundless rapines.
Wol. No more I beseech you.
Hub. Who was the Lord of house or land, that stood
Within the prospect of your covetous eye?
Wol. You are in this to me a greater Tyrant,
Than e're I was to any.
Hub. I end thus
The general grief: now to my private wrong;
The loss of *Gerrards* Daughter *Jaqueline*:
The hop'd for partner of my lawful Bed,
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms;
And her I now was wandring to recover.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
When you are grown so justly odious,
That ev'n my stay here with your grace and favour,
Makes my life irksome? here, surely take it,
And do me but this fruit of all your friendship,
That I may dye by you, and not your Hang-man.
Wol. Oh *Hubert*, these your words and reasons have
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,
As these tears from mine eyes;
Despise them not.
By all that's sacred, I am serious, *Hubert*,
You now have made me sensible, what furies,
Whips, Hangmen, and Tormentors a bad man
Do's ever bear about him: let the good
That you this day have done, be ever number'd
The first of your best actions;

Can you think,
Where *Goswin* is or *Gerrard*, or your love,
Or any else, or all that are proscrib'd?
I will resign, what I usurp, or have
Unjustly forc'd; the dayes I have to live
Are too too few to make them satisfaction
With any penitence: yet I vow to practise
All of a man.
Hub. O that your heart and tongue
Did not now differ!
Wol. By my griefs they do not.
Take the good pains to search them out: 'tis worth it,
You have made clean a Leper: trust me you have,
And made me once more fit for the society,
I hope of good men.
Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.
Wol. Suspect not you
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow,
Make your own safetys: ask them all the ties
Humanity can give, *Hemskirk* too shall
Along with you to this so wish'd discovery,
And in my name profess all that you promise;
And I will give you this help to't: I have
Of late receiv'd certain intelligence,
That some of them are in or about *Bruges*
To be found out: which I did then interpret,
The cause of that Towns standing out against me;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.
Hub. Be constant to your goodness, and you have it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter 3. Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this *Goswin*.
2 *Mer.* But short of what I could, yet have the Country
Confirm'd it true, and by a general oath,
And not a man hazard his credit in it:

He bears himself with such a confidence
As if he were the Master of the Sea,
And not a wind upon the Sailers compass,
But from one part or other was his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities,
Merchant e're ventur'd for.
1. 'Tis strange.
2. And yet
This do's in him deserve the least of wonder,
Compared with other his peculiar fashions,
Which all admire: he's young, and rich, at least
Thus far reputed so, that since he liv'd
In *Bruges*, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a Bottom, but his bill would pass
Unquestion'd for her lading.
3 *Mer.* Yet he still
Continues a good man.
2 *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, would be held an injury
Or rather malice, with the best that traffique;
But this is nothing, a great stock, and fortune,
Crowning his judgement in his undertakings
May keep him upright that way: But that wealth
Should want the power to make him dote on it,
Or youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
His constant temper; for his outward habit
'Tis suitable to his present course of life:
His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties
That please the appetite only for their rareness,
Or their dear price: nor given to wine or women,
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,
I mean a good one: and so loves his state
He will not hazard it at play; nor lend
Upon the assurance of a well-pen'd Letter,
Although a challenge second the denial
From such as make th' opinion of their valour
Their means of feeding.
1 *Mer.* These are wayes to thrive,
And the means not curs'd.
2 *Mer.* What follows, this

Makes many venturers with him, in their wishes,
For his prosperity: for when desert
Or reason leads him to be liberal,
His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add most to his free courtesies,
Or in their worth, or speed to make them so.
Is there a Virgin of good fame wants dower?
He is a Father to her; or a Souldier
That in his Countreys service, from the war
Hath brought home only scars, and want? his house
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward of it.
But I should lose my self to speak him further
And stale in my relation, the much good
You may be witness of, if your remove
From *Bruges* be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This report
I do assure you will not hasten it,
Nor would I wish a better man to deal with
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your man and ours, only I wish
His too much forwardness to embrace all bargains
Sink him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes,
For my part I am confident; here he comes.

Enter Goswin, *and the fourth* Merchant.

Gos. I take it at your own rates, your wine of *Cyprus*,
But for your *Candy* sugars, they have met
With such foul weather, and are priz'd so high
I cannot save in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
To seek another Chapman: make me offer
Of something near price, that may assure me
You can deal for them.

Gos. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loss; your bill of lading
Speaks of two hundred chests, valued by you

At thirty thousand gilders, I will have them
At twenty eight; so, in the payment of
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap.—

Gos. Why look you; I'le deal fa[ir]ly, there's in prison,
And at your suit, a Pirat, but unable
To make you satisfaction, and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him: set him free,
And you shall have your mony to a Stiver,
And present payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A Merchant of your rank, that have at Sea
So many Bottoms in the danger of
These water-Thieves, should be a means to save 'em,
It more importing you for your own safety
To be at charge to scour the Sea of them
Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Gos. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this Captain
The wrong he did to you, or any man;
I was lately with him, (having first, from others
True testimony been assured a man
Of more desert never put from the shore)
I read his letters of Mart from this State granted
For the recovery of such losses, as
He had receiv'd in *Spain*, 'twas that he aim'd at,
Not at three tuns of wine, bisket, or beef,
Which his necessity made him take from you.
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,
Or thrown your men o'r-board, then he deserv'd
The Laws extreamest rigour. But since want
Of what he could not live without, compel'd him
To that he did (which yet our State calls death)
I pity his misfortune; and to work you
To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price: save him, the goods are mine;

If not, seek else-where, I'le not deal for them.
4 *Mer.* Well Sir, for your love, I will once be led
To change my purpose.
Gos. For your profit rather.
4 *Mer.* I'le presently make means for his discharge,
Till when, I leave you.
2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?
1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity: guided
By a strong judgement.
2 *Mer.* Save you Master *Goswin.*
Goswin. Good day to all.
2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal
Of more Commodities.
Gos. Are you the owners
Of the ship that last night put into the Harbour?
1 *Mer.* Both of the ship, and lading.
Gos. What's the fraught?
1 Mer. *Indico*, *Cochineel*, choise *Chyna* stuffs.
3 *Mer.* And cloath of Gold brought from *Cambal.*
Gos. Rich lading,
For which I were your Chapman, but I am
Already out of cash.
1 *Mer.* I'le give you day
For the moiety of all.
Gos. How long?
3 *Mer.* Six months.
Gos. 'Tis a fair offer: which (if we agree
About the prices) I, with thanks accept of,
And will make present payment of the rest;
Some two hours hence I'le come aboard.
1 *Mer.* The Gunner shall speak you welcom.
Gos. I'le not fail.
3 *Mer.* Good morrow. [*Ex.* Merch.
Gos. Heaven grant my Ships a safe return, before
The day of this great payment: as they are
Expected three months sooner: and my credit
Stands good with all the world.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bless my good Master,

The prayers of your poor Beads-man ever shall
Be sent up for you.
Gos. God o' mercy *Clause*,
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.
Ger. May he that gave it you
Reward you for it, with encrease, good Master.
Gos. I thrive the better for thy prayers.
Ger. I hope so.
This three years have I fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your blest charity warm'd me,
And yet, good Master, pardon me, that must,
Though I have now receiv'd your alms, presume
To make one sute more to you.
Gos. What is't *Clause*?
Ger. Yet do not think me impudent I beseech you,
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented
My begging your relief, 'tis not for mony
Nor cloaths (good Master) but your good word for me.
Gos. That thou shalt have, *Clause*, for I think thee honest.
Ger. To morrow then (dear Mr.) take the trouble
Of walking early unto *Beggars Bush*,
And as you see me, among others (Brethren
In my affliction) when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.
Gos. But what will that advantage thee?
Ger. O much Sir,
'Twill give me the preheminence of the rest,
Make me a King among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse, such as are stronger, might
Offer my age; Sir, at your better leisure
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.
Gos. 'Troth thou mak'st me wonder;
Have you a King and common-wealth among you?
Ger. We have, and there are States are govern'd worse.
Gos. Ambition among Beggars?
Ger. Many great ones
Would part with half their states, to have the place,

And credit to beg in the first file, Master:
But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance
In my Petition?
Gos. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it,
I will be early there.
Ger. Heaven bless my Master. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prig, Clause, Jaculine, Snap, Ginks, *and other beggars.*

Hig. COme Princes of the ragged regiment,
You o' the blood, *Prig* my most upright Lord,
And these (what name or title, e're they bear)
Jarkman, or *Patrico*, *Cranke*, or *Clapperdudgeon*,
Frater, or *Abram-man*; I speak to all
That stand in fair Election for the title
Of King of *Beggars*, with the command adjoyning,
Higgen, your Orator, in this Inter-regnum,
That whilom was your Dommerer, doth beseech you
All to stand fair, and put your selves in rank,
That the first Comer, may at his first view
Make a free choice, to say up the question.
Fer. Pr. 'Tis done Lord *Higgen.*
Hig. Thanks to Prince *Prig*, Prince *Ferret.*
Fer. Well, pray my Masters all, *Ferret* be chosen,
Y'are like to have a mercifull mild Prince of me.
Prig. A very tyrant, I, an arrant tyrant,
If e're I come to reign; therefore look to't,
Except you do provide me hum enough
And Lour to bouze with: I must have my Capons
And Turkeys brought me in, with my green Geese,
And Ducklings i'th' season: fine fat chickens,
Or if you chance where an eye of tame Phesants
Or Partridges are kept, see they be mine,
Or straight I seize on all your priviledge,
Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellyes,

Forc'd eyes and teeth, with your dead arms; not leave you
A durty clout to beg with o' your heads,
Or an old rag with Butter, Frankincense,
Brimston and Rozen, birdlime, blood, and cream,
To make you an old sore; not so much soap
As you may fome with i'th' Falling-sickness;
The very bag you bear, and the brown dish
Shall be escheated. All your daintiest Dells too
I will deflower, and take your dearest Doxyes
From your warm sides; and then some one cold night
I'le watch you what old barn you go to roost in,
And there I'le smother you all i'th' musty hay.

Hig. This is tyrant-like indeed: But what would *Ginks*
Or *Clause* be here, if either of them should raign?

Clau. Best ask an Ass, if he were made a Camel,
What he would be; or a dog, and he were a Lyon.

Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be
A Beggar still I am sure, I find my self there.

Enter Goswin.

Snap. O here a Judge comes.

Hig. Cry, a Judge, a Judge.

Gos. What ail you Sirs? what means this outcry?

Hig. Master,
A sort of poor souls met: Gods fools, good Master,
Have had some little variance amongst our selves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his calling: Now, 'cause we thought
We ne're should 'gree on't our selves, because
Indeed 'tis hard to say: we all dissolv'd, to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your Master-ship,
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves you,
Right, and no otherwise we ask it: which?
Which does your worship think is he? sweet Master
Look over us all, and tell us; we are seven of us,
Like to the seven wise Masters, or the Planets.

Gos. I should judge this the man with the grave beard,
And if he be not—

Clau. Bless you, good Master, bless you.

Gos. I would he were: there's something too amongst you

To keep you all honest. [*Exit.*

Snap. King of Heaven go with you.

Omn. Now good reward him,
May he never want it, to comfort still the poor, in a good hour.

Fer. What is't? see: *Snap* has got it.

Snap. A good crown, marry.

Prig. A crown of gold.

Fer. For our new King: good luck.

Ginks. To the common treasury with it; if't be gold,
Thither it must.

Prig. Spoke like a Patriot, *Ferret*—
King *Clause*, I bid God save thee first, first, *Clause*,
After this golden token of a crown;
Where's oratour *Higgen* with his gratuling speech now
In all our names?

Fer. Here he is pumping for it.

Gin. H'has cough'd the second time, 'tis but once more
And then it comes.

Fer. So, out with all: expect now—

Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable *Clause*,
Our King and Soveraign; Monarch o'th'Maunders,
Thus we throw up our Nab-cheats, first for joy,
And then our filches; last, we clap our fambles,
Three subject signs, we do it without envy:
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? ask 'em: all will say so,
Nay swear't: 'tis for the King, but let that pass.
When last in conference at the bouzing ken
This other day we sat about our dead Prince
Of famous memory: (rest go with his rags:)
And that I saw thee at the tables end,
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one Crutch,
Lift the other like a Scepter at my head,
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be King,
And now thou art so: but what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard
As well, as he that chose thee? by that beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for Soveraignty.
O happy beard! but happier Prince, whose beard
Was so remark'd, as marked out our Prince,

Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it,
May live as safe, as under *Beggars Bush*,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.
Om. Excellent, excellent orator, forward good *Higgen*,
Give him leave to spit: the fine, well-spoken *Higgen*.
Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-beard,
Under whose gold and silver raign 'twas said
So many ages since, we all should smile
On impositions, taxes, grievances,
Knots in a State, and whips unto a Subject,
Lye lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd out:
If now, the Beard be such, what is the Prince
That owes the Beard? a Father; no, a Grand-father;
Nay the great Grand-father of you his people.
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you
The fattest of your puddings: under him
Each man shall eat his own stolen eggs, and butter,
In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy
His own dear Dell, Doxy, or Mort, at night
In his own straw, with his own shirt, or sheet,
That he hath filch'd that day, I, and possess
What he can purchase, back, or belly-cheats
To his own prop: he will have no purveyers
For Pigs, and poultry.
Clau. That we must have, my learned oratour,
It is our will, and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.
Hig. Do you hear?
You must hereafter maund on your own pads he saies.
Clau. And what they get there, is their own, besides
To give good words.
Hig. Do you mark? to cut been whids,
That is the second Law.
Clau. And keep a-foot
The humble, and the common phrase of begging,
Lest men discover us.
Hig. Yes; and cry sometimes,
To move compassion: Sir, there is a table,

That doth command all these things, and enjoyns 'em,
Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plaisters,
And their torn pass-ports, with the ways to stammer,
And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame,
There, all the halting paces are set down,
I'th' learned language.

Clau. Thither I refer them,
Those, you at leisure shall interpret to them.
We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.

Om. O gracious Prince, 'save, 'save the good King *Clause.*

Hig. A Song to crown him.

Fer. Set a Centinel out first.

Snap. The word?

Hig. A Cove comes, and fumbumbis to it.— *Strike.*

The SONG.

CAst our Caps and cares away: this is Beggars Holy-day,
At the Crowning of our King, thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see: where's so happy a Prince as he?
Where the Nation live so free, and so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest; To the field we are not prest;
Nor are call'd into the Town, to be troubled with the Gown.
Hang all Officers we cry, and the Magistrate too, by;
When the Subsidie's encreast, we are not a penny Sest.
Nor will any go to Law, with the Beggar for a straw.
All which happiness he brags, he doth owe unto his rags.

Enter Snap, Hubert, *and* Hemskirke.

Snap. A Cove comes: Fumbumbis.

Prig. To your postures; arm.

Hub. Yonder's the Town: I see it.

Hemsk. There's our danger
Indeed afore us, if our shadows save not.

Hig. Bless your good Worships.

Fer. One small piece of mony.

Prig. Amongst us all poor wretches.

Clau. Blind, and lame.

Ginks. For his sake that gives all.

Hig. Pitifull Worships.

Snap. One little doyt.

Enter Jaculin.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?
Fer. To buy a little bread.
Hig. To feed so many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.
Prig. Here be seven of us.
Hig. Seven, good Master, O remember seven,
Seven blessings.
Fer. Remember, gentle Worship.
Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly sins.
Prig. And seven sleepers.
Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing—
Alas, we had not a charity this three dayes.
Hub. There's amongst you all.
Fer. Heaven reward you.
Prig. Lord reward you.
Hig. The Prince of pity bless thee.
Hub. Do I see? or is't my fancy that would have it so?
Ha? 'tis her face: come hither maid.
Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n bun meat,
You do not love me, do you? catch me a butterfly,
And I'le love you again; when? can you tell?
Peace, we go a birding: I shall have a fine thing. [*Exit.*
Hub. Her voyce too sayes the same; but for my head
I would not that her manners were so chang'd.
Hear me thou honest fellow; what's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?
Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. How? nothing but signs?
Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. This is strange,
I would fain have it her, but not her thus. (Sir.
Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude-dumb
Hub. Slid they did all speak plain ev'n now me thought.
Do'st thou know this same maid? (fool
Snap. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu, gu, Gods
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the barn yonder,

By-be-be-be-be-Beggars Bush-bo-bo-Bush
Her name is, My-my-my-my-my-match: so was her Mo-
(mo-mo-Mothers too-too.
Hub. I understand no word he says; how long
Has she been here? (go-go-go-good luck.
Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled, and she ha'
Hub. I must be better inform'd, than by this way.
Here was another face too, that I mark'd
Of the old mans: but they are vanish'd all
Most suddenly: I will come here again,
O, that I were so happy, as to find it,
What I yet hope: it is put on.
Hem. What mean you Sir,
To stay there with that stammerer?
Hub. Farewell friend,—
It will be worth return, to search: Come,
Protect us our disguise now, pre'thee *Hemskirk*
If we be taken, how do'st thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath stood so long
Out against *Wolfort*?
Hem. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their walls a sunning, to make Crows meat,
If I were not assur'd o' the *Burgomaster*,
And had a pretty excuse to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.
Hub. Come 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports: good luck, and enter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. Still blow'st thou there? and from all other parts,
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There's a conspiracy of windes, and servants,
If not of Elements, to ha' me break;
What should I think unless the Seas, and Sands
Had swallow'd up my ships? or fire had spoil'd
My ware-houses? or death devour'd my Factors?
I must ha' had some returns.

Enter Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Save you Sir.
Gos. 'Save you.
1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your Ships?
Gos. Not any yet Sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*
Gos. 'Tis true Sir: what a voyce was here now?
This was one passing bell, a thousand ravens
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.
2 *Mer.* *Goswin*, good day, these winds are very constant.
Gos. They are so Sir; to hurt—
2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters
Lately from *England*, nor from *Denmark*?
Gos. Neither.
2 *Mer.* This wind brings them; nor no news over land,
Through *Spain*, from the *Straights*?
Gos. Not any.
2 *Mer.* I am sorry Sir. [*Exit.*
Gos. They talk me down: and as 'tis said of Vulturs
They scent a field fought, and do smell the carkasses
By many hundred miles: So do these, my wracks
At greater distances. Why, thy will Heaven
Come on, and be: yet if thou please, preserve me;
But in my own adventure, here at home,
Of my chast love, to keep me worthy of her,
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes:
I am not broken yet: nor should I fall,
Me thinks with less than that, that ruins all. [*Exit.*

SCENA III.

Enter Van-dunck, Hubert, Hemskirk, *and* Margaret, Boors.

Van. Captain, you are welcom; so is this your friend
Most safely welcom, though our Town stand out
Against your Master, you shall find good quarter:
The troth is, we not love him: *Margaret* some wine,
Let's talk a little treason, if we can
Talk treason, 'gainst the traitors; by your leave, Gentlemen,

We, here in *Bruges*, think he do's usurp,
And therefore I am bold with him.
Hub. Sir, your boldness
Happily becomes your mouth, but not our ears,
While we are his servants; And as we come here,
Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls,
Visit your courts of guard, view your munition,
Ask of your corn-provisions, nor enquire
Into the least, as spies upon your strengths,
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in passage or discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our honesties here,
And that shall seal our welcom.
Van. Good: let's drink then,
Fill out, I keep mine old pearl still Captain.
Marg. I hang fast man.
Hen. Old Jewels commend their keeper, Sir.
Van. Here's to you with a heart, my Captains friend,
With a good heart, and if this make us speak
Bold words, anon, 'tis all under the Rose
Forgotten: drown all memory, when we drink.
Hub. 'Tis freely spoken noble *Burgomaster*,
I'le do you right.
Hem. Nay Sir mine heer *Van-dunck*
Is a true Statesman. (*Wolfort*
Van. Fill my Captains cup there, O that your Master
Had been an honest man.
Hub. Sir?
Van. Under the Rose.
Hem. Here's to you *Marget.*
Marg. Welcome, welcome Captain.
Van. Well said my pearl still.
Hem. And how does my Niece?
Almost a Woman, I think? This friend of mine,
I drew along w[i]th me, through so much hazard,
Only to see her: she was my errand.
Van. I, a kind Uncle you are (fill him his glass)
That in seven years, could not find leisure—
Hem. No,
It's not so much.

Van. I'le bate you ne'r an hour on't,
It was before the *Brabander* 'gan his War,
For moon-shine, i'the water there, his Daughter
That never was lost: yet you could not find time
To see a Kinswoman; but she is worth the seeing, Sir,
Now you are come, you ask if she were a Woman?
She is a Woman, Sir, fetch her forth *Marget.* [*Exit* Marg.
And a fine Woman, and has Suitors.
Hem. How?
What Suitors are they?
Van. Bachellors; young Burgers:
And one, a Gallant, the young Prince of Merchants
We call him here in *Bruges.*
Hem. How? a Merchant?
I thought, *Vandunke*, you had understood me better,
And my Niece too, so trusted to you by me,
Than t'admit of such in name of Suitors.
Van. Such? he is such a such, as were she mine
I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.
Hem. But the same things, Sir, fit not you and me. [*Ex.*
Van. Why, give's some wine, then; this will fit us all:
Here's to you still, my Captains friend: All out:
And still, would *Wolfort* were an honest man,
Under the Rose, I speak it: but this Merchant
Is a brave boy: he lives so, i'the Town here,
We know not what to think on him: at some times
We fear he will be Bankrupt; he do's stretch
Tenter his credit so; embraces all,
And to't, the winds have been contrary long.
But then, if he should have all his returns,
We think he would be a King, and are half sure on't.
Your Master is a Traitor, for all this,
Under the Rose: Here's to you; and usurps
The Earldom from a better man.
Hub. I marry, Sir,
Where is that man?
Van. Nay soft: and I could tell you
'Tis ten to one I would not: here's my hand,
I love not *Wolfort*: sit you still, with that:
Here comes my Captain again, and his fine Niece,

And there's my Merchant; view him well: fill wine here.

Enter Hemskirk, Gertrude, *and* Goswin.

Hem. You must not only know me for your Uncle
Now, but obey me: you, go cast your self
Away, upon a Dunghil here? a Merchant?
A petty fellow? one that makes his Trade
With Oaths and perjuries?
Gos. What is that you say, Sir?
If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you would speak to me, Sir.
Hem. Sir, I do say, she is no Merchandize,
Will that suffice you?
Gos. Merchandize good Sir?
Though ye be Kinsman to her, take no leave thence
To use me with contempt: I ever thought
Your Niece above all price.
Hem. And do so still, Sir,
I assure you, her rates are more than you are worth.
Gos. You do not know, what a Gentleman's worth, Sir,
Nor can you value him.
H[u]b. Well said Merchant.
Van. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.
Hem. A Gentleman?
What o'the Wool-pack? or the Sugar-chest?
Or lists of Velvet? which is't pound, or yard,
You vent your Gentry by?
Hub. O *Hemskirk*, fye.
Van. Come, do not mind 'em, drink, he is no *Wolfort*,
Captain, I advise you.
Hem. Alas, my pretty man,
I think't be angry, by its look: Come hither,
Turn this way, a little: if it were the blood
Of *Charlemaine*, as't may (for ought I know)
Be some good Botchers issue, here in *Bruges*.
Gos. How?
Hem. Nay: I'me not certain of that; of this I am,
If it once buy, and sell, its Gentry is gone.
Gos. Ha, ha.

Hem. You are angry, though ye laugh.
Gos. No, now 'tis pity
Of your poor argument. Do not you, the Lords
Of Land (if you be any) sell the grass,
The Corn, the Straw, the Milk, the Cheese?
Van. And Butter:
Remember Butter; do not leave out Butter. (with?
Gos. The Beefs and Muttons that your grounds are stor'd
Swine, with the very mast, beside the Woods?
Hem. No, for those sordid uses we have Tenants,
Or else our Bailiffs.
Gos. Have not we, Sir, Chap-men,
And Factors, then to answer these? your honour
Fetch'd from the Heralds *ABC*, and said over
With your Court faces, once an hour, shall never
Make me mistake my self. Do not your Lawyers
Sell all their practice, as your Priests their prayers?
What is not bought, and sold? The company
That you had last, what had you for't, i'faith?
Hem. You now grow sawcy.
Gos. Sure I have been bred
Still, with my honest liberty, and must use it.
Hem. Upon your equals then.
Gos. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.
Hem. Do ye hear? no more.
Gos. Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you,
And't shall be aside, then after, as you please.
You appear the Uncle, Sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorns
With so much scoffing, and so much shame,
As each strive which is greater: But, believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.
Do not presume, because you see me young,
Or cast despights on my profession
For the civility and tameness of it.
A good man bears a contumely worse
Than he would do an injury. Proceed not
To my offence: wrong is not still successful,
Indeed it is not: I would approach your Kins-woman

With all respect, done to your self and her.
Hem. Away Companion: handling her? take that.
[*Strikes him.*
Gos. Nay, I do love no blows, Sir, there's exchange.
Hub. Hold, Sir. } *He gets* Hemskirks *sword*
Mar. O murther. } *and cuts him on the head.*
Ger. Help my *Goswin.*
Mar. Man.
Van. Let 'em alone; my life for one.
Gos. Nay come,
If you have will.
Hub. None to offend you, I, Sir.
Gos. He that had, thank himself: not hand her? yes Sir,
And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would she
Now go with me) bear her through all her Race,
Her Father, Brethren, and her Uncles, arm'd,
And all their Nephews, though they stood a wood
Of Pikes, and wall of Canon: kiss me *Gertrude*,
Quake not, but kiss me.
Van. Kiss him, Girl, I bid you;
My Merchant Royal; fear no Uncles: hang 'em,
Hang up all Uncles: Are not we in *Bruges*?
Under the Rose here?
Gos. In this circle, Love,
Thou art as safe, as in a Tower of Brass;
Let such as do wrong, fear.
Van. I, that's good,
Let *Wolfort* look to that.
Gos. Sir, here she stands,
Your Niece, and my beloved. One of these titles
She must apply to; if unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown, or voyce, or other art, shall force her,
Had *Hercules* a hand in't: Come, my Joy,
Say thou art mine, aloud Love, and profess it.
Van. Doe: and I drink to it.
Gos. Prethee say so, Love.
Ger. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes:
Do not you play the tyrant, sweet: they speak it.
Hem. I thank you niece.

Gos. Sir, thank her for your life,
And fetch your sword within.
Hem. You insult too much
With your good fortune, Sir. [*Exeunt* Gos. *and* Ger.
Hub. A brave clear Spirit;
Hemskirk, you were to blame: a civil habit
Oft covers a good man: and you may meet
In person of a Merchant, with a soul
As resolute, and free, and all wayes worthy,
As else in any file of man-kind: pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?
Hem. 'Tis done now,
Ask no more of it; I must suffer. [*Exit* Hemskirk.
Hub. This
Is still the punishment of rashness, sorrow.
Well; I must to the woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There, I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my enquiries further.
Van. Ha?
A Looking-glass?
Hub. How now, brave *Burgomaster*?
Van. I love no *Wolforts*, and my name's *Vandunk*,
Hub. *Van drunk* it's rather: come, go sleep within.
Van. Earl *Florez* is right heir, and this same *Wolfort*
Under the Rose I speak it—
Hub. Very hardly.
Van-d. Usurps: and a rank Traitor, as ever breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me goe,
No man shall hold me, that upholds him;
Do you uphold him?
Hub. No.
Van. Then hold me up. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Goswin, *and* Hemskirk.

Hem. Sir, I presume, you have a sword of your own,
That can so handle anothers.
Gos. Faith you may Sir. (of you
Hem. And ye have made me have so much better thoughts
As I am bound to call you forth.
Gos. For what Sir?

Hem. To the repairing of mine honour, and hurt here.
Gos. Express your way.
Hem. By fight, and speedily.
Gos. You have your will: Require you any more?
Hem. That you be secret: and come single.
Gos. I will.
Hem. As you are the Gentleman you would be thought.
Gos. Without the Conjuration: and I'le bring
Only my sword, which I will fit to yours,
I'le take his length within.
Hem. Your place now Sir?
Gos. By the Sand-hills.
Hem. Sir, nearer to the woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.
Gos. There, then.
Hem. Good.
Your time?
Gos. 'Twixt seven and eight.
Hem. You'l give me Sir
Cause to report you worthy of my Niece,
If you come, like your promise.
Gos. If I do not,
Let no man think to call me unworthy first,
I'le do't my self, and justly wish to want her.— [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter three or four Boors.

1 *B.* COme, *English* beer Hostess, *English* beer by th' belly.
2 *B.* Stark beer boy, stout and strong beer: so, sit (down Lads,
And drink me upsey-Dutch:
Frolick, and fear not.

Enter Higgen *like a Sow-gelder, singing.*

Hig. *Have ye any work for the Sow-gelder, hoa,*
My horn goes too high too low, too high too low.
Have ye any Piggs, Calves, or Colts,
Have ye any Lambs in your holts

To cut for the Stone,
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any braches to spade,
Or e're a fair maid
That would be a Nun,
Come kiss me, 'tis done.
Hark how my merry horn doth blow,
Too high too low, too high too low.

(piece.

1 *B.* O excellent! two-pence a piece boyes, two-pence a Give the boys some drink there. Piper, wet your whistle, Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my wifes Con-

Hig. I'le sing ye a Song for't. (cupiscence?

The SONG.

TAke her, and hug her,
And turn her and tug her,
And turn her again boy, again,
Then if she mumble,
Or if her tail tumble,
Kiss her amain boy, amain.
Do thy endeavour,
To take off her feaver,
Then her disease no longer will raign.
If nothing will serve her,
Then thus to preserve her,
Swinge her amain boy amain.
Give her cold jelly
To take up her belly,
And once a day swinge her again,
If she stand all these pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her disease no longer will reign.

1 *Bo.* More excellent, more excellent, sweet Sow-gelder.
2 *Bo.* Three-pence a piece, three-pence a piece.
Hig. Will you hear a Song how the Devil was gelded?
3 *Bo.* I, I, let's hear the Devil roar, Sow-gelder.

SONG.

1.

He ran at me first in the shape of a Ram,
And over and over the Sow-Gelder came;
I rise and I halter'd him fast by the horn,
I pluckt out his Stones as you'd pick out a Corn.
Baa, quoth the Devil, and forth he slunk,
And left us a Carcase of Mutton that stunk.

2.

The next time I rode a good mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a Calf,
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;
He was here at his best, but a sucking Devil.
Maa, yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after, for excellent Veal.

3.

Some half a year after in the form of a Pig,
I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big;
I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log,
Ere a man could fart twice, I had made him a Hog.
Owgh, quoth the Devil, and forth gave a Jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the Perk.

1 *Bo.* Groats apiece, Groats apiece, Groats apiece,
There sweet Sow-Gelder.

Enter Prig *and* Ferret.

Prig. Will ye see any feats of activity,
Some Sleight of hand, Legerdemain? hey pass,
Presto, be gone there?

2 *Bo.* Sit down Jugler.

Prig. Sirrah, play you your art well; draw near Piper:
Look you, my honest friends, you see my hands;
Plain dealing is no Devil: lend me some Money,
Twelve-pence a piece will serve.

1. 2. *B.* There, there.

Prig. I thank you,
Thank ye heartily: when shall I pay ye?

All B. Ha, ha, ha, by th' Mass this was a fine trick.
Prig. A merry sleight toy: but now I'll show your Wor-
A trick indeed. (ships
Hig. Mark him well now my Masters.
Prig. Here are three balls,
These balls shall be three bullets,
One, two, and three: *ascentibus, malentibus.*
Presto, be gone: they are vanish'd: fair play, Gentlemen.
Now these three, like three Bullets, from your three Noses
Will I pluck presently: fear not, no harm Boys,
Titere, tu patule.
1 *B.* Oh, oh, oh.
Prig. *Recubans sub jermine fagi.*
2 *B.* Ye pull too hard; ye pull too hard.
Prig. Stand fair then:
Silvertramtrim-tram.
3 *B.* Hold, hold, hold.
Prig. Come aloft, bullets three, with a whim-wham.
Have ye their Moneys?
Hig. Yes, yes.
1 *B.* Oh rare Jugler!
2 *B.* Oh admirable Jugler!
Prig. One trick more yet;
Hey, come aloft; *sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis?*
East, West, North, South, now fly like *Jack* with a *bumbis.*
Now all your money's gone; pray search your pockets.
1 *B.* Humh.
2 *B.* He.
3 *B.* The Devil a penny's here!
Prig. This was a rare trick.
1 *B.* But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.
Prig. I'll do ye that too; look upon me earnestly,
And move not any ways your eyes from this place,
This Button here? pow, whir, whiss, shake your pockets.
1 *B.* By th' Mass 'tis here again, boys.
Prig. Rest ye merry;
My first trick has paid me.
All B. I, take it, take it,
And take some drink too.
Prig. Not a drop now I thank you;

Away, we are discover'd else. [*Exit.*

Enter Gerrard *like a blind* Aqua vitæ man, *and a Boy, singing the Song.*

Bring out your Cony-skins, fair maids to me,
And hold 'em fair that I may see;
Grey, black, and blue: for your smaller skins,
I'll give ye looking-glasses, pins:
And for your whole Coney, here's ready, ready Money.
Come Gentle Jone, *do thou begin*
With thy black, black, black Coney-skin.
And Mary *then, and* Jane *will follow,*
With their silver hair'd skins, and their yellow.
The white Cony-skin, I will not lay by,
For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;
The grey, it is warm, but yet for my Money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black Cony.
Come away fair Maids, your skins will decay:
Come, and take money, maids, put your ware away.
Cony-skins, Cony-skins, have ye any Cony-skins,
I have fine bracelets, and fine silver pins.

Ger. Buy any Brand Wine, buy any Brand Wine?
Boy. Have ye any Cony-skins? (ship.
2 [*B.*] My fine Canary-bird, there's a Cake for thy Wor-
1 *B.* Come fill, fill, fill, fill suddenly: let's see Sir, What's this?
Ger. A penny, Sir.
1 *B.* Fill till't be six-pence,
And there's my Pig.
Boy. This is a Counter, Sir.
1 *B.* A Counter! stay ye, what are these then?
O execrable Jugler! O damn'd Jugler!
Look in your hose, hoa, this comes of looking forward.
3 *B.* Devil a Dunkirk! what a Rogue's this Jugler!
This hey pass, repass, h'as repast us sweetly.
2 *B.* Do ye call these tricks.

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any Ends of Gold, or Silver? (Copper.
2 *B.* This Fellow comes to mock us; Gold or Silver? cry

1 *B.* Yes, my good Friend,
We have e'n an end of all we have.
Hig. 'Tis well Sir,
You have the less to care for: Gold and Silver. [*Exit.*

Enter Prigg.

Pr. Have ye any old Cloaks to sell, have ye any old Cloaks (to sell? [*Exit.*
1 *B.* Cloaks! Look about ye Boys: mine's gone!
2 *B.* A —— juggle 'em?
—— O they're Prestoes: mine's gone too!
3 *B.* Here's mine yet.
1 *B.* Come, come let's drink then more Brand Wine.
Boy. Here Sir. (strip him:
1 *B.* If e'r I catch your Sow-gelder, by this hand I'll
Were ever Fools so ferkt? We have two Cloaks yet;
And all our Caps; the Devil take the Flincher.
All B. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw.

Enter Hemskirk.

Hem. Good do'n my honest Fellows,
You are merry here I see.
3 *B.* 'Tis all we have left, Sir.
Hem. What hast thou? Aqua vitæ?
Boy. Yes.
Hem. Fill out then;
And give these honest Fellows round.
All B. We thank ye.
Hem. May I speak a word in private to ye?
All B. Yes Sir.
Hem. I have a business for you, honest Friends,
If you dare lend your help, shall get you crowns.
Ger. Ha!
Lead me a little nearer, Boy.
1 *B.* What is't Sir?
If it be any thing to purchase money,
Which is our want, [command] us.
Boors. All, all, all, Sir.
Hem. You know the young spruce Merchant in *Bruges*?
2 *B.* Who? Master *Goswin*?
Hem. That he owes me money,

And here in town there is no stirring of him.
Ger. Say ye so?
Hem. This day, upon a sure appointment,
He meets me a mile hence, by the Chase side,
Under the row of Oaks; do you know it?
All B. Yes Sir.
Hem. Give 'em more drink: there if you dare but venture
When I shall give the word to seize upon him
Here's twenty pound.
3 *B.* Beware the Jugler.
Hem. If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.
1 *B.* I warrant you, we'll hamper him.
Hem. To discharge you,
I have a Warrant here about me.
3 *B.* Here's our Warrant,
This carries fire i'th' Tail.
Hem. Away with me then,
The time draws on,
I must remove so insolent a Suitor,
And if he be so rich, make him pay ransome
Ere he see *Bruges* Towers again. Thus wise men
Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace,
And piece the Lions skin with the Foxes case.
Ger. I am glad I have heard this sport yet. (Boys,
Hem. There's for thy drink, come pay the house within
And lose no time.
Ger. Away with all our haste too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. No wind blow fair yet? no return of moneys?
Letters? nor any thing to hold my hopes up?
Why then 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably!
My credit I was built on, sinking with me.
Thou boystrous North-wind, blowing my misfortunes,
And frosting all my hopes to cakes of coldness;
Yet stay thy fury; give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those sails that bring me safety,
And you auspicious fires, bright twins in heaven

Daunce on the shrowds; he blows still stubbornly,
And on his boystrous Rack rides my sad ruin;
There is no help, there can be now no comfort,
To morrow with the Sun-set, sets my credit.
Oh misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,
In the midst of all our strength thou strik'st us;
My vertuous Love is lost too: all, what I have been,
No more hereafter to be seen than shadow;
To prison now? well, yet there's this hope left me;
I may sink fairly under this days venture,
And so to morrow's cross'd, and all those curses:
Yet manly I'll invite my Fate, base fortune
Shall never say, she has cut my throat in fear.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to,
And was a happy one at this time for me,
For let me fall before my Foe i'th' field,
And not at Bar, before my Creditors;
H'as kept his word: now Sir, your swords tongue only
Loud as you dare, all other language—

Enter Hemskirke.

Hem. Well Sir,
You shall not be long troubled: draw.
Gos. 'Tis done Sir,
And now have at ye.
Hem. Now.

Enter Boors.

Gos. Betray'd to Villains!
Slaves ye shall buy me bravely,
And thou base coward.

Enter Gerrard *and* Beggars.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely,
Conjure 'em soundly Boys.
Boors. Hold, hold.
Ger. Lay on still,
Down with that Gentleman rogue, swinge him to sirrup.
Retire Sir, and take Breath: follow, and take him,
Take all, 'tis lawful prize.

Boors. We yield.
Ger. Down with 'em
Into the Wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge 'em,
Knock me their brains into their Breeches. [*Exeunt.*
Boors. Hold, hold.
Gos. What these men are I know not, nor for what cause
They shou'd thus thrust themselves into my danger,
Can I imagine. But sure Heavens hand was in't!
Nor why this coward Knave should deal so basely
To eat me up with Slaves: but Heaven I thank thee,
I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end
Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour:
Would all my other dangers here had suffered,
With what a joyful heart should I go home then?
Where now, Heaven knows, like him that waits his sentence,
Or hears his passing Bell; but there's my hope still.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Blessing upon you Master.
Gos. Thank ye; leave me,
For by my troth I have nothing now to give thee.
Ger. Indeed I do not ask Sir, only it grieves me
To see ye look so sad; now goodness keep ye
From troubles in your mind.
Gos. If I were troubled,
What could thy comfort do? prithee *Clause*, leave me.
Ger. Good Master be not angry; for what I say
Is out of true love to ye.
Gos. I know thou lov'st me.
Ger. Good Mr. blame that love then, if I prove so sawcy
To ask ye why ye are sad.
Gos. Most true, I am so,
And such a sadness I have got will sink me.
Ger. Heaven shield it, Sir.
Gos. Faith, thou must lose thy Master.
Ger. I had rather lose my neck, Sir: would I knew—
Gos. What would the knowledg do thee good so miserable,
Thou canst not help thy self? when all my ways
Nor all the friends I have—
Ger. You do not know Sir,

What I can do: cures sometimes, for mens cares
Flow, where they least expect 'em.
Gos. I know thou wouldst do,
But farewell *Clause*, and pray for thy poor Master.
Ger. I will not leave ye.
Gos. How?
Ger. I dare not leave ye, Sir, I must not leave ye,
And till ye beat me dead, I will not leave ye.
By what ye hold most precious, by Heavens goodness,
As your fair youth may prosper, good Sir tell me:
My mind believes yet something's in my power
May ease you of this trouble.
Gos. I will tell thee,
For a hundred thousand crowns upon my credit,
Taken up of Merchants to supply my traffiques,
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,
And no return to help me off, yet shewing
To morrow, *Clause*, to morrow, which must come,
In prison thou shalt find me poor and broken.
Ger. I cannot blame your grief Sir.
Gos. Now, what say'st thou?
Ger. I say you should not shrink, for he that gave ye,
Can give you more; his power can bring ye off Sir,
When friends and all forsake ye, yet he sees you.
Gos. There's all my hope.
Ger. Hope still Sir, are you ty'd
Within the compass of a day, good Master,
To pay this mass of mony?
Gos. Ev'n to morrow:
But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is't not enough the floods, and friends forget me?
Ger. Will no less serve?
Gos. What if it would?
Ger. Your patience,
I do not ask to mock ye: 'tis a great sum,
A sum for mighty men to start and stick at;
But not for honest: have ye no friends left ye,
None that have felt your bounty? worth this duty?
Gos. Duty? thou knowst it not.
Ger. It is a duty,

And as a duty, from those men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again: I have gain'd by ye,
A daily alms these seven years you have showr'd on me,
Will half supply your want.
Gos. Why do'st thou fool me?
Can'st thou work miracles?
Ger. To save my Master,
I can work this.
Gos. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.
Ger. For doing good?
Gos. What power hast thou?
Ger. Enquire not:
So I can do it, to preserve my Master;
Nay if it be three parts.
Gos. O that I had it,
But good *Clause*, talk no more, I feel thy charity,
As thou hast felt mine: but alas!
Ger. Distrust not,
'Tis that that quenches ye: pull up your Spirit,
Your good, your honest, and your noble Spirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people
Can save ye, rest assur'd; you have forgot Sir,
The good ye did, which was the power you gave me;
Ye shall now know the King of Beggars treasure:
And let the winds blow as they list, the Seas roar,
Yet, here to morrow, you shall find your harbour.
Here fail me not, for if I live I'le fit ye.
Gos. How fain I would believe thee!
Ger. If I ly Master,
Believe no man hereafter.
Gos. I will try thee,
But he knows, that knows all.
Ger. Know me to morrow,
And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me;
So pass in peace, my best, my worthiest Master. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Enter Hubert, *like a* Huntsman.

Hub. Thus have I stoln away disguiz'd from *Hemskirk*
To try these people, for my heart yet tells me
Some of these Beggars, are the men I look for:
Appearing like my self, they have no reason
(Though my intent is fair, my main end honest)
But to avoid me narrowly, that face too,
That womans face, how near it is! O may it
But prove the same, and fortune how I'le bless thee!
Thus, sure they cannot know me, or suspect me,
If to my habit I but change my nature;
As I must do; this is the wood they live in,
A place fit for concealment: where, till fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'le live amongst 'em. [*Exit.*

Enter Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Ginks, *and the rest of the* Boors.

Hig. Come bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice:
Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel:
And now attend your sentence. That you are rogues,
And mischievous base rascalls, (there's the point now)
I take it, is confess'd.

Prig. Deny it if you dare knaves.

Boors. We are Rogues Sir.

Hig. To amplify the matter then, rogues as ye are,
And lamb'd ye shall be e're we leave ye.

Boors. Yes Sir.

Hig. And to the open handling of our justice,
Why did ye this upon the proper person
Of our good Master? were you drunk when you did it?

Boors. Yes indeed were we.

Prig. You shall be beaten sober.

Hig. Was it for want you undertook it?

Boors. Yes Sir.

Hig. You shall be swing'd abundantly.

Prig. And yet for all that,
You shall be poor rogues still.

Hig. Has not the Gentleman,
Pray mark this point Brother *Prig*, that noble Gentleman
Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
By imploying some at Sea, some here, some there;
According to your callings?
Boors. 'Tis most true Sir.
Hig. Is not the man, an honest man?
Boors. Yes truly.
Hig. A liberal Gentleman? and as ye are true rascals
Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk, and often,
At his charge?
Boors. Often, often.
Hig. There's the point then,
They have cast themselves, Brother *Prig.*
Prig. A shrewd point, Brother.
Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the cause is open,
I am some what weary.
Prig. Can you do these things?
You most abhominable stinking Rascals,
You turnip-eating Rogues.
Boors. We are truly sorry.
Prig. Knock at your hard hearts Rogues, and presently
Give us a sign you feel compunction,
Every man up with's cudgel, and on his neighbour
Bestow such alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,
For there your sentence lyes without partiality;
Either of head, or hide Rogues, without sparing,
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else:
You shall know your doom.
Hig. One, two, and three about it.
Prig. That fellow in the blue, has true Compunction,
[*Beat one another.*
He beats his fellows bravely, oh, well struck boyes.

Enter Gerrard.

Hig. Up with that blue breech, now playes he the Devil.
So get ye home, drink small beer, and be honest;
Call in the Gentleman.
Ger. Do, bring him presently,
His cause I'le hear my self.

Enter Hemskirk.

Hig. Prig. With all due reverence,
We do resign Sir.
Ger. Now huffing Sir, what's your name?
Hem. What's that to you Sir?
Ger. It shall be ere we part.
Hem. My name is *Hemskirk*,
I follow the Earl, which you shall feel.
Ger. No threatning,
For we shall cool you Sir; why did'st thou basely
Attempt the murder of the Merchant *Goswin*?
Hem. What power hast thou to ask me?
Ger. I will know it,
Or fley thee till thy pain discover it.
Hem. He did me wrong, base wrong.
Ger. That cannot save ye,
Who sent ye hither? and what further villanies
Have you in hand?
Hem. Why would'st thou know? what profit,
If I had any private way, could rise
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?
Be sorry for what thou hast done, and make amends fool,
I'le talk no further to thee, nor these Rascals.
Ger. Tye him to that tree.
Hem. I have told you whom I follow.
Ger. The Devil you should do, by your villanies,
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.
Hig. I undertake it: turn him to the Sun boyes;
Give me a fine sharp rush, will ye confess yet?
Hem. Ye have rob'd me already, now you'le murder me.
Hig. Murder your nose a little: does your head purge Sir?
To it again, 'twill do ye good.
Hem. Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing.
Ger. Proceed then.
Hig. There's maggots in your nose, I'le fetch 'em out Sir.
Hem. O my head breaks.
Hig. The best thing for the rheum Sir,
That falls into your worships eyes.

Hem. Hold, hold.
Ger. Speak then.
Hem. I know not what.
Hig. It lyes in's brain yet,
In lumps it lyes, I'le fetch it out the finest;
What pretty faces the fool makes? heigh!
Hem. Hold,
Hold, and I'le tell ye all, look in my doublet;
And there within the lining in a paper,
You shall find all.
Ger. Go fetch that paper hither,
And let him loose for this time.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Good ev'n my honest friends.
Ger. Good ev'n good fellow.
Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? true as steel, boyes?
That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,
And with my quarter staff, though the Devil bid stand,
Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again?
Prick ye the fearfull hare through cross wayes, sheep-walks,
And force the crafty Reynard climb the quicksetts;
Rouse ye the lofty Stag, and with my bell-horn,
Ring him a knel, that all the woods shall mourn him,
'Till in his funeral tears, he fall before me?
The *Polcat*, *Marterne*, and the rich skin'd *Lucerne*
I know to chase, the Roe, the wind out-stripping
Isgrin himself, in all his bloody anger
I can beat from the bay, and the wild Sounder
Single, and with my arm'd staff, turn the Boar,
Spight of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him;
'Till he fall down my feast.
Ger. A goodly fellow.
Hub. What mak'st thee here, ha? [*aside.*
Ger. We accept thy fellowship.
Hub. *Hemskirk*, thou art not right I fear, I fear thee.
[*aside.*

Enter Ferret, *with a Letter.*

Fer. Here is the paper: and as he said we found it.
Ger. Give me it, I shall make a shift yet, old as I am,
To find your knavery: you are sent here, Sirra,
To discover certain Gentlemen, a spy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by perswasion
To bring 'em back, by poyson to despatch 'em.
Hub. By poyson, ha?
Ger. Here is another, *Hubert*;
What is that *Hubert* Sir?
Hem. You may perceive there.
Ger. I may perceive a villany and a rank one,
Was he joyn'd partner of thy knavery?
Hem. No.
He had an honest end, would I had had so,
Which makes him scape such cut-throats.
Ger. So it seems.
For here thou art commanded, when that *Hubert*
Has done his best and worthiest service, this way
To cut his throat, for here he's set down dangerous.
Hub. This is most impious.
Ger. I am glad we have found ye,
Is not this true?
Hem. Yes; what are you the better?
Ger. You shall perceive Sir, ere you get your freedom:
Take him aside, and friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company, thou dar'st be true unto us?
Hig. I, and obedient too?
Hub. As you had bred me.
Ger. Then take our hand: thou art now a servant to us,
Welcom him all.
Hig. Stand off, stand off: I'le do it,
We bid ye welcom three wayes; first for your person,
Which is a promising person, next for your quality,
Which is a decent, and a gentle quality,
Last for the frequent means you have to feed us,
You can steal 'tis to be presum'd.
Hub. Yes, venison, and if you want—
Hig. 'Tis well you understand right,

And shall practise daily: you can drink too?
Hub. Soundly.
Hig. And ye dare know a woman from a weathercock?
Hub. If I handle her.
Ger. Now swear him.
Hig. I crown thy *nab*, with a *gag of benbouse*,
And *stall* thee by the *Salmon* into the *clows*,
To *mand* on the *pad*, and *strike* all the *cheats*;
To *Mill* from the *Ruffmans*, *commision* and *slates*,
Twang dell's, i' the *stiromell*, and let the *Quire Cuffin*:
And *Herman Beck strine*, and *trine* to the *Ruffin*.
Ger. Now interpret this unto him.
Hig. I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,
And by the Rogues [oth] a Rogue thee instal:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
To steal from the hedge, both the shirt and the sheets:
And lye with thy wench in the straw till she twang,
Let the Constable, Justice, and Devil go hang.
Hig. You are welcom Brother. (keeping
All. Welcom, welcom, welcom, but who shall have the
Of this fellow?
Hub. Sir, if you dare but trust me;
For if I have kept wild dogs and beasts for wonder,
And made 'em tame too: give into my custody
This roaring Rascal, I shall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveries, and I fear me
Discover yet a further villany in him;
O he smells ranck o'th' Rascal.
Ger. Take him to thee,
But if he scape—
Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him,
Come Sir, I'le tye ye to my leash.
Hem. Away Rascal.
Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swindge ye soundly,
And ye play tricks with me.
Ger. So, now come in,
But ever have an eye Sir, to your Prisoner.
Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he get from me.
Ger. Go get some victuals, and some drink, some good
For this day we'll keep holy to good fortune, (drink;

Come, and be frolick with us.
Hig. You are a stranger, Brother, I pray lead,
You must, you must, Brother. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Goswin *and* Gertrude.

Ger. Indeed you're welcome: I have heard your scape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you;
(Truly and dearly loves you) give her joy leave
To bid you welcome: what is't makes you sad man?
Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
Beshrew my heart, not willingly.
Gos. No, *Gertrude.*
Ger. Is't the delay of that ye long have look'd for,
A happy marriage? now I come to urge it.
Now when you please to finish it?
Gos. No news yet?
Ger. Do you hear Sir?
Gos. Yes.
Ger. Do you love me?
Gos. Have I liv'd
In all the happiness Fortune could seat me,
In all mens fair opinions?
Ger. I have provided
A Priest, that's ready for us.
Gos. And can the Devil,
In one ten days, that Devil Chance devour me?
Ger. We'll fly to what place you please.
Gos. No Star prosperous!
All at a swoop?
Ger. You do not love me *Goswin*?
You will not look upon me?
Gos. Can mens Prayers
Shot up to Heaven, with such a zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?
Jives I must wear, and cold must be my comfort;
Darkness, and want of meat; alas she weeps too,
Which is the top of all my sorrows, *Gertrude.*

Ger. No, no, you will not know me; my poor beauty,
Which has been worth your eyes.
Gos. The time grows on still;
And like a tumbling wave, I see my ruine
Come rowling over me.
Ger. Yet will ye know me?
Gos. For a hundred thousand Crowns.
Ger. Yet will ye love me?
Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting?
Gos. For a hundred thousand Crowns?
Ger. Farewel Dissembler.
Gos. Of which I have scarce ten: O how it starts me!
Ger. And may the next you love, hearing my ruine.
Gos. I had forgot my self, O my best *Gertrude*,
Crown of my joys and comforts.
Ger. Sweet what ails ye?
I thought you had been vext with me.
Gos. My mind, Wench,
My mind o'rflow'd with sorrow, sunk my memory.
Ger. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your sorrows,
As your delights? you love no other Woman?
Gos. No, I protest.
Ger. You have no ships lost lately?
Gos. None, that I know of.
Ger. I hope you have spilt no blood, whose innocence
May lay this on your conscience.
Gos. Clear, by Heaven.
Ger. Why should you be thus then?
Gos. Good *Gertrude* ask not,
Ev'n by the love you bear me.
Ger. I am obedient.
Gos. Go in, my fair, I will not be long from ye,
Nor long I fear me with thee. At my return
Dispose me as you please.
Ger. The good gods guide ye. [*Exit.*
Gos. Now for my self, which is the least I hope for,
And when that fails, for mans worst fortune, pity. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Goswin *and* 4. Merchants.

Gos. WHy gentlemen, 'tis but a week more, I intreat you
But 7. short days, I am not running from ye;
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail; you have ships abroad
Endure the beating both of Wind and Weather:
I am sure 'twould vex your hearts, to be protested;
Ye are all fair Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Yes, and must have fair play:
There is no living here else; one hour's failing
Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits:
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't.

Gos. No mercy in ye!

2 *Mer.* 'Tis foolish to depend on others mercy:
Keep your self right, and even cut your cloth, Sir,
According to your calling, you have liv'd here,
In Lord-like Prodigality, high, and open,
And now ye find what 'tis: the liberal spending
The Summer of your Youth, which you should glean in,
And like the labouring Ant, make use and gain of,
Has brought this bitter, stormy Winter on ye,
And now you cry.

3 *Mer.* Alas, before your Poverty,
We were no men, of no mark, no endeavour;
You stood alone, took up all trade, all business
Running through your hands, scarce a Sail at Sea,
But loaden with your Goods: we poor weak Pedlers;
When by your leave, and much intreaty to it,
We could have stowage for a little Cloath,
Or a few Wines, put off, and thank your Worship.
Lord, how the World's chang'd with ye? now I hope, Sir,
We shall have Sea-room.

Gos. Is my misery
Become my scorn too! have ye no humanity?
No part of men left? are all the Bounties in me
To you, and to the Town, turn'd my reproaches?

4 *Mer.* Well, get your moneys ready: 'tis but 2 hours;
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly.
Gos. But two days.
1 *Mer.* Not an hour, ye know the hazard. [*Exeunt.*
Gos. How soon my light's put out! hard hearted *Bruges*!
Within thy Walls may never honest Merchant
Venture his fortunes more: O my poor Wench too.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Good fortune, Master.
Gos. Thou mistak'st me, *Clause*,
I am not worth thy Blessing.
Ger. Still a sad man!

Enter Higgen *and* Prigg, *like* Porters.

No belief gentle Master? come bring it in then,
And now believe your Beadsman.
Gos. Is this certain?
Or dost thou work upon my troubled sense?
Ger. 'Tis gold, Sir,
Take it and try it.
Gos. Certainly 'tis treasure;
Can there be yet this Blessing?
Ger. Cease your wonder,
You shall not sink, for ne'r a sowst Flap-dragon,
For ne'r a pickl'd Pilcher of 'em all, Sir,
'Tis there, your full sum, a hundred thousand crowns:
And good sweet Master, now be merry; pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting Knaves, that know no goodness:
And chear your heart up handsomely.
Gos. Good *Clause*,
How cam'st thou by this mighty Sum? if naughtily,
I must not take it of thee, 'twill undo me.
Ger. Fear not, you have it by as honest means
As though your father gave it: Sir, you know not
To what a mass, the little we get daily,
Mounts in seven years; we beg it for Heavens charity,
And to the same good we are bound to render it.
Gos. What great security?
Ger. Away with that, Sir,

Were not ye more than all the men in *Bruges*;
And all the money in my thoughts—
Gos. But good *Clause*,
I may dye presently.
Ger. Then this dies with ye:
Pay when you can good Master, I'll no Parchments,
Only this charity I shall entreat you;
Leave me this Ring.
Gos. Alas, it is too poor, *Clause*.
Ger. 'Tis all I ask, and this withal, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor petition.
Gos. There, I confirm it, [*Gives the Ring.*
And may my faith forsake me when I shun it.
Ger. Away, your time draws on. Take up the money,
And follow this young Gentleman.
Gos. Farewell *Clause*,
And may thy honest memory live for ever.
Ger. Heaven bless you, and still keep you, farewel Master.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lockt my Youth up close enough for gadding,
In an old Tree, and set watch over him.

Enter Jaculin.

Now for my Love, for sure this Wench must be she,
She follows me; Come hither, pretty *Minche*.
Jac. No, no, you'll kiss.
Hub. So I will.
Jac. Y'ded law?
How will ye kiss me, pray you?
Hub. Thus, soft as my loves lips.
Jac. Oh!
Hub. What's your Father's name?
Jac. He's gone to Heaven.
Hub. Is it not *Gerrard*, Sweet?
Jac. I'll stay no longer;

My Mother's an old Woman, and my Brother
Was drown'd at Sea, with catching Cockles. O Love!
O how my heart melts in me: how thou fir'st me!
Hub. 'Tis certain she; pray let me see your hand, Sweet?
Jac. No, no, you'l bite it.
Hub. Sure I should know that Gymmal!
Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my Ring too.
O *Hubert*! *Hubert*!
Hub. Ha! methought she nam'd me—
Do you know me, Chick?
Jac. No indeed, I never saw ye;
But methinks you kiss finely.
Hub. Kiss again then;
By Heaven 'tis she.
Jac. O what a joy he brings me!
Hub. You are not *Minche*?
Jac. Yes, pretty Gentleman,
And I must be marry'd to morrow to a Capper.
Hub. Must ye my Sweet, and does the Capper love ye?
Jac. Yes, yes, he'l give me pie, and look in mine eyes thus.
'Tis he: 'tis my dear Love: O blest Fortune.
Hub. How fain she would conceal her self, yet shew it!
Will you love me, and leave that man? I'll serve.
Jac. O I shall lose my self!
Hub. I'll wait upon you,
And make you dainty Nose-gays.
Jac. And where will you stick 'em?
Hub. Here in [thy] bosom, Sweet, and make a crown of Lilies
For your fair head.
Jac. And will you love me deed-law?
Hub. With all my Heart.
Jac. Call me to morrow then,
And we'll have brave chear, and go to Church together:
Give you good ev'n Sir.
Hub. But one word fair *Minche*.
Jac. I must be gone a milking.
Hub. Ye shall presently.
Did you never hear of a young maid called *Jaculin*?
Jac. I am discover'd; hark in your ear, I'll tell ye:
You must not know me, kiss and be constant ever.

Hub. Heaven curse me else 'tis she, and now I am certain
They are all here: now for my other project— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Goswin, 4. Merchants, Higgen, *and* Prigg.

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courtesie.
Gos. None at all, Sir:
Take it, 'tis yours, there's your ten thousand for ye,
Give in my Bills. Your sixteen.
3 *Mer.* Pray be pleas'd Sir
To make a further use.
Gos. No.
3 *Mer.* What I have, Sir,
You may command; pray let me be your Servant.
Gos. Put your Hats on: I care not for your courtesies,
They are most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.
2 *Mer.* I have a frought of Pepper.
Gos. Rot your Pepper,
Shall I trust you again? there's your seven thousand.
4 *Mer.* Or if you want fine Sugar, 'tis but sending.
Gos. No, I can send to *Barbary*, those people
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms:
These carry to *Vanlock*, and take my Bills in,
To *Peter Zuten* these: bring back my Jewels,
Why are these pieces?

Enter Sayler.

Sayler. Health to the noble Merchant,
The *Susan* is return'd.
Gos. Well?
Say. Well, and rich Sir,
And now put in.
Gos. Heaven thou hast heard my prayers.
Say. The brave *Rebeccah* too, bound from the Straits,
With the next Tide is ready to put after.
Gos. What news o'th' fly-boat?
Say. If this Wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy, 'scap'd fairly.
Gos. How, prithee, Sayler?

Say. Thus Sir, she had fight
Seven hours together, with six Turkish Gallies,
And she fought bravely; but at length was boarded
And overlaid with strength: when presently
Comes boring up the wind Captain *Vannoke*,
That valiant Gentleman, you redeem'd from prison;
He knew the Boat, set in, and fought it bravely:
Beat all the Gallies off, sunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a service to ye sent her home Sir.

Gos. An honest noble Captain, and a thankfull;
There's for thy news: go drink the Merchants health, *Saylor.*

Say. I thank your bounty, and I'le do it to a doyt, Sir.
[*Exit* Saylor.

1 *Mer.* What miracles are pour'd upon this fellow!

Gos. This here I hope, my friends, I shall scape prison,
For all your cares to catch me.

2 *Mer.* You may please Sir
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have, goods, moneys, are at your service.

Gos. I thank you,
When I have need of you I shall forget you:
You are paid I hope.

All. We joy in your good fortunes.

Enter Van-dunck.

Van-d. Come Sir, come take your ease, you must go home
With me, yonder is one weeps and howls.

Gos. Alas how does she?

Van-d. She will be better soon I hope.

Gos. Why soon Sir?

Van-d. Why when you have her in your arms, this night
My boy she is thy wife.

Gos. With all my heart I take her.

Van-d. We have prepar'd, all thy friends will be there,
And all my Rooms shall smoak to see the revel;
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my service
Wait on the knave her Uncle, I have heard all,
All his baits for my Boy, but thou shalt have her;
Hast thou dispatch't thy business?

Gos. Most.

Van-d. By the mass Boy,
Thou tumblest now in wealth, and I joy in it,
Thou art the best Boy, that *Bruges* ever nourish'd.
Thou hast been sad, I'le cheer thee up with Sack,
And when thou art lusty I'le fling thee to thy Mistris.
She'l hug thee, sirrah.
Gos. I long to see it,
I had forgot you: there's for you my friends:
You had but heavy burthens; commend my love
To my best love, all the love I have
To honest *Clause*, shortly I will thank him better. [*Exit.*
Hig. By the mass a royal Merchant,
Gold by the handfull, here will be sport soon, *Prig.*
Prig. It partly seems so, and here will I be in a trice.
Hig. And I boy,
Away apace, we are look'd for.
Prig. Oh these bak'd meats,
Me thinks I smell them hither.
Hig. Thy mouth waters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Hubert, *and* Hemskirk.

Hub. I Must not.
Hem. Why? 'tis in thy power to do it, and in mine
To reward thee to thy wishes.
Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.
Hem. Gentle Huntsman,
Though thou hast kept me hard: though in thy duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, th' hast used me stubbornly;
I can forgive thee freely.
Hub. You the Earls servant?
Hem. I swear I am near as his own thoughts to him;
Able to doe thee—
Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.
Hem. If thou dar'st but try.
Hub. I thank you heartily, you will be
The first man that will hang me, a sweet recompence,
I could do, but I do not say I will,
To any honest fellow that would think on't,

And be a benefactor.
Hem. If it be not recompenc'd, and to thy own desires,
If within these ten days I do not make thee—
Hub. What, a false knave!
Hem. Prethee, prethee conceive me [rightly], any thing
Of profit or of place that may advance thee.
Hub. Why what a Goosecap would'st thou make me,
Do not I know that men in misery will promise
Any thing, more than their lives can reach at?
Hem. Believe me Huntsman,
There shall not one short syllable
That comes from me, pass
Without its full performance.
Hub. Say you so Sir?
Have ye e're a good place for my quality?
Hem. A thousand Chases, Forests, Parks: I'le make thee
Chief ranger over all the games.
Hub. When?
Hem. Presently. (too.
Hub. This may provoke me: and yet to prove a knave
Hem. 'Tis to prove honest: 'tis to do good service,
Service for him thou art sworn to, for thy Prince,
Then for thy self that good; what fool would live here,
Poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers,
Law, and lewd people can inflict, when bravely
And to himself he may be law and credit?
Hub. Shall I believe thee?
Hem. As that thou holdst most holy.
Hub. Ye may play tricks.
Hem. Then let me never live more.
Hub. Then you shall see Sir, I will do a service
That shall deserve indeed.
Hem. 'Tis well said, Huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of. (meer nothing,
Hub. I will do it: 'tis not your setting free, for that's
But such a service, if the Earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.
Hem. What is't Huntsman?
Hub. Do you know any of these people live here?
Hem. No.

Hub. You are a fool then: here be those, to have 'em,
I know the Earl so well, would make him caper.
Hem. Any of the old Lords that rebel'd?
Hub. Peace, all,
I know 'em every one, and can betray 'em.
Hem. But wilt thou doe this service?
[*Hub.*] If you'l keep
Your faith, and free word to me.
Hem. Wilt thou swear me?
Hub. No, no, I will believe ye: more than that too,
Here's the right heir.
Hem. O honest, honest huntsman!
Hub. Now, how to get these Gallants, there's the matter,
You will be constant, 'tis no work for me else.
Hem. Will the Sun shine again?
Hub. The way to get 'em.
Hem. Propound it, and it shall be done.
Hub. No sleight;
(For they are Devilish crafty, it concerns 'em,)
Nor reconcilement, (for they dare not trust neither)
Must doe this trick.
Hem. By force?
Hub. I, that must doe it.
And with the person of the Earl himself,
Authority (and mighty) must come on 'em:
Or else in vain: and thus I would have ye do it.
To morrow-night be here: a hundred men will bear 'em,
(So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant,
And with his terrour will strike dead their forces)
The hour be twelve a Clock, now for a guide
To draw ye without danger on these persons,
The woods being thick, and hard to hit, my self
With some few with me, made unto our purpose,
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye
By the great Oak.
Hem. I know it: keep thy faith huntsman,
And such a showr of wealth—
Hub. I warrant ye:
Miss nothing that I tell ye.
Hem. No.

Hub. Farewel;
You have your liberty, now use it wisely;
And keep your hour, goe closer about the wood there,
For fear they spy you.
Hem. Well.
Hub. And bring no noise with ye. [*Exit.*
Hem. All shall be done to th' purpose: farewel hunts-man.

Enter Gerrard, Higgen, Prig, Ginks, Snap, Ferret.

Ger. Now, what's the news in town?
Ginks. No news, but joy Sir;
Every man wooing of the noble Merchant,
Who has his hearty commendations to ye.
Fer. Yes this is news, this night he's to be married.
Ginks. By th' mass that's true, he marrys *Vandunks* Daugh-
The dainty black-ey'd bell. (ter,
Hig. I would my clapper
Hung in his baldrick, a what a peal could I Ring?
Ger. Married?
Ginks. 'Tis very true Sir, O the pyes,
The piping-hot mince-pyes!
Prig. O the Plum-pottage! (boys,
Hig. For one leg of a goose now would I venture a limb
I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance,
And —— upon the Boors, too well they know it,
And therefore starve their poultry.
Ger. To be married
To *Vandunks* Daughter?
Hig. O this [pretious] Merchant:
What sport he will have! but hark you brother *Prig*,
Shall we do nothing in the foresaid wedding?
There's mony to be got, and meat I take it,
What think ye of a morise?
Prig. No, by no means,
That goes no further than the street, there leaves us,
Now we must think of something that must draw us
Into the bowels of it, into th' buttery,
Into the Kitchin, into the Cellar, something
That that old drunken Burgo-master loves,
What think ye of a wassel?

Hig. I think worthily.
Prig. And very fit it should be, thou, and *Ferret*,
And *Ginks* to sing the Song: I for the structure,
Which is the bowl.
Hig. Which must be up-sey *English*,
Strong, lusty *London* beer; let's think more of it.
Ger. He must not marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private,
One word Sir, with ye; *Gerrard*: do not start me,
I know ye, and he knows ye, that best loves ye:
Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be *Gerrard*.
The time invites you to it.
Ger. Make no show then,
I am glad to see you Sir; and I am *Gerrard*.
How stand affairs?
Hub. Fair, if ye dare now follow,
Hemskirk I have let goe, and these my causes,
I'le tell ye privately, and how I have wrought him,
And then to prove me honest to my friends,
Look upon these directions, you have seen his.
Hig. Then will I speak a speech, and a brave speech
In praise of Merchants, where's the Ape?
Prig. —— Take him,
A gowty Bear-ward stole him the other day.
Hig. May his Bears worry him, that Ape had paid it,
What dainty tricks!——O that bursen Bear-ward:
In his French doublet, with his blister'd bullions,
In a long stock ty'd up; O how daintily
Would I have made him wait, and shift a trencher,
Carry a cup of wine? ten thousand stinks
Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lowzy Bear-ward.
Ger. 'Tis passing well, I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready: keep you here the mean while,
And keep in, I must a while forsake ye,
Upon mine anger no man stir, this two hours.
Hig. Not to the wedding Sir?
Ger. Not any whither.
Hig. The wedding must be seen sir; we want meat too.

We are horrible out of meat.
Prig. Shall it be spoken,
Fat Capons shak't their tails at's in defiance?
And turkey tombs such honorable monuments,
Shall piggs, Sir, that the Parsons self would envy,
And dainty Ducks—
Ger. Not a word more, obey me. [*Exit* Ger.
Hig. Why then come dolefull death, this is flat tyranny,
And by this hand—
Hub. What?
Hig. I'le goe sleep upon't. [*Exit Hig.*
Prig. Nay, and there be a wedding, and we wanting,
Farewel our happy days: we do obey Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Well met Sir, you are for this lusty wedding.
2 *Mer.* I am so, so are you I take it.
1 *Mer.* Yes,
And it much glads me, that to doe him service
Who is the honour of our trade, and lustre,
We meet thus happily.
2 *Mer.* He's a noble fellow,
And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.
1 *Mer.* She is passing fair indeed, long may their loves
Continue like their youths, in spring of sweetness,
All the young Merchants will be here
No doubt on't,
For he that comes not to attend this wedding,
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,
A loud wife, and a lazie: here's *Vanlock.*

Enter Vanlock *and* Francis.

Vanl. Well overtaken Gentlemen: save ye.
1 *Mer.* The same to you sir; save ye fair Mistris *Francis*,
I would this happy night might make you blush too.
Vanl. She dreams apace.
Fran. That's but a drowsie fortune.
3 *Mer.* Nay take us with ye too; we come to that end,

I am sure ye are for the wedding.
Vanl. Hand and heart man:
And what their feet can doe, I could have tript it
Before this whorson gout.

Enter Clause.

Clau. Bless ye Masters. (Master,
Vanl. *Clause*? how now *Clause*? thou art come to see thy
(And a good master he is to all poor people)
In all his joy, 'tis honestly done of thee.
Clau. Long may he live sir, but my business now is
If you would please to doe it, and to him too.

Enter Goswin.

Vanl. He's here himself.
Gos. Stand at the door my friends?
I pray walk in: welcom fair Mistris *Francis*,
See what the house affords, there's a young Lady
Will bid you welcom.
Vanl. We joy your happiness. [*Exeunt.*
Gos. I hope it will be so: *Clause* nobly welcom,
My honest, my best friend, I have been carefull
To see thy monys—
Clau. Sir, that brought not me,
Do you know this Ring again?
Gos. Thou hadst it of me.
Cla. And do you well remember yet, the boun you gave me
Upon the return of this?
Gos. Yes, and I grant it,
Be it what it will: ask what thou canst, I'le do it;
Within my power.
Cla. Ye are not married yet?
Gos. No.
Cla. Faith I shall ask you that that will disturb ye,
But I must put ye to your promise.
Gos. Do,
And if I faint and flinch in't—
Cla. Well said Master,
And yet it grieves me too: and yet it must be.
Gos. Prethee distrust me not.
Cla. You must not marry,

That's part of the power you gave me: which to make up,
You must presently depart, and follow me.
Gos. Not marry, *Clause*?
Cla. Not if you keep your promise,
And give me power to ask.
Gos. Pre'thee think better,
I will obey, by Heaven.
Cla. I have thought the best, Sir
Gos. Give me thy reason, do'st thou fear her honesty?
Cla. Chaste as the ice, for any thing I know, Sir.
Gos. Why should'st thou light on that then? to what pur-
Cla. I must not now discover. (pose?
Gos. Must not marry?
Shall I break now when my poor heart is pawn'd?
When all the preparation?
Cla. Now or never. (me.
Gos. Come, 'tis not that thou would'st: thou do'st but fright
Cla. Upon my soul it is, Sir, and I bind ye.
Gos. *Clause*, can'st thou be so cruel?
Cla. You may break, Sir,
But never more in my thoughts appear honest.
Gos. Did'st ever see her?
Cla. No.
Gos. She is such a thing,
O *Clause*, she is such a wonder, such a mirror,
For beauty, and fair vertue, *Europe* has not:
Why hast thou made me happy, to undo me?
But look upon her; then if thy heart relent not,
I'le quit her presently: who waits there?
Ser. [*within*] Sir.
Gos. Bid my fair love come hither, and the Company.
Prethee be good unto me; take a mans heart
And look upon her truly: take a friends heart
And feel what misery must follow this.
Cla. Take you a noble heart and keep your promise;
I forsook all I had, to make you happy.

Enter Gertrude, Vandunk, *and the rest* Merchants.

Can that thing call'd a Woman, stop your goodness?
Gos. Look there she is, deal with me as thou wilt now,

Did'st ever see a fairer?
Cla. She is most goodly.
Gos. Pray ye stand still.
Ger. What ails my love?
Gos. Didst thou ever,
By the fair light of Heave[n], behold a sweeter?
O that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt him,
Look well, look narrowly upon her beauties.
1 *Mer.* Sure h'as some strange design in hand, he starts so.
2 *Mer.* This Beggar has a strong power over his pleasure.
Gos. View all her body.
Cla. 'Tis exact and excellent.
Gos. Is she a thing then to be lost thus lightly?
Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,
And but to hear her speak, a Paradise,
And such a love she bears to me, a chaste love,
A vertuous, fair, and fruitful love: 'tis now too
I am ready to enjoy it; the Priest ready, *Clause*,
To say the holy words shall make us happy,
This is a cruelty beyond mans study,
All these are ready, all our joyes are ready,
And all the expectation of our friends,
'Twill be her death to do it.
Cla. Let her dye then.
Gos. Thou canst not: 'tis impossible.
Cla. It must be.
Gos. 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me: by heaven *Clause*
I'le give thee half I have; come thou shalt save me.
Cla. Then you must go with me: I can stay no longer,
If ye be true, and noble.
Gos. Hard heart, I'le follow:
Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry,
I have a weighty business, (give my Cloak there,)

Enter Servant (*with a Cloak.*)

Concerns my life, and state, (make no enquiry,)
This present hour befaln me: with the soonest
I shall be here again: nay pray go in, Sir,
And take them with you, 'tis but a night lost, Gentlemen.
Van. Come, come in, we will not lose our meat yet,

Nor our good mirth, he cannot stay long from her,
I am sure of that.
Gos. I will not stay; believe, Sir. [*Exit.*
Gertrude, a word with you.
Ger. Why is this stop, Sir?
Gos. I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,
And tell thee this, I am ever thine: farewel wench. [*Exit.*
Ger. And is that all your Ceremony? Is this a wedding?
Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to nothing?
Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow;
Till to thy face I prove thee false. Ah me! [*Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gertrude, *and a* Boor.

Ger. LEad, if thou thinkst we are right: why dost thou make
These often stands? thou saidst thou knewst the way.
Bo. Fear nothing, I do know it: would 'twere homeward.
Ger. Wrought from me by a Beggar? at the time
That most should tye him? 'tis some other Love
That hath a more command on his affections,
And he that fetcht him, a disguised Agent,
Not what he personated; for his fashion
Was more familiar with him, and more powerful
Than one that ask'd an alms: I must find out
One, if not both: kind darkness be my shrowd,
And cover loves too curious search in me,
For yet, suspicion, I would not name thee.
Bo. Mistris, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.
Ger. What then?
Bo. Nay, nothing; do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.
Ger. I am not, forward.
Bo. Sure but you are? give me your hand, fear nothing.
There's one leg in the wood, do not pull me backward:
What a sweat one on's are in, you or I?
Pray God it do not prove the plague; yet sure
It has infected me; for I sweat too,
It runs out at my knees, feel, feel, I pray you.

Ger. What ails the fellow?
Bo. Hark, hark I beseech you,
Do you hear nothing?
Ger. No.
Bo. List: a wild Hog,
He grunts: now 'tis a Bear: this wood is full of 'em,
And now, a Wolf, Mistress, a Wolf, a Wolf,
It is the howling of a Wolf.
Ger. The braying of an Ass, is it not?
Bo. Oh, now one has me;
Oh my left haunch, farewel.
Ger. Look to your Shanks,
Your Breech is safe enough, the Wolf's a Fern-brake.
Bo. But see, see, see, there is a Serpent in it;
It has eyes as broad as Platters; it spits fire;
Now it creeps towards us, help me to say my Prayers:
It hath swallowed me almost, my breath is stopt;
I cannot speak: do I speak Mistress? tell me.
Ger. Why, thou strange timerous Sot, canst thou perceive
Any thing i'th' Bush but a poor Glo-worm?
Bo. It may be 'tis but a Glo-worm now, but 'twill
Grow to a Fire-drake presently.
Ger. Come thou from it:
I have a precious guide of you, and a courteous,
That gives me leave to lead my self the way thus.
Bo. It thunders, you hear that now?
Ger. I hear one hollow.
Bo. 'Tis thunder, thunder:
See, a Flash of Lightning:
Are you not blasted Mistress? pull your Mask off,
It has plaid the Barber with me here: I have lost
My Beard, my Beard, pray God you be not shaven,
'Twill spoil your Marriage Mistress.
Ger. What strange Wonders
Fear fancies in a Coward!
Bo. Now the Earth opens.
Ger. Prithee hold thy peace.
Bo. Will you on then?
Ger. Both love and jealousie have made me bold,
Where my Fate leads me, I must go. [*Exit.*

Bo. God be with you then.

Enter Woolfort, Hemskirk, *and* Attendants.

Hem. It was the Fellow sure, he that should guide me,
The Hunts-man that did hollow us.
Woolf. Best make a stand,
And listen to his next: Ha!
Hem. Who goes there?
Bo. Mistress, I am taken.
Hem. Mistress? Look forth Souldiers.
Woolf. What are you Sirrah?
Bo. Truly all is left
Of a poor Boor, by day-light, by night no body,
You might have spar'd your Drum, and Guns, and Pikes too
For I am none that will stand out Sir, I.
You may take me in with a walking Stick,
Even when you please, and hold me with a packthred.
Hem. What woman was't you call'd to?
Bo. Woman! none Sir.
Woolf. None! did you not name Mistress?
Bo. Yes, but she's
No woman yet: she should have been this night,
But that a Beggar stole away her Bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make hue and cry after;
I tell you true Sir, she should ha' been married to day;
And was the Bride and all; but in came *Clause*,
The old lame Beggar, and whips up M^r^ *Goswin*
Under his arm; away with him as a Kite,
Or an old Fox would swoop away a Gosling.
Hem. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she: Niece?
Ger. Ha!
Hem. She Sir,
This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That being on the point thus to be married,
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.
Woolf. I begin, *Hemskirk*, to believe my fate,
Works to my ends.
Hem. Yes Sir, and this adds trust
Unto the fellow our guide, who assur'd me *Florez*
Liv'd in some Merchants shape, as *Gerrard* did

I' the old Beggars, and that he would use
Him for the train, to call the other forth;
All which we find is done—That's he again— [*Holla again.*
Woolf. Good, we sent out to meet him.
Hem. Here's the Oak.
Ger. I am miserably lost, thus faln
Into my Uncles hands from all my hopes,
Can I not think away my self and dye?

Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prig, Ferret, Snap, Ginks *like* Boors.

Hub. I like your habits well: they are safe, stand close.
Hig. But what's the action we are for now? Ha!
Robbing a Ripper of his Fish.
Prig. Or taking
A Poulterer Prisoner, without ransome, Bullyes?
Hig. Or cutting off a Convoy of Butter?
Fer. Or surprizing a Boors ken, for granting cheats!
Prig. Or cackling Cheats?
Hig. Or Mergery-praters, Rogers,
And Tibs o'th' Buttery?
Prig. O I could drive a Regiment
Of Geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten Leagues with my Hat and Staff, and not a hiss
Heard, nor a wing of my Troops disordered.
Hig. Tell us,
If it be milling of a lag of duds,
The fetching of a back of cloaths or so;
We are horribly out of linnen.
Hub. No such matter.
Hig. Let me alone with the Farmers dog,
If you have a mind to the cheese-loft; 'tis but thus,
And he is a silenc'd Mastiff, during pleasure.
Hub. Would it would please you to be silent.
Hig. Mum.
Woolf. Who's there?
Hub. A friend, the Hunts-man.
Hem. O 'tis he.
Hub. I have kept touch Sir, which is the Earl of these?
Will he know a man now?
Hem. This my Lord's the Friend,

Hath undertook the service.
Hub. If't be worth
His Lordships thanks anon, when 'tis done
Lording, I'll look for't, a rude Wood-man,
I know how to pitch my toils, drive in my game:
And I have don't, both *Florez* and his Father
Old *Gerrard*, with Lord *Arnold* of *Benthuisen*,
Cozen, and *Jaculin*, young *Florez*'s Sister:
I have 'em all.
Woolf. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
To carry faith with it.
Hub. I can bring you
Where you shall see, and find 'em.
Woolf. We will double
What ever *Hemskirk* then hath promis'd thee.
Hub. And I'll deserve it treble: what horse ha' you?
Woolf. A hundred. That's well: ready to take
Upon surprise of 'em.
Hem. Yes.
Hub. Divide then
Your force into five Squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways through the wood
That issue from the place where they are lodg'd:
Five several ways, of all which Passages,
We must possess our selves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting hole they'll all escape else:
I and 4. Boors here to me will be guides,
The Squadron where you are, my self will lead:
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted whoops, and hollows, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Careless of any noise, and be a direction
To the other guides, how we approach 'em still.
Woolf. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the Souldier;
Make the division *Hemskirk*; you are my charge,
Fair One, I'll look to you.
Boo. Shall no body need
To look to me? I'll look unto my self.
Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.
Hig. Say, 'tis done, Boy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Gerrard *and* Florez.

Ger. By this time Sir I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your marriage, for though I
Should as a Subject study you my Prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Discredit you, to acknowledge me your Father,
By harkning to my necessary counsels.
Flo. Acknowledge you my Father? Sir I do,
And may impiety, conspiring with
My other Sins, sink me, and suddenly
When I forget to pay you a Sons duty
In my obedience, and that help'd forth
With all the cheerfulness.
Ger. I pray you rise,
And may those powers that see and love this in you,
Reward you for it: Taught by your example
Having receiv'd the rights due to a Father,
I tender you th' allegeance of a Subject:
Which as my Prince accept of.
Flo. Kneel to me?
May mountains first fall down beneath their valleys,
And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous;
I must o'ercome in this, in all things else
The victory be yours: could you here read me,
You should perceive how all my faculties
Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours;
I am your son, your son Sir, and am prouder
To be so, to the Father, to such goodness
(Which heaven be pleas'd, I may inherit from you)
Than I shall ever of those specious titles
That plead for my succession in the Earldom
(Did I possess it now) left by my Mother.
Ger. I do believe it: but—
Flo. O my lov'd Father,
Before I knew you were so, by instinct,
Nature had taught me, to look on your wants,
Not as a stranger's: and I know not how,

What you call'd charity, I thought the payment
Of some religious debt, nature stood bound for;
And last of all, when your magnificent bounty
In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in
A flood of blessings, though my threatning wants
And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid,
I soon found out, it was no common pity
That led you to it.

Ger. Think of this hereafter
When we with joy may call it to remembrance,
There will be a time, more opportune, than now
To end our story, with all circumstances,
I add this only: when we fled from *Wolfort*
I sent you into *England*, and there placed you
With a brave *Flanders* Merchant, call'd rich *Goswin*,
A man supplyed by me unto that purpose,
As bound by oath never to discover you,
Who dying, left his name and wealth unto you
As his reputed Son, and yet receiv'd so;
But now, as *Florez*, and a Prince, remember
The countreys, and the subjects general good
Must challenge the first part in your affection:
The fair maid, whom you chose to be your wife,
Being so far beneath you, that your love
Must grant she's not your equal.

Flo. In descent
Or borrowed glories from dead Ancestors,
But for her beauty, chastity, and all vertues
Ever remembred in the best of women,
A Monarch might receive from her, not give,
Though she were his Crowns purchase; in this only
Be an indulgent Father: in all else,
Use your authority.

Enter Hubert, Hemskirk, Wolfort,
Bertha, *and* Souldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The Father and the Son, the rest you shall have
As fast as I can rouze them.

Ger. Who's this? *Wolfort*?

Wol. I Cripple, your feigned crutches will not help you,
Nor patch'd disguise that hath so long conceal'd you,
It's now no halting: I must here find *Gerrard*,
And in this Merchants habit, one call'd *Florez*
Who would be an Earl.
Ger. And is, wert thou a subject.
Flo. Is this that Traitor *Wolfort*?
Wol. Yes, but you
Are they that are betrai'd: *Hemskirk*.
Ber. My *Goswin*
Turn'd Prince? O I am poorer by this greatness,
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes.
Florez. *Gertrude*?
Wol. Stay Sir, you were to day too near her,
You must no more aim at those easie accesses,
Less you can do't in air, without a head,
Which shall be suddenly tri'd.
Ber. O take my heart, first,
And since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.
Wol. You know not your own value, that entreat.
Ger. So proud a fiend as *Wolfort*.
Wol. For so lost
A thing as *Florez*.
Flo. And that would be so
Rather than she should stoop again to thee;
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,
When *Wolfort* is to give it: O my *Gertrude*,
It is not that, nor Princedom that I goe from,
It is from thee, that loss includeth all. (so,
Wol. I, if my young Prince knew his loss, he would say
Which that he yet may chew on, I will tell him
This is no *Gertrude*, nor no *Hemskirks* Niece,
Nor *Vandunks* Daughter: this is *Bertha*, *Bertha*,
The heir of *Brabant*, she that caus'd the war,
Whom I did steal, during my treaty there,
In your minority, to raise my self;
I then fore-seeing 'twould beget a quarel,
That, a necessity of my employment,
The same employment, make me master of strength,

That strength, the Lord of *Flanders*, so of *Brabant*,
By marrying her: which had not been to doe Sir,
She come of years, but that the expectation
First of her Fathers death, retarded it,
And since the standing out of *Bruges*, where
Hemskirk had hid her, till she was near lost:
But Sir, we have recover'd her: your Merchantship
May break, for this was one of your best bottoms
I think.

Ger. Insolent Devil!

Enter Hubert, *with* Jaqueline, Ginks, *and* Costin.

Wol. Who are these, *Hemskirk*?

Hem. More, more, Sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their treachery!

Hem. Lord *Arnold* of *Benthusin*, this Lord *Costin*,
This *Jaqueline* the sister unto *Florez*. (royall,

Wol. All found? why here's brave game, this was sport
And puts me in thought of a new kind of death for 'em.
Hunts-man, your horn: first wind me *Florez* fall,
Next *Gerrards*, then his Daughter *Jaquelins*,
Those rascals, they shall dye without their rights:
Hang 'em *Hemskirk* on these trees; I'le take
The assay of these my self.

Hub. Not here my Lord,
Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold,
'Twill shew the better when their arbour's made.

Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou hast betrai'd us,
But mock us too?

Ginks. False *Hubert*, this is monstrous.

Wol. *Hubert*?

Hem. Who, this?

Ger. Yes this is *Hubert*, *Wolfort*,
I hope he has helpt himself to a tree.

Wol. The first,
The first of any, and most glad I have you Sir,
I let you goe before, but for a train;
Is't you have done this service?

Hub. As your Hunts-man,

But now as *Hubert*; save your selves, I will,
The *Wolf's* afoot, let slip; kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter with a drum Van-dunk, Merchants,
Higgen, Prig, Ferret, Snap.

Wol. Betray'd?
Hub. No, but well catch'd: and I the Huntsman.
Van-d. How do you *Wolfort*? Rascal, good knave *Wolfort*,
I speak it now without the Rose, and *Hemskirk*,
Rogue *Hemskirk*, you that have no niece, this Lady
Was stoln by you, and ta'ne by you, and now
Resign'd by me, to the right owner here:
Take her my Prince.
Flo. Can this be possible,
Welcom my love, my sweet, my worthy love. (thank
Van-d. I ha' giv'n you her twice: now keep her better, and
Lord *Hubert*, that came to me in *Gerrards* name,
And got me out, with my brave Boyes, to march
Like *Cæsar*, when he bred his Commentaries,
So I, to bread my Chronicle, came forth
Cæsar Van-dunk, & veni, vidi, vici,
Give me my Bottle, and set down the drum;
You had your tricks Sir, had you? we ha' tricks too,
You stole the Lady?
Hig. And we led your Squadrons,
Where they ha' scratch'd their leggs a little, with brambles,
If not their faces.
Prig. Yes, and run their heads
Against trees.
Hig. 'Tis Captain *Prig*, Sir.
Prig. And Coronel *Higgen*. (leggs,
Hig. We have fill'd a pit with your people, some with
Some with arms broken, and a neck or two
I think be loose.
Prig. The rest too, that escap'd,
Are not yet out o'the briars,
Hig. And your horses, Sir,
Are well set up in *Bruges* all by this time:
You look as you were not well Sir, and would be
Shortly let blood; do you want a scarf?
Van-d. A halter.

Ger. 'Twas like your self, honest, and noble *Hubert*:
Can'st thou behold these mirrors all together,
Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation?
Thy tyrrannous proscription, and fresh treason:
And not so see thy self, as to fall down
And sinking, force a grave, with thine own guilt,
As deep as hell, to cover thee and it?
Wol. No, I can stand: and praise the toyles that took me
And laughing in them dye, they were brave snares.
Flo. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent
The wrongs th' hast done, and live.
Wol. Who, I repent?
And say I am sorry? yes, 'tis the fool's language
And not for *Wolfort*.
Van-d. *Wolfort*, thou art a Devil,
And speakst his language, oh that I had my longing
Under this row of trees now would I hang him.
Flo. No let him live, until he can repent,
But banish'd from our State, that is thy doom.
Van-d. Then hang his worthy Captain here, this *Hemskirk*
For profit of th' example.
Flo. No let him
Enjoy his shame too: with his conscious life,
To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practice from the guiltiest, to molest us.
Van-d. A noble Prince.
Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of hands, as they have done their hearts here,
And to their loves with joy.
Flo. As to mine own,
My gracious Sister, worthiest Brother.
Van. I'le go afore, and have the bon-fire made,
My fire-works, & flap dragons, and good backrack,
With a peck of little fishes, to drink down
In healths to this day.
Hig. 'Slight, here be changes,
The Bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, *Prig.*
Prig. Our Company's grown horrible thin by it,
What think you *Ferret*?
Fer. Marry I do think,
That we might all be Lords now, if we could stand for't.

Hig. Not I if they should offer it: I'le dislodge first,
Remove the Bush to another climat.
Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy *Burgomaster*,
Here be friends ask to be look'd on too,
And thank'd, who though their trade, and course of life
Be not so perfect, but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their King,
A place I know not well how to resign,
Nor unto whom: But this I will entreat
Your grace, command them follow you to *Bruges*;
Where I will take the care on me, to find
Some manly, and more profitable course
To fit them, as a part of the Republique.
Flo. Do you hear Sirs? do so.
Hig. Thanks to your good grace.
Prig. To your good Lordship.
Fer. May you both live long. (*but Beggars.*
Ger. Attend me at *Van-dunks*, the *Burgomasters.* [*Ex. all*
Hig. Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipt twice a week,
Or turn the wheel, for Crab the Rope-maker:
Or learn to go along with him, his course;
That's a fine course now, i' the common-wealth, *Prig*,
What say you to it?
Prig. It is the backwardst course,
I know i'the world.
Hig. Then *Higgen* will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?
Prig. 'Faith hardly, very hardly.
Hig. Troth I am partly of your mind, Prince *Prig*;
And therefore farewel *Flanders*, *Higgen* will seek
Some safer shelter, in some other Climat,
With this his tatter'd Colony: Let me see
Snap, *Ferret*, *Prig*, and *Higgen*, all are left
O' the true blood: what? shall we into *England*?
Prig. Agreed.
Hig. Then bear up bravely with your *Brute* my lads,
Higgen hath prig'd the prancers in his dayes,
And sold good penny-worths; we will have a course,
The Spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomless.
Prig. I'le mand no more, nor cant.

Hig. Yes, your sixpenny worth
In private, Brother, sixpence is a sum
I'le steal you any mans Dogg for.
Prig. For sixpence more
You'l tell the owner where he is.
Hig. 'Tis right,
Higgen must practise, so must *Prig* to eat;
And write the Letter: and gi' the word. But now
No more, as either of these.
Prig. But as true Beggars,
As e're we were.
Hig. We stand here, for an Epilogue;
Ladies, your bounties first; the rest will follow;
For womens favours are a leading alms,
If you be pleas'd look cheerly, throw your eyes
Out at your masks.
Prig. And let your beauties sparkle.
Hig. So may you ne'er want dressings, Jewels, gowns
Still i' the fashion.
Prig. Nor the men you love,
Wealth nor discourse to please you.
Hig. May you Gentlemen,
Never want good fresh suits nor liberty.
Prig. May every Merchant here see safe his ventures.
Hig. And every honest Citizen his debts in.
Prig. The Lawyers again good Clyents.
Hig. And the Clyents good Counsel.
Prig. All the Gamesters here good fortune.
Hig. The Drunkards too good wine.
Prig. The eaters meat
Fit for their tastes and palats.
Hig. The good wives kind Husbands.
Prig. The young maids choyce of Sutors.
Hig. The Midwives merry hearts.
Prig. And all good cheer.
Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Bush,
We are the Beggars and your daily Beadsmen,
And have your mony, but the Alms we ask
And live by, is your Grace, give that, and then
We'l boldly say our word is, *Come again.*

THE
Humourous Lieutenant,
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

King Antigonus, *an old Man with young desires.*
Demetrius, *Son to* Antigonus, *in love with* Celia.
Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolomie, } *Three Kings equal sharers with* Antigonus *of what* Alexander *had, with united powers opposing* Antigonus.
Leontius, *a brave old merry Souldier, assistant to* Demetrius.
Timon, Charinthus, Menippus, } *Servants to* Antigonus, *and his vices.*
The Humourous Lieutenant.
Gentlemen, Friends and followers of Demetrius.
3 *Embassadors, from the three Kings.*
Gentlemen-Ushers.
Grooms.
Citizens.
Physicians.
Herald.
Magician.
Souldiers.
Host.

WOMEN.

Celia *alias* E[n]anthe, *Daughter to* Seleucus, *Mistris to* Demetrius.
Leucippe, *a Bawd, Agent for the King's lust.*
Ladies.
Citizens Wives.
Governesse to Celia.
A Country-Woman.
Phœbe, *her Daughter.*
2 *Servants of the game.*

The Scene Greece.

The principal Actors were,

Henry Condel.
John Lowin.
Richard Sharpe.
Robert Benfeild.
Joseph Taylor.
William Eglestone.
John Underwood.
Thomas Polard.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter 2 Ushers, *and* Grooms *with perfumes.*

1 *Usher.* ROund, round, perfume it round, quick, look ye
Diligently the state be right, are these the richest
Cushions? Fie, fie, who waits i'th' wardrobe?
2 *Ush.* But pray tell me, do you think for certain
These Embassadours shall have this morning audience?
1 *Ush.* They shall have it: Lord that you live at Court
And understand not! I tell you they must have it.
2 *Ush.* Upon what necessity?
1 *Ush.* Still you are out of the trick of Court, sell your place,

Enter Ladies *and* Gentlemen.

And sow your grounds, you are not for this tillage.
Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings,
There you may see at ease.
Ladies. We thank you, Sir. [*Ex.* Ladies, Gent.
1 *Ush.* Would you have all these slighted? who should report
The Embassadors were handsome men? his beard (then,
A neat one? the fire of his eyes quicker than lightning,
And when it breaks, as blasting? his legs, though little ones,
Yet movers of a mass of understanding?
Who shall commend their Cloaths? who shall take notice
Of the most wise behaviour of their Feathers?
Ye live a raw man here.
2 *Ush.* I think I do so.

Enter 2 *Citizens, and Wives.*

1 *Ush.* Why, whither would ye all press?
1 *Cit.* Good Master *Usher.* (here.
2 *Cit.* My wife, and some few of my honest neighbours,
1 *Ush.* Prethee begone thou and thy honest Neighbours,
Thou lookst like an Ass, why, whither would you fish face?
2 *Cit.* If I might have
But the honour to see you at my poor house, Sir,
A Capon bridled and sadled, I'le assure your worship,
A shoulder of Mutton and a pottle of Wine, Sir,
I know your Brother, he was like ye,

And shot the best at Buts—
1 *Ush.* A —— upon thee.
2 *Cit.* Some Musick I'le assure you too,
My toy, Sir, can play o'th' Virginals.
1 *Ush.* Prethee good toy,
Take away thy shoulder of Mutton, it is flie-blown,
And shoulder take thy flap along, here's no place for ye;
Nay then you had best be knock'd. [*Ex. Cit.*

Enter Celia.

Cel. I wou'd fain see him,
The glory of this place makes me remember,
But dye those thoughts, dye all but my desires,
Even those to death are sick too; he's not here,
Nor how my eyes may guide me—
1 *Ush.* What's your business?
Who keeps the outward door there? here's fine shuffling,
You wastcoateer you must go back.
Cel. There is not,
There cannot be, six days and never see me?
There must not be desire; Sir, do you think
That if you had a Mistris—
1 *Ush.* Death, she is mad.
Cel. And were your self an honest man? it cannot—
1 *Ush.* What a Devil hast thou to do with me or my (honesty?
Will you be jogging, good nimble tongue,
My fellow door-keeper.
2 *Ush.* Prethee let her alone.
1 *Ush.* The King is coming,
And shall we have an agent from the Suburbs
Come to crave audience too?
Cel. Before I thought ye
To have a little breeding, some tang of Gentry;
But now I take ye plainly,
Without the help of any perspective,
For that ye cannot alter.
1 *Ush.* What's that?
Cel. An Ass, Sir, you bray as like one,
And by my troth, me thinks as ye stand now,
Considering who to kick next, you appear to me

Just with that kind of gravity, and wisdom;
Your place may bear the name of Gentleman,
But if ever any of that butter stick to your bread—
2 *Ush.* You must be modester.
Cel. Let him use me nobler,
And wear good Cloaths to do good Offices;
They hang upon a fellow of his vertue,
As though they hung on Gibbets.
2 *Ush.* A perillous wench.
1 *Ush.* Thrust her into a corner, I'le no more on her.
2 *Ush.* You have enough, go pretty Maid, stand close,
And use that little tongue, with a little more temper.
Cel. I thank ye, Sir.
2 *Ush.* When the show's past,
I'le have ye into the Cellar, there we'll dine.
A very pretty wench, a witty Rogue,
And there we'll be as merry; can ye be merry?
Cel. O very merry.
2 *Ush.* Only our selves; this churlish fellow shall not know.
Cel. By no means.
2 *Ush.* And can you love a little?
Cel. Love exceedingly:
I have cause to love you, dear Sir.
2 *Ush.* Then I'le carry ye,
And shew you all the pictures, and the hangings,
The Lodgings, Gardens, and the walks: and then, sweet,
You shall tell me where you lye.
Cel. Yes marry will I.
2 *Ush.* And't shall go hard but I'le send ye a Venison Pasty,
And bring a bottle of wine along.
1 *Ush.* Make room there.
2 *Ush.* Room there afore, stand close, the train is coming.

Enter King Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, Menippus.

Cel. Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools?
Yet, yet, I see him not. O what a misery
Is love, expected long, deluded longer!
Ant. Conduct in the Embassadors.
1 *Ush.* Make room there.
Ant. They shall not wait long answer— [*Flourish.*

Cle. Yet he comes not.

Enter 3 Embassadors.

Why are eyes set on these, and multitudes
Follow to make these wonders? O good gods!
What would these look like if my love were here?
But I am fond, forgetful.
Ant. Now your grievance,
Speak short, and have as short dispatch.
1 *Emb.* Then thus, Sir:
In all our Royal Masters names, We tell you,
Ye have done injustice, broke the bonds of concord,
And from their equal shares, from *Alexander*
Parted, and so possess'd, not like a Brother,
But as an open Enemy, Ye have hedged in
Whole Provinces, man'd and maintain'd these injuries;
And daily with your sword (though they still honour ye)
Make bloudy inroads, take Towns, and ruin Castles,
And still their sufferance feels the weight.
2 *Em.* Think of that love, great Sir, that honor'd friendship
Your self held with our Masters, think of that strength
When you were all one body, all one mind;
When all your swords struck one way, when your angers,
Like so many brother Billows rose together,
And curling up your foaming Crests, defied
Even mighty Kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em;
O think of these; and you that have been Conquerours,
That ever led your Fortunes open ey'd,
Chain'd fast by confidence; you that fame courted,
Now ye want Enemies and men to match ye,
Let not your own Swords seek your ends to shame ye.

Enter Demetrius *with a Javelin, and Gentlemen.*

3 *Em.* Choose which you will, or Peace or War,
We come prepar'd for either.
1 *Ush.* Room for the Prince there.
Cel. Was it the Prince they said? how my heart trembled!
'Tis he indeed; what a sweet noble fierceness
Dwells in his eyes! young *Meleager* like,
When he return'd from slaughter of the Boar,

Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,
With all the gallant youth of *Greece*, he looks now,
Who could deny him love?
Dem. Hail Royal Father. (this Gent.
Ant. Ye are welcome from your sport, Sir, do you see
You that bring Thunders in your mouths, and Earthquakes
To shake and totter my designs? can you imagine
(You men of poor and common apprehensions)
While I admit this man, my Son, this nature
That in one look carries more fire, and fierceness,
Than all your Masters in their lives; dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,
When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his head; thus place him,
His weapon hatched in bloud, all these attending
When he shall make their fortunes, all as sudden
In any expedition he shall point 'em,
As arrows from a Tartars bow, and speeding,
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy?
Fear your great Master? yours? or yours?
Dem. O *Hercules*!
Who saies you do, Sir? Is there any thing
In these mens faces, or their Masters actions,
Able to work such wonders?
Cel. Now he speaks:
O I could dwell upon that tongue for ever.
Dem. You call 'em Kings, they never wore those Royalties,
Nor in the progress of their lives arriv'd yet
At any thought of King: Imperial dignities,
And powerful God-like actions, fit for Princes
They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right,
Than I can with this mortal hand hold Heaven:
Poor petty men, nor have I yet forgot
The chiefest honours time, and merit gave 'em:
Lisimachus your Master, at the best,
His highest, and his hopeful'st Dignities
Was but grand-master of the *Elephants*;
Seleuchus of the Treasure; and for *Ptolomey*,
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,
Some Master of Ammunition: and must these men—

Cel. What a brave confidence flows from his spirit!
O sweet young man!
Dem. Must these hold pace with us,
And on the same file hang their memories?
Must these examine what the wills of Kings are?
Prescribe to their designs, and chain their actions
To their restraints? be friends, and foes when they please?
Send out their Thunders, and their menaces,
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs?
Go home good men, and tell your Masters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren Countries, ruin their vast Cities,
And tell 'em out of love, we mean to leave 'em
(Since they will needs be Kings) no more to tread on,
Than they have able wits, and powers to manage,
And so we shall befriend 'em. Ha! what does she there?
Emb. This is your answer King?
Ant. 'Tis like to prove so.
Dem. Fie, sweet, what makes you here?
Cel. Pray ye do not chide me.
Dem. You do your self much wrong and me.
Cel. Pray you pardon me,
I feel my fault which only was committed
Through my dear love to you: I have not seen ye,
And how can I live then? I have not spoke to ye—
Dem. I know this week ye have not; I will redeem all.
You are so tender now; think where you are, sweet.
Cel. What other light have I left?
Dem. Prethee *Celia*,
Indeed I'le see you presently.
Cel. I have done, Sir:
You will not miss?
Dem. By this, and this, I will not.
Cel. 'Tis in your will and I must be obedient.
Dem. No more of these assemblies.
Cel. I am commanded.
1 *Ush.* Room for the Lady there: Madam, my service—
1 *Gent.* My Coach an't please you Lady.
2 *Ush.* Room before there.
2 *Gent.* The honour, Madam, but to wait upon you—

My servants and my state.
Cel. Lord, how they flock now!
Before I was afraid they would have beat me;
How these flies play i'th' Sun-shine! pray ye no services,
Or if ye needs must play the Hobby-horses,
Seek out some beauty that affects 'em: farewel,
Nay pray ye spare: Gentlemen I am old enough
To go alone at these years, without crutches. [*Exit.*
2 *Ush.* Well I could curse now: but that will not help me,
I made as sure account of this wench now, immediately,
Do but consider how the Devil has crost me,
Meat for my Master she cries, well—
3 *Em.* Once more, Sir,
We ask your resolutions: Peace or War yet?
Dem. War, War, my noble Father.
1 *Em.* Thus I fling it:
And fair ey'd peace, farewel.
Ant. You have your answer;
Conduct out the Embassadours, and give 'em Convoyes.
Dem. Tell your high hearted Masters, they shall not seek
Nor cool i'th' field in expectation of us, (us,
We'l ease your men those marches: In their strengths,
And full abilities of mind and courage,
We'l find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em.
3 *Em.* You will find so hot a Souldier's welcome, Sir,
Your favour shall not freeze.
2 *Em.* A forward Gentleman,
Pity the Wars should bruise such hopes—
Ant. Conduct em— [*Ex.* Em.
Now, for this preparation: where's *Leontius*?
Call him in presently: for I mean in person Gentlemen
My self, with my old fortune—
Dem. Royal Sir:
Thus low I beg this honour: fame already
Hath every where rais'd Trophies to your glory,
And conquest now grown old, and weak with following
The weary marches and the bloody shocks
You daily set her in: 'tis now scarce honour
For you that never knew to fight, but conquer,
To sparkle such poor people: the Royal Eagle

When she hath tri'd [h]er young ones 'gainst the Sun,
And found 'em right; next teacheth 'em to prey,
How to command on wing, and check below her
Even Birds of noble plume; I am your own, Sir,
You have found my spirit, try it now, and teach it
To stoop whole Kingdoms: leave a little for me:
Let not your glory be so greedy, Sir,
To eat up all my hopes; you gave me life,
If to that life you add not what's more lasting
A noble name, for man, you have made a shadow:
Bless me this day: bid me go on, and lead,
Bid me go on, no less fear'd, than *Antigonus*,
And to my maiden sword, tye fast your fortune:
I know 'twill fight it self then: dear Sir, honour me:
Never fair Virgin long'd so.

Ant. Rise, and command then,
And be as fortunate, as I expect ye:
I love that noble will; your young companions
Bred up and foster'd with ye, I hope *Demetrius*,
You will make souldiers too: they must not leave ye.

Enter Leontius.

2 *Gent.* Never till life leave us, Sir.

Ant. O *Leontius*,
Here's work for you in hand.

Leon. I am ev'n right glad, Sir.
For by my troth, I am now grown old with idleness;
I hear we shall abroad, Sir.

Ant. Yes, and presently,
But who think you commands now?

Leon. Who commands, Sir?
Methinks mine eye should guide me: can there be
(If you your self will spare him so much honour)
Any found out to lead before your Armies,
So full of faith, and fire, as brave *Demetrius*?
King *Philips* Son, at his years was an old Souldier,
'Tis time his Fortune be o' wing, high time, Sir,
So many idle hours, as here he loyters,
So many ever-living names he loses,
I hope 'tis he.

Ant. 'Tis he indeed, and nobly
He shall set forward: draw you all those Garrisons
Upon the frontiers as you pass: to those
Joyn these in pay at home, our ancient souldiers,
And as you go press all the Provinces.
Leo. We shall not [need];
Believe, this hopefull Gentleman
Can want no swords, nor honest hearts to follow him,
We shall be full, no fear Sir.
Ant. You *Leontius*,
Because you are an old and faithfull servant,
And know the wars, with all his vantages,
Be near to his instructions, lest his youth
Lose valours best companion, staid discretion,
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with safetie;
In execution not to break, nor scatter,
But with a provident anger, follow nobly:
Not covetous of blood, and death, but honour,
Be ever near his watches; cheer his labours,
And where his hope stands fair, provoke his valour;
Love him, and think it no dishonour (my *Demetrius*)
To wear this Jewel near thee; he is a tri'd one,
And one that even in spight of time, that sunk him,
And frosted up his strength, will yet stand by thee,
And with the proudest of thine Enemies
Exchange for bloud, and bravely: take his Counsel.
Leo. Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.
Ant. She must be known and suddenly:
Do ye know her? [*to Minippus.*
Gent. Char. No, believe Sir.
Ant. Did you observe her, *Timon*?
Tim. I look'd on her,
But what she is—
Ant. I must have that found.
Come in and take your leave.
Tim. And some few Prayers along.
Dem. I know my duty, [*Exit* Ant.
You shall be half my Father.
Leo. All your Servant:
Come Gentlemen, you are resolv'd I am sure

To see these wars.
1 *Gent.* We dare not leave his fortunes,
Though most assur'd death hung round about us.
Leo. That bargain's yet to make;
Be not too hasty, when ye face the Enemie,
Nor too ambitious to get honour instantly,
But charge within your bounds, and keep close bodies,
And you shall see what sport we'l make these mad-caps;
You shall have game enough, I warrant ye,
Every mans Cock shall fight.
Dem. I must go see Sir:
Brave Sir, as soon as I have taken leave,
I'le meet you in the park;
Draw the men thither,
Wait you upon *Leontius.*
Gen. We'l attend Sir.
Leo. But I beseech your Grace, with speed; the sooner
We are i'th' field.—
Dem. You could not please me better. [*Exit.*
Leo. You never saw the wars yet?
Gent. Not yet Colonel.
Leo. These foolish Mistresses do so hang about ye,
So whimper, and so hug, I know it Gentlemen,
And so intice ye, now ye are i'th' bud;
And that sweet tilting war, with eyes and kisses,
Th' alarms of soft vows, and sighs, and fiddle faddles,
Spoils all our trade: you must forget these knick knacks,
A woman at some time of year, I grant ye
She is necessarie; but make no business of her.
How now Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. Oh Sir, as ill as ever;
We shall have wars they say; they are mustring yonder:
Would we were at it once: fie, how it plagues me.
Leo. Here's one has served now under Captain *Cupid,*
And crackt a Pike in's youth: you see what's come on't.
Lieu. No, my disease will never prove so honourable.
Leo. Why sure, thou hast the best pox.

Lieu. If I have 'em,
I am sure I got 'em in the best company;
They are pox of thirty Coats.
Leo. Thou hast mewed 'em finely:
Here's a strange fellow now, and a brave fellow,
If we may say so of a pocky fellow,
(Which I believe we may) this poor Lieutenant;
Whether he have the scratches, or the scabs,
Or what a Devil it be, I'le say this for him,
There fights no braver souldier under Sun, Gentlemen;
Show him an Enemie, his pain's forgot straight;
And where other men by beds and bathes have ease,
And easie rules of Physick; set him in a danger,
A danger, that's a fearfull one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye,
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his heart: and then he works it bravely,
And throughly bravely: not a pang remembred:
I have seen him do such things, belief would shrink at.
Gent. 'Tis strange he should do all this, and diseas'd so.
Leo. I am sure 'tis true: Lieutenant, canst thou drink well?
Lieu. Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might not feel (this.
Gent. I would take Physick.
Lieu. But I would know my disease first. (backward?
Leon. Why? it may be the Colique: canst thou blow
Lieu. There's never a bag-pipe in the Kingdom better.
Gent. Is't not a pleuresie?
Lieu. 'Tis any thing
That has the Devil, and death in't: will ye march Gentlemen?
The Prince has taken leave.
Leo. How know ye that?
Lieu. I saw him leave the Court, dispatch his followers,
And met him after in a by street: I think
He has some wench, or such a toy, to lick over
Before he go: would I had such another
To draw this foolish pain down.
Leo. Let's away Gentlemen,
For sure the Prince will stay on us.
Gent. We'l attend Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Demetrius, *and* Celia.

Cel. Must ye needs go?
Dem. Or stay with all dishonour.
Cel. Are there not men enough to fight?
Dem. Fie *Celia.*
This ill becomes the noble love you bear me;
Would you have your love a coward?
Cel. No; believe Sir,
I would have him fight, but not so far off from me.
Dem. Wouldst have it thus? or thus?
Cel. If that be fighting—
Dem. Ye wanton fool: when I come home again
I'le fight with thee, at thine own weapon *Celia*,
And conquer thee too.
Cel. That you have done already,
You need no other Arms to me, but these Sir;
But will you fight your self Sir?
Dem. Thus deep in bloud wench,
And through the thickest ranks of Pikes.
Cel. Spur bravely
Your firie Courser, beat the troops before ye,
And cramb the mouth of death with executions.
Dem. I would do more than these: But prethee tell me,
Tell me my fair, where got'st thou this male Spirit?
I wonder at thy mind.
Cel. Were I a man then,
You would wonder more.
Dem. Sure thou wouldst prove a Souldier,
And some great Leader.
Cel. Sure I should do somewhat;
And the first thing I did, I should grow envious,
Extreamly envious of your youth, and honour.
Dem. And fight against me?
Cel. Ten to one, I should do it.
Dem. Thou wouldst not hurt me?
Cel. In this mind I am in
I think I should be hardly brought to strike ye,
Unless 'twere thus; but in my mans mind—

Dem. What?
Cel. I should be friends with you too,
Now I think better.
Dem. Ye are a tall Souldier:
Here, take these, and these;
This gold to furnish ye, and keep this bracelet;
Why do you weep now?
You a masculine Spirit?
Cel. No, I confess, I am a fool, a woman:
And ever when I part with you—
Dem. You shall not,
These tears are like prodigious signs, my sweet one,
I shall come back, loaden with fame, to honour thee.
Cel. I hope you shall:
But then my dear *Demetrius*,
When you stand Conquerour, and at your mercy
All people bow, and all things wait your sentence;
Say then your eye (surveying all your conquest)
Finds out a beautie, even in sorrow excellent,
A constant face, that in the midst of ruine
With a forc'd smile, both scorns at fate, and fortune:
Say you find such a one, so nobly fortified,
And in her figure all the sweets of nature?
Dem. Prethee,
No more of this, I cannot find her.
Cel. That shews as far beyond my wither'd beauty;
And will run mad to love ye too.
Dem. Do you fear me,
And do you think, besides this face, this beauty,
This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd—
Cel. I dare not:
No sure, I think ye honest; wondrous honest.
Pray do not frown, I'le swear ye are.
Dem. Ye may choose.
Cel. But how long will ye be away?
Dem. I know not.
Cel. I know you are angry now: pray look upon me:
I'le ask no more such questions.
Dem. The Drums beat,
I can no longer stay.

Cel. They do but call yet:
How fain you would leave my Company?
Dem. I wou'd not,
Unless a greater power than love commanded,
Commands my life, mine honour.
Cel. But a little.
Dem. Prethee farewel, and be not doubtfull of me.
Cel. I would not have ye hurt: and ye are so ventrous—
But good sweet Prince preserve your self, fight nobly,
But do not thrust this body, 'tis not yours now,
'Tis mine, 'tis only mine: do not seek wounds, Sir,
For every drop of blood you bleed—
Dem. I will *Celia*,
I will be carefull.
Cel. My heart, that loves ye dearly.
Dem. Prethee no more, we must part: { *Drums a*
Hark, they march now. { *March.*
Cel. Pox on these bawling Drums: I am sure you'l kiss
But one kiss? what a parting's this? (me,
Dem. Here take me,
And do what thou wilt with me, smother me;
But still remember, if your fooling with me,
Make me forget the trust—
Cel. I have done: farewel Sir,
Never look back, you shall not stay, not a minute.
Dem. I must have one farewel more.
Cel. No, the Drums beat;
I dare not slack your honour; not a hand more,
Only this look; the gods preserve, and save ye.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Antigonus, Carinthus, Timon.

Ant. WHat, have ye found her out?
Char. We have hearkned after her.
Ant. What's that to my desire?
Char. Your grace must give us time,
And a little means.
Tim. She is sure a stranger,

If she were bred or known here—
Ant. Your dull endeavours

Enter Menippus.

Should never be employ'd. Welcom *Menippus.*
Men. I have found her Sir,
I mean the place she is lodg'd in; her name is *Celia,*
And much adoe I had to purchase that too.
Ant. Dost think *Demetrius* loves her?
Men. Much I fear it,
But nothing that way yet can win for certain.
I'le tell your grace within this hour.
Ant. A stranger?
Men. Without all doubt.
Ant. But how should he come to her?
Men. There lies the marrow of the matter hid yet.
Ant. Hast thou been with thy wife?
Men. No Sir, I am going to her.
Ant. Go and dispatch, and meet me in the garden,
And get all out ye can. [*Exit.*
Men. I'le doe my best Sir. [*Exit.*
Tim. Blest be thy wife, thou wert an arrant ass else.
Char. I, she is a stirring woman indeed:
There's a brain Brother.
Tim. There's not a handsom wench of any mettle
Within an hundred miles, but her intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confidently to Court, as to a sanctuary:
What had his mouldy brains ever arriv'd at,
Had not she beaten it out o'th' Flint to fasten him?
They say she keeps an office of Concealments:
There is no young wench, let her be a Saint,
Unless she live i'th' Center, but she finds her,
And every way prepares addresses to her:
If my wife would have followed her course *Charinthus,*
Her lucky course, I had the day before him:
O what might I have been by this time, Brother?
But she (forsooth) when I put these things to her,
These things of honest thrift, groans, O my conscience,
The load upon my conscience, when to make us cuckolds,

They have no more burthen than a brood-[goose], Brother;
But let's doe what we can, though this wench fail us,
Another of a new way will be lookt at:
Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains, time may
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Drum *within*, *Alarm*, *Enter* Demetrius, *and* Leontius.

Dem. I will not see 'em fall thus, give me way Sir,
I shall forget you love me else.
Leo. Will ye lose all?
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay never to have been a man, is nothing,
So you, and those we have preserv'd from slaughter
Come safely off.
Dem. I have lost my self.
Leo. You are cozen'd.
Dem. And am most miserable.
Leo. There's no man so, but he that makes himself so.
Dem. I will goe on.
Leo. You must not: I shall tell you then,
And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern,
That cannot guide himself: you lead an Army?
That have not so much manly suff'rance left ye,
To bear a loss?
Dem. Charge but once more *Leontius*,
My friends and my companions are engag'd all.
Leo. Nay give 'em lost, I saw 'em off their horses,
And the enemy master of their Arms; nor could then
The policie, nor strength of man redeem 'em.
Dem. And shall I know this, and stand fooling?
Leo. By my dead Fathers soul you stir not, Sir,
Or if you doe, you make your way through me first.
Dem. Thou art a Coward.
Leo. To prevent a Madman.
None but your Fathers Son, durst call me so,
'Death if he did—Must I be scandal'd by ye,
That hedg'd in all the helps I had to save ye?
That, where there was a valiant weapon stirring,

Both search'd it out, and singl'd it, unedg'd it,
For fear it should bite you, am I a coward?
Go, get ye up, and tell 'em ye are the Kings Son;
Hang all your Ladys favours on your Crest,
And let them fight their shares; spur to destruction,
You cannot miss the way: be bravely desperate,
And your young friends before ye, that lost this battel,
Your honourable friends, that knew no order,
Cry out, *Antigonus*, the old *Antigonus*,
The wise and fortunate *Antigonus*,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd *Antigonus*,
Has sent a desperate son, without discretion
To bury in an hour his age of honour.

Dem. I am ashamed.

Leo. 'Tis ten to one, I die with ye:
The coward will not long be after ye;
I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for ye,
And tell a whining tale, some ten years after
To boyes and girles in an old chimney corner,
Of what a Prince we had, how bravely spirited;
How young and fair he fell: we'l all go with ye,
And ye shall see us all, like sacrifices
In our best trim, fill up the mouth of ruine.
Will this faith satisfie your folly? can this show ye
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall, forgotten, in a multitude?
If you will needs tempt fortune now she has held ye,
Held ye from sinking up.

Dem. Pray do not kill me,
These words pierce deeper than the wounds I suffer,
The smarting wounds of loss.

Leo. Ye are too tender;
Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of honour,
And the most valiant feel them both: take comfort,
The next is ours, I have a soul descries it:
The angry bull never goes back for breath,
But when he means to arm his fury double.
Let this day set, but not the memorie,
And we shall find a time: How now Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I know not: I am mall'd: we are bravely beaten,
All our young gallants lost.
Leo. Thou art hurt.
Lieu. I am pepper'd,
I was i'th' midst of all: and bang'd of all hands:
They made an anvile of my head, it rings yet;
Never so thresh'd: do you call this fame? I have fam'd it;
I have got immortal fame, but I'le no more on't;
I'le no such scratching Saint to serve hereafter;
O' my conscience I was kill'd above twenty times,
And yet I know not what a Devil's in't,
I crawled away, and lived again still; I am hurt plaguily,
But now I have nothing near so much pain Colonel,
They have sliced me for that maladie.
Dem. All the young men lost? (sir,
Lie. I am glad you are here: but they are all i'th' pound
They'l never ride o're other mens corn again, I take it,
Such frisking, and such flaunting with their feathers,
And such careering with their Mistres favours;
And here must he be pricking out for honour,
And there got he a knock, and down goes pilgarlick,
Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *Exit.*
Another spurs in there, cryes make room villains,
I am a Lord, scarce spoken, but with reverence
A Rascal takes him o're the face, and fells him;
There lyes the Lord, the Lord be with him.
Leo. Now Sir,
Do you find this truth?
Dem. I would not.
Lieu. Pox upon it,
They have such tender bodies too; such Culisses,
That one good handsom blow breaks 'em a pieces.
Leo. How stands the Enemy?
Lieu. Even cool enough too:
For to say truth he has been shrewdly heated,
The Gentleman no doubt will fall to his jewlips.
Leo. He marches not i'th' tail on's.
Lieu. No, plague take him,

He'l kiss our tails as soon; he looks upon us,
As if he would say, if ye will turn again, friends,
We will belabor you a little better,
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs.
Now shall we have damnable Ballads out against us,
Most wicked madrigals: and ten to one, Colonel,
Sung to such lowsie, lamentable tunes.
Leo. Thou art merry,
How e're the game goes: good Sir be not troubled,
A better day will draw this back again.
Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off,
They are hot, and weary.
Dem. I'le doe any thing.
Leo. Lieutenant, send one presently away
To th' King, and let him know our state: and hark ye,
Be sure the messenger advise his Majestie
To comfort up the Prince: he's full of sadness.
Lieu. When shall I get a Surgeon? this hot weather,
Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, Colonel.
Leo. Go, I'le prepare thee one.
Lieu. If ye catch me then,
Fighting again, I'le eat hay with a horse. [*Exit.*

SCENA III.

Enter Leucippe (*reading*) *and two Maids at a Table writing.*

Leu. Have ye written to *Merione*?
1 *Ma.* Yes, Madam.
Leu. And let her understand the hopes she has,
If she come speedilie—
1 *Ma.* All these are specified.
Leu. And of the chain is sent her,
And the rich stuff to make her shew more handsom here?
1 *Maid.* All this is done, Madam.
Leu. What have you dispatcht there?
2 *Maid.* A letter to the Country maid, and't please ye.
Leu. A pretty girle, but peevish, plaguy peevish:
Have ye bought the embroydered gloves, and that purse for her,
And the new Curle?
2 *Maid.* They are ready packt up Madam.

Leu. Her maiden-head will yield me; let me see now;
She is not fifteen they say: for her complexion—
Cloe, *Cloe*, *Cloe*, here, I have her,
Cloe, the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;
Her age upon fifteen: now her complexion,
A lovely brown; here 'tis; eyes black and rolling,
The body neatly built: she strikes a Lute well,
Sings most inticingly, these helps consider'd,
Her maiden-head will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear it handsomly.
Her Father's poor, some little share deducted,
To buy him a hunting Nag; I, 'twill be pretty.
Who takes care of the Merchants Wife?
1 *Ma.* I have wrought her.
Leu. You know for whom she is?
1 *Ma.* Very well, Madam,
Though very much ado I had to make her
Apprehend that happiness.
Leu. These Kind are subtile;
Did she not cry and blubber when you urg'd her? (perish.
1 *Ma.* O most extreamly, and swore she would rather
Leu. Good signs, very good signs,
Symptoms of easie nature.
Had she the Plate?
1 *Ma.* She lookt upon't, and left it,
And turn'd again, and view'd it.
Leu. Very well still.
1 *Ma.* At length she was content to let it lye there,
Till I call'd for't, or so.
Leu. She will come?
1 *Ma.* Do you take me
For such a Fool, I would part without that promise?
Leu. The Chamber's next the Park.
1 *Ma.* The Widow, Madam,
You bad me look upon.
Leu. Hang her, she is musty:
She is no mans meat; besides, she's poor and sluttish:
Where lyes old *Thisbe* now, you are so long now—
2 *Ma.* *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, agent *Thisbe*, O I have her,
She lyes now in *Nicopolis*.

Leu. Dispatch a Packet,
And tell her, her Superiour here commands her
The next month not to fail, but see deliver'd
Here to our use, some twenty young and handsom,
As also able Maids, for the Court service,
As she will answer it: we are out of beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the time away here
With such blown stuff, I am asham'd to send it. [*Knock*
Who's that? look out, to your business, Maid, [*within.*
There's nothing got by idleness: there is a Lady,
Which if I can but buckle with, *Altea*,
A, *A*, *A*, *A*, *Altea* young, and married,
And a great lover of her husband, well,
Not to be brought to Court! say ye so? I am sorry,
The Court shall be brought to you then; how now, who is't?

1 *Ma.* An ancient woman, with a maid attending,
A pretty Girl, but out of Cloaths; for a little money,
It seems she would put her to your bringing up, Madam.

Enter Woman *and* Phebe.

Leu. Let her come in. Would you ought with us, good woman?
I pray be short, we are full of business.

Wo. I have a tender Girl here, an't please your honour.

Leu. Very well.

Wom. That hath a great desire to serve your worship.

Leu. It may be so; I am full of Maids.

Wom. She is young forsooth—
And for her truth; and as they say her bearing. (pulse,

Leu. Ye say well; come ye hither maid, let me feel your
'Tis somewhat weak, but Nature will grow stronger,
Let me see your leg, she treads but low i'th' Pasterns.

Wom. A cork Heel, Madam.

Leu. We know what will do it,
Without your aim, good woman; what do you pitch her at?
She's but a slight toy—cannot hold out long.

Wom. Even what you think is meet.

Leu. Give her ten Crowns, we are full of business,
She is a poor Woman, let her take a Cheese home.
Enter the wench i' th' Office. [*Ex. Wom. and* 1 *Ma.*

2 *Ma.* What's your name, Sister?

Phe. *Phebe*, forsooth.
Leu. A pretty name; 'twill do well:
Go in, and let the other Maid instruct you, *Phebe.* [*Ex. Phe.*
Let my old Velvet skirt be made fit for her.
I'll put her into action for a Wast-coat;
And when I have rigg'd her up once, this small Pinnace
Shall sail for Gold, and good store too; who's there? {*Knock*
Lord, shall we never have any ease in this world! {*within.*
Still troubled! still molested! what would you have?

Enter Menipp[us].

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able,
And ye were my Husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.
At least a dozen posts are gone this morning
For several parts of the Kingdom: I can do no more
But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.
Men. Prithee, good sweet heart,
I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee,
I know thou labour'st truly: hark in thine ear.
Leu. Ha!
What do you make so dainty on't? look there
I am an Ass, I can do nothing.
Men. *Celia*?
I, this is she; a stranger born.
Leu. What would you give for more now?
Men. Prithee, my best *Leucippe*, there's much hangs on't,
Lodg'd at the end of *Mars*'s street? that's true too;
At the sack of such a Town, by such a Souldier
Preserv'd a Prisoner: and by Prince *Demetrius*
Bought from that man again, maintain'd and favour'd:
How came you by this knowledg?
Leu. Poor, weak man,
I have a thousand eyes, when thou art sleeping,
Abroad, and full of business.
Men. You never try'd her?
Leu. No, she is beyond my level; so hedg'd in
By the Princes infinite Love and Favour to her—
Men. She is a handsome Wench.
Leu. A delicate, and knows it;
And out of that proof arms her self.

Men. Come in then;
I have a great design from the King to you,
And you must work like wax now.
Leu. On this Lady?
Men. On this, and all your wits call home.
Leu. I have done
Toys in my time of some note; old as I am,
I think my brains will work without barm;
Take up the Books.
Men. As we go in, I'le tell ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, Timon, Lords *and a* Souldier.

Ant. No face of sorrow for this loss, 'twill choak him,
Nor no man miss a friend, I know his nature
So deep imprest with grief, for what he has suffer'd,
That the least adding to it adds to his ruine;
His loss is not so infinite, I hope, Souldier.
Soul. Faith neither great, nor out of indiscretion.
The young men out of heat.

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, *and* Lieutenant.

Ant. I guess the manner.
Lord. The Prince and't like your Grace.
Ant. You are welcome home, Sir:
Come, no more sorrow, I have heard your fortune,
And I my self have try'd the like: clear up man,
I will not have ye take it thus; if I doubted
Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your back to 'em,
Basely besought their mercies—
Leo. No, no, by this hand, Sir,
We fought like honest and tall men.
Antig. I know't *Leontius*: or if I thought
Neglect of rule, having his counsel with ye,
Or too vain-glorious appetite of Fame,
Your men forgot and scatter'd.
Leo. None of these, Sir,
He shew'd himself a noble Gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.
Ant. These being granted;

Why should you think you have done an act so hainous,
That nought but discontent dwells round about ye?
I have lost a Battel.
Leo. I, and fought it hard too.
Ant. With as much means as man—
Leo. Or Devil could urge it.
Ant. Twenty to one of our side now.
Leo. Turn Tables,
Beaten like Dogs again, like Owls, you take it
To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;
And to say the truth, 'twas no flight neither, Sir,
'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk,
I have tumbl'd with this old Body, beaten like a Stock-fish,
And stuck with Arrows, like an arming Quiver,
Blouded and bang'd almost a day before 'em,
And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad Shaver,
He fights his share I am sure, when e'r he comes to't;
Yet I have seen him trip it tithly too,
And cry the Devil take the hindmost ever.
Lieu. I learnt it of my Betters.
Leo. Boudge at this?
Ant. Has Fortune but one Face?
Lieu. In her best Vizard
Methinks she looks but lowzily.
Ant. Chance, though she faint now,
And sink below our expectations,
Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her?
Dem. 'Tis not, this day I fled before the Enemy,
And lost my People, left mine Honour murder'd,
My maiden Honour, never to be ransom'd,
(Which to a noble Soul is too too sensible)
Afflicts me with this sadness; most of these,
Time may turn straight again, experience perfect,
And new Swords cut new ways to nobler Fortunes.
O I have lost—
Ant. As you are mine forget it:
I do not think it loss.
Dem. O Sir, forgive me,
I have lost my friends, those worthy Souls bred with me,
I have lost my self, they were the pieces of me:

I have lost all Arts, my Schools are taken from me,
Honour and Arms, no emulation left me:
I liv'd to see these men lost, look'd upon it:
These men that twin'd their loves to mine, their vertues;
O shame of shames! I saw and could not save 'em,
This carries Sulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,
And like a fatal Tomb, bestrides my memory.
Ant. This was hard fortune, but if alive, and taken,
They shall be ransom'd: let it be at Millions.
Dem. They are dead, they are dead.
Lieu. When wou'd he weep for me thus?
I may be dead and powder'd.
Leo. Good Prince, grieve not:
We are not certain of their deaths: the Enemy,
Though he be hot, and keen,
Yet holds good Quarter.
What Noise is this?

Great Shout within: Enter Gentlemen.

Lieu. He does not follow us?
Give me a Steeple top.
Leo. They live, they live, Sir.
Ant. Hold up your manly face.
They live, they are here, Son.
Dem. These are the men.
1 *Gent.* They are, and live to honour ye.
Dem. How 'scap'd ye noble friends? methought I saw ye
Even in the Jaws of Death.
2 *Gent.* Thanks to our folly,
That spur'd us on; we were indeed hedg'd round in't;
And ev'n beyond the hand of succour, beaten,
Unhors'd, disarm'd: and what we lookt for then, Sir,
Let such poor weary Souls that hear the Bell knoll,
And see the Grave a digging, tell.
Dem. For Heavens sake
Delude mine Eyes no longer! how came ye off?
1 *Gent.* Against all expectation, the brave *Seleucus*,
I think this day enamour'd on your Vertue,
When, through the Troops, he saw ye shoot like lightning;
And at your manly courage all took fire;

And after that, the misery we fell to
The never-certain Fate of War, considering,
As we stood all before him, Fortunes ruines,
Nothing but Death expecting, a short time
He made a stand upon our Youths and Fortunes.
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his Judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
Unfitted for such fatal ends; he cryed out to us,
Go Gentlemen, commend me to your Master,
To the most High, and Hopeful Prince, *Demetrius*;
Tell him the Valour that he showed against me
This day, the Virgin Valour, and true fire,
Deserves even from an Enemy this courtesie;
Your Lives, and Arms freely I'll give 'em: thank him.
And thus we are return'd, Sir.

Leo. Faith, 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done; was't not a noble part, Sir?

Lieu. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on't;
These noble tricks I never durst trust 'em yet.

Leo. Let me not live, and't were not a famed honesty;
It takes me such a tickling way: now would I wish Heaven,
But e'n the happiness, e'n that poor blessing
For all the sharp afflictions thou hast sent me,
But e'n i'th' head o'th' field, to take *Seleucus*.
I should do something memorable: fie, sad still?

1 *Gent.* Do you grieve, we are come off?

Dem. Unransom'd, was it?

2 *Gent.* It was, Sir.

Dem. And with such a fame to me?
Said ye not so?

Leo. Ye have heard it.

Dem. O *Leontius*!
Better I had lost 'em all: my self had perish'd,
And all my Fathers hopes.

Leo. Mercy upon you;
What ails you, Sir? Death, do not make fools on's,
Neither go to Church, nor tarry at home,
That's a fine Horn-pipe?

Ant. What's now your grief, *Demetrius*?

Dem. Did he not beat us twice?

Leo. He beat, a Pudding;
Beat us but once.
Dem. H'as beat me twice, and beat me to a Coward.
Beat me to nothing.
Lieu. Is not the Devil in him?
Leo. I pray it be no worse.
Dem. Twice conquer'd me.
Leo. Bear witness all the world, I am a Dunce here.
Dem. With valour first he struck me, then with honour,
That stroak *Leontius*, that stroak, dost thou not feel it?
Leo. Whereabouts was it? for I remember nothing yet.
Dem. All these Gentlemen
That were his Prisoners—
Leo. Yes, he set 'em free, Sir,
With Arms and honour.
Dem. There, there, now thou hast it;
At mine own weapon, Courtesie has beaten me,
At that I was held a Master in, he has cow'd me,
Hotter than all the dint o'th' Fight he has charg'd me:
Am I not now a wretched fellow? think on't;
And when thou hast examin'd all wayes honorable,
And find'st no door left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten.
Ant. I have observ'd your way, and understand it,
And equal love it as *Demetrius*,
My noble child thou shalt not fall in vertue,
I and my power will sink first: you *Leontius*,
Wait for a new Commission, ye shall out again,
And instantly: you shall not lodge this night here,
Not see a friend, nor take a blessing with ye,
Before ye be i'th' field: the enemy is up still,
And still in full design: Charge him again, Son,
And either bring home that again thou hast lost there,
Or leave thy body by him.
Dem. Ye raise me,
And now I dare look up again, *Leontius*.
Leo. I, I, Sir, I am thinking who we shall take of 'em,
To make all straight; and who we shall give to th' Devil,
What saist thou now Lieutenant?
Lieu. I say nothing.

Lord what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?
I find my constitution mightily alter'd
Since I came home: I hate all noises too,
Especially the noise of Drums; I am now as well
As any living man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me,
It goes against my stomach.
Dem. Good Sir, presently;
You cannot doe your Son so fair a favour.
Ant. 'Tis my intent: I'le see ye march away too.
Come, get your men together presently, *Leontius*,
And press where please you, as you march.
Leo. We goe Sir.
Ant. Wait you on me, I'le bring ye to your command,
And then to fortune give you up.
Dem. Ye love me. [*Exit.*
Leo. Goe, get the Drums, beat round, Lieutenant.
Lieu. Hark ye, Sir,
I have a foolish business they call marriage.
Leo. After the wars are done.
Lieu. The partie staies Sir,
I have giv'n the Priest his mony too: all my friends Sir,
My Father, and my Mother.
Leo. Will you goe forward?
Lieu. She brings a pretty matter with her.
Leo. Half a dozen Bastards.
Lieu. Some fortie Sir.
Leo. A goodly competency.
Lieu. I mean Sir, pounds a year; I'le dispatch the matter,
'Tis but a night or two; I'le overtake ye Sir.
Leo. The 2 old legions, yes: where lies the horse-quarter?
Lieu. And if it be a boy, I'le even make bold Sir.
Leo. Away with your whore,
A plague o' your whore, you damn'd Rogue,
Now ye are cur'd and well; must ye be clicketing?
Lieu. I have broke my mind to my Ancient, in my absence,
He's a sufficient Gentleman.
Leo. Get forward.
Lieu. Only receive her portion.
Leo. Get ye forward;

Else I'le bang ye forward.
Lieu. Strange Sir,
A Gentleman and an officer cannot have the liberty
To doe the office of a man.
Leo. Shame light on thee,
How came this whore into thy head?
Lieu. This whore Sir?
'Tis strange, a poor whore.
Leo. Do not answer me,
Troop, Troop away; do not name this whore again,
Or think there is a whore.
Lieu. That's very hard Sir.
Leo. For if thou dost, look to't, I'le have thee guelded,
I'le walk ye out before me: not a word more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Enter Leucippe, *and* Governess.

Leu. Ye are the Mistris of the house ye say,
Where this young Lady lies.
Gov. For want of a better.
Leu. You may be good enough for such a purpose:
When was the Prince with her? answer me directly.
Gov. Not since he went a warring.
Leu. Very well then:
What carnal copulation are you privie to
Between these two? be not afraid, we are women,
And may talk thus amongst our selves, no harm in't.
Gov. No sure, there's no harm in't, I conceive that;
But truly, that I ever knew the Gentlewoman
Otherwise given, than a hopefull Gentlewoman—
Leu. You'l grant me the Prince loves her?
Gov. There I am with ye.
And the gods bless her, promises her mightily.
Leu. Stay there a while. And gives her gifts?
Gov. Extreamly;
And truly makes a very Saint of her.
Leu. I should think now,
(Good woman let me have your judgement with me,
I see 'tis none of the worst: Come sit down by me)

That these two cannot love so tenderly.
Gov. Being so young as they are too.
Leu. You say well—
But that methinks some further promises—
Gov. Yes, yes,
I have heard the Prince swear he would marry her.
Leu. Very well still: they do not use to fall out?
Gov. The tenderest Chickens to one another,
They cannot live an hour asunder.
Leu. I have done then;
And be you gone; you know your charge, and do it.
You know whose will it is; if you transgress it—
That is, if any have access, or see her,
Before the Kings will be fulfill'd—
Gov. Not the Prince, Madam?
Leu. You'l be hang'd if you doe it, that I'le assure ye.
Gov. But ne'retheless, I'le make bold to obey ye.
Leu. Away, and to your business then.
Gov. 'Tis done, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antigonus, *and* Menippus.

Ant. THou hast taken wondrous pains; but yet *Menippus*,
You understand not of what bloud and country.
Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.
A *Greek* I am sure she is, she speaks this language.
Ant. Is she so excellent handsom?
Men. Most inticing.
Ant. Sold for a prisoner?
Men. Yes Sir,
Some poor creature.
Ant. And he loves tenderly?
Men. They say extreamly.
Ant. 'Tis well prevented then: yes, I perceiv'd it:
When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops,
Desir'd an hour, but half an hour, a minute,
Which I with anger cross'd; I knew his business,
I knew 'twas she he hunted on; this journey, man,
I beat out suddenly for her cause intended,

And would not give him time to breath. When comes she?
Men. This morning Sir.
Ant. Lodge her to all delight then:
For I would have her try'd to th' test: I know,
She must be some crackt coyn, not fit his traffique, (her,
Which when we have found, the shame will make him leave
Or we shall work a nearer way: I'le bury him,
And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him,
E're he shall dig his own grave in that woman:
You know which way to bring her: I'le stand close there,
To view her as she passes: and do you hear *Menippus*,
Observe her with all sweetness: humour her,
'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes.
Away, and take what helps you please.
Men. I am gone Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Celia, *and* Governess.

Cel. Governess, from whom was this Gown sent me?
Prethee be serious true; I will not wear't else:
'Tis a handsom one.
Gov. As though you know not?
Cel. No faith:
But I believe, for certain too, yet I wonder,
Because it was his caution, this poor way,
Still to preserve me from the curious searchings
Of greedy eyes.
Gov. You have it: does it please you?
Cel. 'Tis very rich, methinks too, prethee tell me?
Gov. From one that likes you well, never look coy, Lady;
These are no gifts, to be put off with powtings.
Cel. Powtings, and gifts? is it from any stranger?
Gov. You are so curious, that there is no talk to ye.
What if it be I pray ye?
Cel. Unpin good Governess,
Quick, quick.
Gov. Why, what's the matter?
Cel. Quick, good Governess:
Fie on't, how beastly it becomes me! poorly!

A trick put in upon me? well said Governess:
I vow I would not wear it—out, it smells musty.
Are these your tricks? now I begin to smell it,
Abominable musty; will you help me?
The Prince will come again—
Gov. You are not mad sure?
Cel. As I live I'le cut it off: a pox upon it;
For sure it was made for that use; do you bring me Liveries?
Stales to catch Kites? dost thou laugh too, thou base woman?
Gov. I cannot chuse, if I should be hang'd.
Cel. Abuse me,
And then laugh at me too?
Gov. I do not abuse ye:
Is it abuse, to give him drink that's thirsty?
You want cloaths; is it such a hainous sin I beseech ye,
To see you stor'd?
Cel. There is no greater wickedness
Than this way.
Gov. What way?
Cel. I shall curse thee fearfully,
If thou provok'st me further: and take heed, woman;
My curses never miss.
Gov. Curse him that sent it.
Cel. Tell but his name—
Gov. You dare not curse him.
Cel. Dare not?
By this fair light—
Gov. You are so full of passion—
Cel. Dare not be good? be honest? dare not curse him?
Gov. I think you dare not: I believe so.
Cel. Speak him.
Gov. Up with your valour then, up with it bravely,
And take your full charge.
Cel. If I do not, hang me;
Tell but his name.
Gov. 'Twas Prince *Demetrius* sent it:
Now, now, give fire, kill him i'th' eye now Lady.
Cel. Is he come home?
Gov. It seems so; but your curse now.
Cel. You do not lie, I hope.

Gov. You dare not curse him.
Cel. Prethee do not abuse me: is he come home indeed?
For I would now with all my heart believe thee.
Gov. Nay, you may chuse: alas, I deal for strangers,
That send ye scurvie musty Gowns, stale Liveries:
I have my tricks.
Cel. 'Tis a good gown, a handsome one;
I did but jest; where is he?
Gov. He that sent it—
Cel. How? he that sent it? is't come to that again?
Thou canst not be so foolish: prethee speak out,
I may mistake thee.
Gov. I said he that sent it.
Cel. Curse o' my life: why dost thou vex me thus?
I know thou meanest *Demetrius*, dost thou not?
I charge thee speak truth: if it be any other,
Thou knowst the charge he gave thee, and the justice
His anger will inflict, if e're he know this,
As know he shall, he shall, thou spightfull woman,
Thou beastly woman; and thou shalt know too late too,
And feel too sensible, I am no ward,
No sale stuff for your money Merchants that sent it?
Who dare send me, or how durst thou, thou—
Gov. What you please:
For this is ever the reward of service.
The Prince shall bring the next himself.
Cel. 'Tis strange
That you should deal so peevishly: beshrew ye,
You have put me in a heat.
Gov. I am sure ye have kill'd me:
I ne're receiv'd such language: I can but wait upon ye,
And be your drudge; keep a poor life to serve ye.
Cel. You know my nature is too easie, Governess,
And you know now, I am sorry too: how does he?
Gov. O God, my head.
Cel. Prethee be well, and tell me,
Did he speak of me, since he came? nay, see now,
If thou wilt leave this tyranny? good sweet governess,
Did he but name his *Celia*? look upon me,
Upon my faith I meant no harm: here, take this,

And buy thy self some trifles: did he good wench?
Gov. He loves ye but too dearly.
Cel. That's my good Governess.
Gov. There's more cloaths making for ye.
Cel. More cloaths?
Gov. More:
Richer and braver; I can tell ye that news;
And twenty glorious things.
Cel. To what use Sirrah?
Gov. Ye are too good for our house now: we poor wretches
Shall lose the comfort of ye.
Cel. No, I hope not.
Gov. For ever lose ye Lady.
Cel. Lose me? wherefore?
I hear of no such thing.
Gov. 'Tis sure it must be so:
You must shine now at Court: such preparation,
Such hurry, and such hanging rooms—
Cel. To th' Court wench?
Was it to th' Court thou saidst?
Gov. You'l find it so.
Cel. Stay, stay, this cannot be.
Gov. I say it must be:
I hope to find ye still the same good Lady.
Cel. To th' Court? this stumbles me: art sure for me wench,
This preparation is?
Gov. She is perilous crafty:
I fear too honest for us all too. Am I sure I live? (there?
Cel. To th' Court? this cannot down: what should I do
Why should he on a suddain change his mind thus,
And not make me acquainted? sure he loves me;
His vow was made against it, and mine with him:
At least while this King liv'd: he will come hither,
And see me e're I goe?
Gov. Wou'd some wise woman
Had her in working. That I think he will not,
Because he means with all joy there to meet ye.
Ye shall hear more within this hour.
Cel. A Courtier?
What may that meaning be? sure he will see me

If he be come, he must: Hark ye good Governess,
What age is the King of?
Gov. He's an old man, and full of business.
Cel. I fear too full indeed: what Ladys are there?
I would be loth to want good company.
Gov. Delicate young Ladys, as you would desire;
And when you are acquainted, the best company.
Cel. 'Tis very well: prethee goe in, let's talk more.
For though I fear a trick, I'le bravely try it.
Gov. I see he must be cunning,
Knocks this Doe down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Enter Lieutenant, *and* Leontius, *Drums within.*

Leo. You shall not have your will, sirrah, are ye running?
Have ye gotten a toy in your heels? Is this a season,
When honour pricks ye on, to prick your ears up,
After your whore, your Hobby-horse?
Lieu. Why look ye now:
What a strange man are you? would you have a man fight
At all hours all alike?
Leo. Do but fight something;
But half a blow, and put thy stomach to't:
Turn but thy face, and do make mouths at 'em.
Lieu. And have my teeth knockt out; I thank ye heartily,
Ye are my dear friend.
Leo. What a devil ails thee?
Dost long to be hang'd?
Lieu. Faith Sir, I make no suit for't:
But rather than I would live thus out of charity,
Continually in brawling—
Leo. Art thou not he?
I may be cozen'd—
Lieu. I shall be discover'd.
Leo. That in the midst of thy most hellish pains,
When thou wert crawling sick, didst aim at wonders,
When thou wert mad with pain?
Lieu. Ye have found the cause out;
I had ne're been mad to fight else: I confess Sir,

The daily torture of my side that vext me,
Made me as daily careless what became of me,
Till a kind sword there wounded me, and eas'd me;
'Twas nothing in my valour fought; I am well now,
And take some pleasure in my life, methinks now,
It shews as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle,
And kill one another foolishly for honour,
As 'twas to you, [t]o see me play the coxcomb.
Leo. And wilt thou ne're fight more?
Lieu. I'th' mind I am in.
Leo. Nor never be sick again?
Lieu. I hope I shall not.
Leo. Prethee be sick again: prethee, I beseech thee,
Be just so sick again.
Lieu. I'le just be hang'd first.
Leo. If all the Arts that are can make a Colique,
Therefore look to't: or if imposthumes, mark me,
As big as foot-balls—
Lieu. Deliver me.
Leo. Or stones of ten pound weight i'th' kidneys,
Through ease and ugly dyets may be gather'd;
I'le feed ye up my self Sir, I'le prepare ye,
You cannot fight, unless the Devil tear ye,
You shall not want provocations, I'le scratch ye,
I'le have thee have the tooth-ach, and the head-ach.
Lieu. Good Colonel, I'le doe any thing.
Leo. No, no, nothing—
Then will I have thee blown with a pair of Smiths bellows,
Because ye shall be sure to have a round gale with ye,
Fill'd full of oyle o'Devil, and *Aqua-fortis*,
And let these work, these may provoke.
Lieu. Good Colonel.
Leo. A coward in full bloud; prethee be plain with me,
Will roasting doe thee any good?
Lieu. Nor basting neither, Sir.
Leo. Marry that goes hard.

Enter 1 Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* Where are you Colonel?
The Prince expects ye Sir; h'as hedg'd the enemy

Within a streight, where all the hopes and valours
Of all men living cannot force a passage,
He has 'em now.
Leo. I knew all this before Sir,
I chalk'd him out his way: but do you see that thing there?
Lieu. Nay good sweet Colonel, I'le fight a little.
Leo. That thing?
1 *Gent.* What thing? I see the brave Lieutenant.
Leo. Rogue, what a name hast thou lost?
Lieu. You may help it,
Yet you may help't: I'le doe ye any courtesie:
I know you love a wench well.

Enter 2 Gentlemen.

Leo. Look upon him;
Do you look too.
2 *Gent.* What should I look on?
I come to tell ye, the Prince stayes your direction,
We have 'em now i'th' Coop, Sir.
Leo. Let 'em rest there,
And chew upon their miseries: but look first—
Lieu. I cannot fight for all this.
Leo. Look on this fellow.
2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant brave Lieutenant.
Leo. Canst thou hear this, and play the Rogue? steal off
Behind me quickly, neatly do it, (quickly,
And rush into the thickest of the enemy,
And if thou kill'st but two.
Lieu. You may excuse me,
'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight.
Leo. Be rul'd yet, (sheeps heart.
I'le beat thee on; goe wink and fight: a plague upon your
2 *Gent.* What's all this matter?
1 *Gent.* Nay I cannot shew ye.
Leo. Here's twenty pound, goe but smell to 'em.
Lieu. Alas Sir,
I have taken such a cold I can smell nothing.
Leo. I can smell a Rascal, a rank Rascal:
Fye, how he stinks, stinks like a tyred Jade.
2 *Gent.* What Sir?

Leo. Why, that Sir, do not you smell him?
2 *Gent.* Smell him?
Lieu. I must endure.
Leo. Stinks like a dead Dog, Carrion—
There's no such damnable smell under Heaven,
As the faint sweat of a Coward: will ye fight yet?
Lieu. Nay, now I defie ye; ye have spoke the worst ye can
Of me, and if every man should take what you say
To the heart.—
Leo. God ha' Mercy,
God ha' Mercy with all my heart; here I forgive thee;
And fight, or fight not, do but goe along with us,
And keep my Dog.
Lieu. I love a good Dog naturally.
1 *Gent.* What's all this stir, Lieutenant?
Lieu. Nothing Sir,
But a slight matter of argument.
Leo. Pox take thee.
Sure I shall love this Rogue, he's so pretty a Coward.
Come Gentlemen, let's up now, and if fortune
Dare play the slut again, I'le never more Saint her,
Come play-fellow, come, prethee come up; come chicken,
I have a way shall fit yet: A tame knave,
Come, look upon us.
Lieu. I'le tell ye who does best boyes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Antigonus, *and* Menippus, *above.*

Men. I saw her coming out.
Ant. Who waits upon her?
Men. *Timon*, *Charinthus*, and some other Gentlemen,
By me appointed.
Ant. Where's your wife?
Men. She's ready
To entertain her here Sir; and some Ladies
Fit for her lodgings.
Ant. How shews she in her trim now?
Men. Oh most divinely sweet.
Ant. Prethee speak softly.

How does she take her coming?
Men. She bears it bravely;
But what she thinks—For Heaven sake Sir preserve me—
If the Prince chance to find this.
Ant. Peace ye old fool;
She thinks to meet him here.
Men. That's all the Project.
Ant. Was she hard to bring?
Men. No she believ'd it quickly,
And quickly made her self fit, the Gown a little,
And those new things she has not been acquainted with,
At least in this place, where she liv'd a prisoner,
Troubled and stirr'd her mind. But believe me Sir,
She has worn as good, they sit so apted to her;
And she is so great a Mistris of disposure:
Here they come now: but take a full view of her.

Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, *and* Gent.

Ant. How cheerfully she looks? how she salutes all?
And how she views the place? she is very young sure:
That was an admirable smile, a catching one,
The very twang of *Cupids* bow sung in it:
She has two-edg'd eyes, they kill o' both sides.
Men. She makes a stand, as though she would speak.
Ant. Be still then.
Cel. Good Gentlemen, trouble your selves no further,
I had thought sure to have met a noble friend here.
Tim. Ye may meet many Lady.
Cel. Such as you are
I covet few or none, Sir.
Char. Will you walk this way,
And take the sweets o'th' garden? cool and close, Lady.
Cel. Methinks this open air's far better, tend ye that way.
Pray where's the woman came along?
Char. What woman?
Cel. The woman of the house I lay at.
Tim. Woman?
Here was none came along sure.
Cel. Sure I am catcht then:
Pray where's the Prince?

Char. He will not be long from ye,
We are his humble Servants.
Cel. I could laugh now,
To see how finely I am cozen'd: yet I fear not,
For sure I know a way to scape all dangers.
Tim. Madam, your lodgings lye this way.
Cel. My Lodgings?
For Heaven sake Sir, what office do I bear here?
Tim. The great commander of all hearts.

Enter Leucippe, *and* Ladies.

Cel. You have hit it.
I thank your sweet heart for it. Who are these now?
Char. Ladies that come to serve ye.
Cel. Well consider'd,
Are you my Servants?
Lady. Servants to your pleasures.
Cel. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye:
Catch'd with a trick? well, I must bear it patiently:
Methinks this Court's a neat place: all the people
Of so refin'd a size—
Tim. This is no poor Rogue.
Leu. Were it a Paradise to please your fancy,
And entertain the sweetness you bring with ye.
Cel. Take breath;
You are fat, and many words may melt ye,
This is three Bawdes beaten into one; bless me Heaven,
What shall become of me? I am i'th' pitfall:
O' my conscience, this is the old viper, and all these little ones
Creep every night into her belly; do you hear plump servant
And you my little sucking Ladies, you must teach me,
For I know you are excellent at carriage,
How to behave my self, for I am rude yet:
But you say the Prince will come?
Lady. Will flie to see you.
Cel. For look you if a great man, say the King now
Should come and visit me?
Men. She names ye.
Ant. Peace fool.

Cel. And offer me a kindness, such a kindness.
Leu. I, such a kindness.
Cel. True Lady such a kindness,
What shall that kindness be now?
Leu. A witty Lady,
Learn little ones, learn.
Cel. Say it be all his favour.
Leu. And a sweet saying 'tis.
Cel. And I grow peevish?
Leu. You must not be neglectfull.
Cel. There's the matter,
There's the main doctrine now, and I may miss it,
Or a kind handsom Gentleman?
Leu. You say well.
Cel. They'l count us basely bred.
Leu. Not freely nurtur'd.
Cel. I'le take thy counsel.
Leu. 'Tis an excellent woman.
Cel. I find a notable volum here, a learned one;
Which way? for I would fain be in my chamber;
In truth sweet Ladies, I grow weary; fie,
How hot the air beats on me!
Lady. This way Madam.
Cel. Now by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too.
Leu. Your fans sweet Gentlewomen, your fans.
Cel. Since I am fool'd,
I'le make my self some sport, though I pay dear for't. [*Ex.*
Men. You see now what a manner of woman she is Sir.
Ant. Thou art an ass.
Men. Is this a fit love for the Prince?
Ant. A coxcombe:
Now by my crown a daintie wench, a sharp wench,
And a matchless Spirit: how she jeer'd 'em?
How carelesly she scoff'd 'em? use her nobly;
I would I had not seen her: wait anon,
And then you shall have more to trade upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Enter Leontius, *and the* 2 Gentlemen.

Leo. We must keep a round, and a strong watch to night,
The Prince will not charge the Enemy till the morning:
But for the trick I told ye for this Rascal,
This rogue, that health and strong heart makes a coward.
1 *Gent.* I, if it take.
Leo. Ne're fear it, the Prince has it,
And if he let it fall, I must not know it;
He will suspect me presently: but you two
May help the plough.
2 *Gent.* That he is sick again.
Leo. Extreamly sick: his disease grown incurable,
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

Enter Lieutenant.

2 *Gent.* Well, we have it,
And here he comes.
Leo. The Prince has been upon him,
What a flatten face he has now? it takes, believe it;
How like an Ass he looks?
Lieu. I feel no great pain,
At least, I think I do not; yet I feel sensibly
I grow extreamly faint: how cold I sweat now!
Leo. So, so, so.
Lieu. And now 'tis ev'n too true, I feel a pricking,
A pricking, a strange pricking: how it tingles!
And as it were a stitch too: the Prince told me,
And every one cri'd out I was a dead man;
I had thought I had been as well—
Leo. Upon him now Boys,
And do it most demurely.
1 *Gent.* How now *Lieutenant*?
Lieu. I thank ye Gentlemen.
1 *Gent.* 'Life, how looks this man?
How dost thou good *Lieutenant*?
2 *Gent.* I ever told ye
This man was never cur'd, I see it too plain now;
How do you feel your self? you look not perfect,

How dull his eye hangs?
1 *Gent.* That may be discontent.
2 *Gent.* Believe me friend, I would not suffer now
The tith of those pains this man feels; mark his forehead
What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon't?
Lieu. I have it,
Again I have it; how it grows upon me!
A miserable man I am.
Leo. Ha, ha, ha,
A miserable man thou shalt be,
This is the tamest Trout I ever tickl'd.

Enter 2 Physicians.

1 *Phy.* This way he went.
2 *Phy.* Pray Heaven we find him living,
He's a brave fellow, 'tis pity he should perish thus.
1 *Phy.* A strong hearted man, and of a notable sufferance.
Lieu. Oh, oh.
1 *Gent.* How now? how is it man?
Lieu. Oh Gentlemen,
Never so full of pain.
2 *Gent.* Did I not tell ye?
Lieu. Never so full of pain, Gentlemen.
1 *Phy.* He is here;
How do you, Sir?
2 *Phy.* Be of good comfort, Souldier,
The Prince has sent us to you.
Lieu. Do you think I may live?
2 *Phy.* He alters hourly, strangely.
1 *Phy.* Yes, you may live: but—
Leo. Finely butted, Doctor.
1 *Gent.* Do not discourage him.
1 *Phy.* He must be told truth,
'Tis now too late to trifle.

Enter Demetrius, *and* Gent.

2 *Gent.* Here the Prince comes.
Dem. How now Gentlemen?
2 *Gent.* Bewailing, Sir, a Souldier,
And one I think, your Grace will grieve to part with,

But every living thing—
Dem. 'Tis true, must perish,
Our lives are but our marches to our graves,
How dost thou now *Lieutenant*?
Lieu. Faith 'tis true, Sir,
We are but spans, and Candles ends.
Leo. He's finely mortified.
Dem. Thou art heart whole yet I see, he alters strangely,
And that apace too; I saw it this morning in him,
When he poor man, I dare swear—
Lieu. No believ't, Sir,
I never felt it.
Dem. Here lies the pain now: how he is swel'd?
1 *Phy.* The Impostume
Fed with a new malignant humour now,
Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible,
The compass of a Bushel will not hold it.
And with such a Hell of torture it will rise too—
Dem. Can you endure me touch it?
Lieu. Oh, I beseech you, Sir:
I feel you sensibly ere you come near me.
Dem. He's finely wrought, he must be cut, no Cure else,
And suddenly, you see how fast he blows out.
Lieu. Good Master Doctors, let me be beholding to you,
I feel I cannot last.
2 *Phy.* For what *Lieutenant*?
Lieu. But ev'n for half a dozen Cans of good Wine,
That I may drink my will out: I faint hideously. (men,
Dem. Fetch him some Wine; and since he must go Gentle-
Why let him take his journey merrily.

Enter Servant *with Wine.*

Lieu. That's ev'n the nearest way.
Leo. I could laugh dead now.
Dem. Here, off with that.
Lieu. These two I give your Grace,
A poor remembrance of a dying man, Sir,
And I beseech you wear 'em out.
Dem. I will Souldier,
These are fine Legacies.

Lieu. Among the Gentlemen,
Even all I have left; I am a poor man, naked,
Yet something for remembra[n]ce: four a piece Gentlemen,
And so my body where you please.
Leo. It will work.
Lieu. I make your Grace my Executor, and I beseech ye
See my poor Will fulfill'd: sure I shall walk else.
Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, Souldier.
1 *Gent.* The Wine will tickle him.
Lieu. I would hear a Drum beat,
But to see how I could endure it.
Dem. Beat a Drum there. [*Drum within.*
Lieu. Oh Heavenly Musick, I would hear one sing to't;
I am very full of pain.
Dem. Sing? 'tis impossible.
Lieu. Why, then I would drink a Drum full:
Where lies the Enemy?
2 *Gent.* Why, here close by.
Leo. Now he begins to muster.
Lieu. And dare he fight?
Dare he fight Gentlemen?
1 *Phy.* You must not cut him:
He's gone then in a moment; all the hope left, is
To work his weakness into suddain anger,
And make him raise his passion above his pain,
And so dispose him on the Enemy;
His body then, being stir'd with violence,
Will purge it self and break the sore.
Dem. 'Tis true, Sir.
1 *Phy.* And then my life for his.
Lieu. I will not dye thus.
Dem. But he is too weak to do—
Lieu. Dye like a Dog?
2 *Phy.* I, he's weak, but yet he's heart whole.
Lieu. Hem.
Dem. An excellent sign.
Lieu. Hem.
Dem. Stronger still, and better.
Lieu. Hem, hem; ran, tan, tan, tan, tan. [*Exit.*
1 *Phy.* Now he's i'th' way on't.

Dem. Well go thy waies, thou wilt do something certain.
Leo. And some brave thing, or let mine ears be cut off.
He's finely wrought.
Dem. Let's after him.
Leo. I pray, Sir;
But how this Rogue, when this cloud's melted in him,
And all discover'd—
Dem. That's for an after mirth, away, away, away. [*Ex.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolomie, *Souldiers.*

Sel. Let no man fear to dye: we love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep; all ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easie,
That little Children tread those paths before us;
We are not sick, nor our souls prest with sorrows,
Nor go we out like tedious tales, forgotten;
High, high we come, and hearty to our Funerals,
And as the Sun that sets, in bloud let's fall.
Lysi. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot scape 'em,
Nor keeps the brow of fortune one smile for us,
Dishonourable ends we can scape though,
And (worse than those Captivities) we can die,
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us
These clods of flesh, that are too massie burthens,
Our living souls flie crown'd with living conquests.
Ptol. They have begun, fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that man that seeks to save his life now
By price, or promise, or by fear falls from us,
Never again be blest with name of Souldier.

Enter a Souldier.

Sel. How now? who charged first? I seek a brave hand
To set me off in death.
Soul. We are not charg'd, Sir,
The Prince lies still.
Sel. How comes this Larum up then?
Soul. There is one desperate fellow, with the Devil in him
(He never durst do this else) has broke into us,

And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or six; ventures upon whole Companies.
Ptol. And is not seconded?
Soul. Not a man follows.
Sel. Nor cut i' pieces?
Soul. Their wonder yet has staid 'em.
Sel. Let's in, and see this miracle?
Ptol. I admire it. [*Ex.*

Enter Leontius, *and* Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off; I am sure he's clouted;
Did I not tell you how 'twould take?
1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable.

Enter Lieutenant *with Colours in his hand, pursuing* 3 *or* 4 *Souldiers.*

Lie. Follow that blow, my friend, there's at your coxcombs,
I fight to save me from the Surgions miseries.
Leo. How the Knave curries 'em?
Lieu. You cannot Rogues,
Till you have my Diseases, flie my fury,
Ye Bread and Butter Rogues, do ye run from me?
And my side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye,
Ye Porridg gutted Slaves, ye Veal broth-Boobies.

Enter Demetrius, *and* Physicians, *and* Gentlemen.

Leo. Enough, enough *Lieutenant*, thou hast done bravely.
Dem. Mirrour of man.
Lieu. There's a Flag for ye, Sir,
I took it out o'th' shop, and never paid for't,
I'le to 'em again, I am not come to th' text yet. (sore.
De. No more my Souldier: beshrew my heart he is hurt
Leo. Hang him, he'l lick all those whole.
1 *Phy.* Now will we take him,
And Cure him in a trice.
Dem. Be careful of him.
Lieu. Let me live but two years,
And do what ye will with me;
I never had but two hours yet of happiness;
Pray ye give me nothing to provoke my valour,

For I am ev'n as weary of this fighting—
2 *Phy.* Ye shall have nothing; come to the Princes Tent
And there the Surgions presently shall search ye,
Then to your rest.
Lieu. A little handsome Litter
To lay me in, and I shall sleep.
Leo. Look to him.
Dem. I do believe a Horse begot this fellow,
He never knew his strength yet; they are our own.
Leo. I think so, I am cozen'd else; I would but see now
A way to fetch these off, and save their honours.
Dem. Only their lives.
Leo. Pray ye take no way of peace now,
Unless it be with infinite advantage.
Dem. I shall be rul'd;
Let the Battels now move forward,
Our self will give the signal:

Enter Trumpet *and* Herald.

Now Herald, what's your message?
Her. From my Masters,
This honourable courtesie, a Parley
For half an hour, no more, Sir.
Dem. Let 'em come on,
They have my Princely word.

Enter Seleucus, Lysimacus, Ptolomie, *Attendants*, *Souldiers.*

Her. They are here to attend ye.
Dem. Now Princes, your demands?
Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too much tainture of our honour:
Peace, and we'l buy it too.
Dem. At what price?
Lysi. Tribute.
Ptol. At all the charge of this War.
Leo. That will not do.
Sel. *Leontius*, you and I have serv'd together,
And run through many a Fortune with our swords,
Brothers in Wounds and Health; one meat has fed us,
One Tent a thousand times from cold night cover'd us:

Our loves have been but one; and had we died then,
One Monument had held our names, and actions:
Why do you set upon your friends such prices?
And sacrifice to giddy chance such Trophies?
Have we forgot to dye? or are our vertues
Less in afflictions constant, than our fortunes?
Ye are deceiv'd old Souldier.

Leo. I know your worths,
And thus low bow in reverence to your vertues:
Were these my Wars, or led my power in chief here,
I knew then how to meet your memories:
They are my Kings imployments; this man fights now,
To whom I ow all duty, faith, and service;
This man that fled before ye; call back that,
That bloudy day again, call that disgrace home,
And then an easie Peace may sheath our Swords up.
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow ye.
Honour, the spur of all illustrious natures,
That made you famous Souldiers, and next Kings,
And not ambitious envy strikes me forward.
Will ye unarm, and yield your selves his prisoners?

Sel. We never knew what that sound meant: no Gyves
Shall ever bind this body, but embraces;
Nor weight of sorrow here, till Earth fall on me.

Leo. Expect our charge then.

Lysi. 'Tis the nobler courtesie:
And so we leave the hand of Heaven to bless us.

Dem. Stay, have you any hope?

Sel. We have none left us,
But that one comfort of our deaths together;
Give us but room to fight.

Leo. Win it, and wear it.

Ptol. Call from the hills those Companies hang o're us,
Like bursting Clouds; and then break in, and take us.

Dem. Find such a Souldier will forsake advantage,
And we'll draw off to shew I dare be noble,
And hang a light out to ye in this darkness,
The light of peace; give up those Cities, Forts,
And all those Frontier Countries to our uses.

Sel. Is this the Peace? Traitors to those that feed us,
Our Gods and people? give our Countries from us?
Lysi. Begin the Knell, it sounds a great deal sweeter.
Ptol. Let loose your servant, death.
Sel. Fall fate upon us,
Our memories shall never stink behind us.
Dem. *Seleucus*, great *Seleucus.*
Sol. The Prince calls, Sir.
Dem. Thou stock of nobleness, and courtesie,
Thou Father of the War—
Leo. What means the Prince now?
Dem. Give me my Standard here.
Lysi. His anger's melted.
Dem. You Gentlemen that were his prisoners,
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,
Lay all your hands, and bear these Colours to him,
The Standard of the Kingdom; take it Souldier.
Ptol. What will this mean?
Dem. Thou hast won it, bear it off,
And draw thy men home whilest we wait upon thee.
Sel. You shall have all our Countries.
Lysi. Ptol. All by Heaven, Sir.
Dem. I will not have a stone, a bush, a bramble,
No, in the way of courtesie, I'le start ye;
Draw off, and make a lane through all the Army,
That these that have subdu'd us, may march through us.
Sel. Sir, do not make me surfeit with such goodness,
I'le bear your Standard for ye; follow ye.
Dem. I swear it shall be so, march through me fairly,
And thine be this days honour, great *Seleucus.*
Ptol. Mirrour of noble minds.
Dem. Nay then ye hate me.
Leo. I cannot speak now: [*Ex. with Drums, and Shouts.*
Well, go thy wayes; at a sure piece of bravery
Thou art the best, these men are won by th' necks now:
I'le send a Post away.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Antigonus, *and* Menippus.

Ant. NO aptness in her?
Men. Not an immodest motion,
And yet when she is courted,
Makes as wild witty answers.
Ant. This more fires me,
I must not have her thus.
Men. We cannot alter her.
Ant. Have ye put the youths upon her?
Men. All that know any thing,
And have been studied how to catch a beauty,
But like so many whelps about an Elephant—
The Prince is coming home, Sir.
Ant. I hear that too,
But that's no matter; am I alter'd well?
Men. Not to be known I think, Sir.
Ant. I must see her.

Enter 2 Gentlemen, or Lords.

1 *Gent.* I offered all I had, all I could think of,
I tri'd her through all the points o'th' compass, I think.
2 *Gent.* She studies to undo the Court, to plant here
The Enemy to our Age, Chastity;
She is the first, that e're bauk'd a close Arbour,
And the sweet contents within: She hates curl'd heads too,
And setting up of beards she swears is Idolatry.
1 *Gent.* I never knew so fair a face so froze;
Yet she would make one think—
2 *Gent.* True by her carriage,
For she's as wanton as a Kid to th' out side,
As full of Mocks and Taunts: I kiss'd her hand too,
Walkt with her half an hour.
1 *Gent.* She heard me sing,
And sung her self too; she sings admirably;
But still when any hope was, as 'tis her trick
To minister enough of those, then presently
With some new flam or other, nothing to the matter,

And such a frown, as would sink all before her,
She takes her Chamber; come, we shall not be the last fools.
2 *Gent.* Not by a hundred I hope; 'tis a strange wench.
Ant. This screws me up still higher.

[*Enter* Celia, *and* Ladies *behind her.*

Men. Here she comes, Sir.
Ant. Then be you gone; and take the Women with ye,
And lay those Jewels in her way.
Cel. If I stay longer
I shall number as many Lovers as *Lais* did;
How they flock after me! upon my Conscience,
I have had a dozen Horses given me this morning,
I'le ev'n set up a Troop, and turn She-souldier,
A good discreet wench now, that were not hidebound
Might raise a fine estate here, and suddenly:
For these warm things will give their Souls—I can go no where
Without a world of offerings to my Excellence:
I am a Queen, a Goddesse, I know not what—
And no constellation in all Heaven, but I out-shine it;
And they have found out now I have no eyes
Of mortal lights, but certain influences,
Strange vertuous lightnings, humane nature starts at,
And I can kill my twenty in a morning,
With as much ease now—
Ha! what are these? new projects?
Where are my honourable Ladies? are you out too?
Nay then I must buy the stock, send me good Carding:
I hope the Princes hands be not in this sport;
I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him,
And that troubles me: all these were recreations
Had I but his sweet company to laugh with me:
What fellow's that? another Apparition?
This is the lovingst Age: I should know that face,
Sure I have seen't before, not long since neither.
Ant. She sees me now: O Heaven, a most rare creature!
Cel. Yes, 'tis the same: I will take no notice of ye,
But if I do not fit ye, let me fry for't;
Is all this Cackling for your egg? they are fair ones,
Excellent rich no doubt too; and may stumble

A good staid mind, but I can go thus by 'em;
My honest friend; do you set off these Jewels?
Ant. Set 'em off, Lady?
Cel. I mean, sell 'em here, Sir?
Ant. She's very quick; for sale they are not meant sure.
Cel. For sanctity I think much less: good even Sir.
Ant. Nay noble Lady, stay: 'tis you must wear 'em:
Never look strange, they are worthy your best beauty.
Cel. Did you speak to me?
Ant. To you or to none living:
To you they are sent, to you they are sacrificed.
Cel. I'le never look a Horse i'th' mouth that's given:
I thank ye, Sir: I'le send one to reward ye.
Ant. Do you never ask who sent 'em?
Cel. Never I:
Nor never care, if it be an honest end,
That end's the full reward, and thanks but slubber it;
If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance.
Ant. This has a soul indeed: pray let me tell ye—
Cel. I care not if ye do, so you do it hansomly,
And not stand picking of your words.
Ant. The King sent 'em.
Cel. Away, away, thou art some foolish fellow,
And now I think thou hast stole 'em too: the King sent 'em?
Alas good man, wouldst thou make me believe
He has nothing to do with things of these worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em? he's an old man,
A good old man, they say too: I dare swear
Full many a year ago he left these gambols:
Here, take your trinkets.
Ant. Sure I do not lye, Lady.
Cel. I know thou lyest extreamly, damnably:
Thou hast a lying face.
Ant. I was never thus ratled.
Cel. But say I should believe: why are these sent me?
And why art thou the Messenger? who art thou?
Ant. Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then consider
Who can send such as these, but a King only?
And, to what beauty can they be oblations,
But only yours? For me that am the carrier,

'Tis only fit you know I am his servant,
And have fulfil'd his will.
Cel. You are short and pithy;
What must my beauty do for these?
Ant. Sweet Lady,
You cannot be so hard of understanding,
When a King's favour shines upon ye gloriously,
And speaks his love in these—
Cel. O then love's the matter;
Sir-reverence love; now I begin to feel ye:
And I should be the Kings Whore, a brave title;
And go as glorious as the Sun, O brave still:
The chief Commandress of his Concubines,
Hurried from place to place to meet his pleasures.
Ant. A devilish subtil wench, but a rare spirit. (dry,
Cel. And when the good old spunge had suckt my youth
And left some of his Royal aches in my bones:
When time shall tell me I have plough'd my life up,
And cast long furrows in my face to sink me.
Ant. You must not think so, Lady.
Cel. Then can these, Sir,
These precious things, the price of youth and beauty;
This shop here of sin-offerings set me off again?
Can it restore me chaste, young, innocent?
Purge me to what I was? add to my memory
An honest and a noble fame? The Kings device;
The sin's as universal as the Sun is,
And lights an everlasting Torch to shame me.
Ant. Do you hold so sleight account of a great Kings favour,
That all knees bow to purchase?
Cel. Prethee peace:
If thou knewst how ill favouredly thy tale becomes thee,
And what ill root it takes—
Ant. You will be wiser. (into,
Cel. Could the King find no shape to shift his pander
But reverend Age? and one so like himself too?
Ant. She has found me out.
Cel. Cozen the world with gravity?
Prethee resolve me one thing, do's the King love thee?
Ant. I think he do's.

Cel. It seems so by thy Office:
He loves thy use, and when that's ended, hates thee:
Thou seemest to me a Souldier.
Ant. Yes, I am one.
Cel. And hast fought for thy Country?
Ant. Many a time.
Cel. May be, commanded too?
Ant. I have done, Lady.
Cel. O wretched man, below the state of pity!
Canst thou forget thou wert begot in honour?
A free Companion for a King? a Souldier?
Whose Nobleness dare feel no want, but Enemies?
Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,
To eat the Bread of Bawdry, of base Bawdry?
Feed on the scum of Sin? fling thy Sword from thee?
Dishonour to the noble name that nursed thee?
Go, beg diseases: let them be thy Armours,
Thy fights, the flames of Lust, and their foul issues.
Ant. Why then I am a King, and mine own Speaker.
Cel. And I as free as you, mine own Disposer:
There, take your Jewels; let them give them lustres
That have dark Lives and Souls; wear 'em your self, Sir,
You'l seem a Devil else.
Ant. I command ye stay.
Cel. Be just, I am commanded.
Ant. I will not wrong ye.
Cel. Then thus low falls my duty.
Ant. Can ye love me?
Say I, and all I have—
Cel. I cannot love ye;
Without the breach of faith I cannot hear ye;
Ye hang upon my love, like frosts on Lilies:
I can dye, but I cannot love: you are answer'd. [*Exit.*
Ant. I must find apter means, I love her truly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Demetr. Leon. Lieu. Gent. Sould. *and* Host.

Dem. Hither do you say she is come?
Host. Yes Sir, I am sure on't:

For whilest I waited upon ye, putting my Wife in trust,
I know not by what means, but the King found her,
And hither she was brought; how, or to what end—
Dem. My Father found her?
Host. So my Wife informs me.
Dem. *Leontius*, pray draw off the Souldiers,
I would a while be private.
Leon. Fall off Gentlemen,
The Prince would be alone. [*Ex.* Leo. *and* Soul.
Dem. Is he so cunning?
There is some trick in this, and you must know it,
And be an agent too: which if it prove so—
Host. Pull me to pieces, Sir.
Dem. My Father found her?
My Father brought her hither? went she willingly?
Host. My Wife sayes full of doubts.
Dem. I cannot blame her,
No more: there's no trust, no faith in mankind.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius, *and* Souldiers.

Ant. Keep her up close, he must not come to see her:
You are welcome nobly now, welcome home Gentlemen;
You have done a courteous service on the Enemy
Has tyed his Faith for ever; you shall find it;
Ye are not now in's debt Son: still your sad looks?
Leontius, what's the matter?
Leo. Truth Sir, I know not.
We have been merry since we went.
Lieu. I feel it.
Ant. Come, what's the matter now? do you want mony?
Sure he has heard o'th' wench.
Dem. Is that a want, Sir?
I would fain speak to your Grace.
Ant. You may do freely.
Dem. And not deserve your anger?
Ant. That ye may too.
Dem. There was a Gentlewoman, and sometimes my pri- (soner,
Which I thought well of Sir: your Grace conceives me.
Ant. I do indeed, and with much grief conceive ye;
With full as much grief as your Mother bare you.

There was such a Woman: would I might as well say,
There was no such, *Demetrius.*
Dem. She was vertuous,
And therefore not unfit my youth to love her:
She was as fair—
Ant. Her beauty I'le proclaim too,
To be as rich as ever raign'd in Woman;
But how she made that good, the Devil knows.
Dem. She was—O Heaven!
Ant. The Hell to all thy glories,
Swallow'd thy youth, made shipwrack of thine honour:
She was a Devil.
Dem. Ye are my father, Sir.
Ant. And since ye take a pride to shew your follies,
I'le muster 'em, and all the world shall view 'em.
Leo. What heat is this? the Kings eyes speak his anger.
Ant. Thou hast abus'd thy youth, drawn to thy fellowship
Instead of Arts and Arms, a Womans kisses,
The subtilties, and soft heats of a Harlot.
Dem. Good Sir, mistake her not.
Ant. A Witch, a Sorceress:
I tell thee but the truth; and hear *Demetrius*,
Which has so dealt upon thy bloud with charms,
Devilish and dark; so lockt up all thy vertues;
So pluckt thee back from what thou sprungst from, glorious.
Dem. O Heaven, that any tongue but his durst say this!
That any heart durst harbour it! Dread Father,
If for the innocent the gods allow us
To bend our knees—
Ant. Away, thou art bewitch'd still;
Though she be dead, her power still lives upon thee.
Dem. Dead? O sacred Sir: dead did you say?
Ant. She is dead, fool.
Dem. It is not possible: be not so angry,
Say she is faln under your sad displeasure,
Or any thing but dead, say she is banished,
Invent a crime, and I'le believe it, Sir.
Ant. Dead by the Law: we found her Hell, and her,
I mean her Charms and Spells, for which she perish'd;
And she confest she drew thee to thy ruine,

And purpos'd it, purpos'd my Empires overthrow.
Dem. But is she dead? was there no pity Sir?
If her youth err'd, was there no mercy shown her?
Did ye look on her face, when ye condemn'd her?
Ant. I look'd into her heart, and there she was hideous.
Dem. Can she be dead? can vertue fall untimely?
Ant. She is dead, deservingly she died.
Dem. I have done then.
O matchless sweetness, whither art thou vanished?
O thou fair soul of all thy Sex, what Paradise
Hast thou inrich'd and blest? I am your son, Sir,
And to all you shall command stand most obedient,
Only a little time I must intreat you
To study to forget her; 'twill not be long, Sir,
Nor I long after it: art thou dead *Celia*,
Dead my poor wench? my joy, pluckt green with violence:
O fair sweet flower, farewel; Come, thou destroyer
Sorrow, thou melter of the soul, dwell with me;
Dwell with me solitary thoughts, tears, cryings,
Nothing that loves the day, love me, or seek me,
Nothing that loves his own life haunt about me:
And Love, I charge thee, never charm mine eyes more,
Nor ne're betray a beauty to my curses:
For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear all,
And all the brood of fruitful nature vex at,
For she is gone that was all, and I nothing—[*Ex. & Gent.*
Ant. This opinion must be maintained.
Men. It shall be, Sir.
Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own pleasure
Draw him to th' right again: wait your instructions,
And see the souldier paid, *Leontius*:
Once more ye are welcome home all.
All. Health to your Majesty. [*Ex.* Antig. *&c.*
Leo. Thou wentest along the journey, how canst thou tell?
Host. I did, but I am sure 'tis so: had I staid behind,
I think this had not proved.
Leo. A Wench the reason?
Lieu. Who's that talks of a Wench there?
Leo. All this discontent
About a Wench?

Lieu. Where is this Wench, good Colonel?
Leo. Prithee hold thy Peace: who calls thee to counsel?
Lieu. Why, if there be a Wench—
Leo. 'Tis fit thou know her:

Enter 2 Gentlemen.

That I'le say for thee, and as fit thou art for her,
Let her be mewed or stopt: how is it Gentlemen?
1 *Gent.* He's wondrous discontent, he'l speak to no man.
2 *Gent.* H'as taken his Chamber close, admits no entrance;
Tears in his eyes, and cryings out.
Host. 'Tis so, Sir,
And now I wish myself half hang'd ere I went this journey.
Leo. What is this Woman?
Lieu. I.
Host. I cannot tell ye,
But handsome as Heaven.
Lieu. She is not so high I hope, Sir.
Leo. Where is she?
Lieu. I, that would be known.
Leo. Why, Sirrah.
Host. I cannot show ye neither;
The King has now dispos'd of her.
Leo. There lyes the matter:
Will he admit none to come to comfort him?
1 *Gent.* Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their hearts out,
Will never speak.
Lieu. 'Tis the best way if he have her;
For look you, a man would be loth to be disturb'd in's pastime;
'Tis every good mans case.
Leo. 'Tis all thy living,
We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it:
For when these tender souls meet deep afflictions,
They are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,
But drop away as Snow does, from a mountain,
And in the torrent of their own sighs sink themselves:
I will, and must speak to him.
Lieu. So must I too:
He promised me a charge.
Leo. Of what? of Children

Upon my Conscience, thou hast a double company,
And all of thine own begetting already.
Lieu. That's all one,
I'le raise 'em to a Regiment, and then command 'em,
When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em:
Knock 'em o'th' head, and put in new.
Leo. A rare way;
But for all this, thou art not valiant enough
To dare to see the Prince now?
Lieu. Do ye think he's angry?
1 *Gent.* Extreamly vext.
2 *Gent.* To the endangering of any man comes near him.
1 *Gent.* Yet, if thou couldst but win him out,
What e're thy suit were,
Believe it granted presently.
Leo. Yet thou must think though,
That in the doing he may break upon ye,
And—
Lieu. If he do not kill me.
Leo. There's the question.
Lieu. For half a dozen hurts.
Leo. Art thou so valiant?
Lieu. Not absolutely so neither: no it cannot be,
I want my impostumes, and my things about me,
Yet I'le make danger, Colonel.
Leo. 'Twill be rare sport,
Howe're it take; give me thy hand; if thou dost this,
I'le raise thee up a horse Troop, take my word for't.
Lieu. What may be done by humane man.
Leo. Let's go then.
1 *Gent.* Away before he cool: he will relapse else. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, *and* Leucippe.

Ant. Will she not yield?
Leu. For all we can urge to her;
I swore you would marry her, she laugh'd extreamly,
And then she rail'd like thunder.
Ant. Call in the *Magician.*

Enter Magician *with a Bowl.*

I must, and will obtain her, I am ashes else.
Are all the Philters in? Charms, Powder, Roots?
Mag. They are all in; and now I only stay
The invocation of some helping Spirits.
Ant. To your work then, and dispatch.
Mag. Sit still, and fear not.
Leu. I shall ne'r endure these sights.
Ant. Away with the Woman: go wait without.
Leu. When the Devil's gone, pray call me. [*Exit.*
Ant. Be sure you make it powerful enough.
Mag. Pray doubt not— *He Conjures.*

A SONG.

Rise from the Shades below,
All you that prove
The helps of looser Love;
Rise and bestow
Upon this Cup, what ever may compel
By powerful Charm, and unresisted Spell,
A Heart un-warm'd to melt in Loves desires.
Distill into this Liquor all your fires:
Heats, longings, tears,
But keep back frozen fears;
That she may know, that has all power defied,
Art is a power that will not be denied.

The ANSWER.

I Obey, I Obey,
And am come to view the day,
Brought along, all may compel,
All the Earth has, and our Hell:
Here's a little, little Flower,
This will make her sweat an hour,
Then unto such flames arise,
A thousand joys will not suffice.
Here's the powder of the Moon,
With which she caught Endymion;
The powerful tears that Venus *cryed,*
When the Boy Adonis *dyed.*

Here's Medea's *Charm, with which*
Jasons *heart she did bewitch,*
Omphale *this Spell put in,*
When she made the Libyan *spin.*
This dull root pluckt from Lethe *flood,*
Purges all pure thoughts, and good.
These I stir thus, round, round, round,
Whilst our light feet beat the ground.

Mag. Now Sir, 'tis full, and whosoever drinks this
Shall violently doat upon your person,
And never sleep nor eat unsatisfied:
So many hours 'twill work, and work with Violence;
And those expired, 'tis done. You have my art, Sir.

Enter Leucippe.

Ant. See him rewarded liberally—*Leucippe.*
Here, take this bowl, and when she calls for Wine next,
Be sure you give her this, and see her drink it;
Delay no time when she calls next.
Leu. I shall, Sir.
Ant. Let none else touch it on your life.
Leu. I am charg'd, Sir.
Ant. Now if she have an antidote art let her 'scape me.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.]

Enter Leontius, Lieutenant, Gent.

1 *Gent.* There's the door, Lieutenant, if you dare do any (thing.
Leo. Here's no man waits.
1 *Gent.* H' as given a charge that none shall,
Nor none shall come within the hearing of him:
Dare ye go forward?
Lieu. Let me put on my Skull first.
My head's almost beaten into th' pap of an Apple.
Are there no Guns i'th' door?
Leo. The Rogue will do it.
And yet I know he has no Stomach to't.
Lieu. What loop-holes are there when I knock for stones,
For those may pepper me? I can perceive none.

Leo. How he views the Fortification.
Lieu. Farewel Gentlemen,
If I be kill'd—
Leo. We'll see thee buried bravely. (softly.
Lieu. Away, how should I know that then? I'll knock
Pray heaven he speak in a low voice now to comfort me:
I feel I have no heart to't:—Is't well, Gentlemen?
Colonel, my Troop—
Leo. A little louder.
Lieu. Stay, stay;
Here is a window, I will see, stand wide.
By —— he's charging of a Gun.
Leo. There's no such matter.
There's no body in this room.
Lieu. O 'twas a fire-shovel:
Now I'll knock louder; if he say who's there?
As sure he has so much manners, then will I answer him
So finely & demurely; my Troop Colonel— [*knocks louder.*
1 *Gent.* Knock louder, Fool, he hears not.
Lieu. You fool, do you.
Do and you dare now.
1 *Gent.* I do not undertake it. (matters.
Lieu. Then hold your peace, and meddle with your own
Leo. Now he will knock. [*Knocks louder.*
Lieu. Sir, Sir, will't please you hear Sir?
Your Grace, I'll look again, what's that?
Leo. He's there now.
Lord! How he stares! I ne'r yet saw him thus alter'd:
Stand now, and take the Troop.
Lieu. Would I were in't,
And a good horse under me: I must knock again,
The Devil's at my fingers ends: he comes now.
Now Colonel, if I live—
Leo. The Troop's thine own Boy.

Enter Demetrius, *a Pistol.*

Dem. What desperate fool, ambitious of his ruine?
Lieu. Your Father would desire ye, Sir, to come to dinner.
Dem. Thou art no more.
Lieu. Now, now, now, now.

Dem. Poor Coxcomb:
Why do I aim at thee? [*Exit.*
Leo. His fear has kill'd him.

Enter Leucippe *with a Bowl.*

2 *Gent.* I protest he's almost stiff: bend him and rub him,
Hold his Nose close, you, if you be a woman,
Help us a little: here's a man near perish'd.
Leu. Alas alas, I have nothing here about me.
Look to my Bowl; I'll run in presently
And fetch some water: bend him, and set him upwards.
Leo. A goodly man— [*Exit.*
Here's a brave heart: he's warm again: you shall not
Leave us i'th' lurch so, Sirrah.
2 *Gent.* Now he breaths too.
Leo. If we had but any drink to raise his Spirits.
What's that i'th' Bowl? upon my life, good Liquor,
She would not own it else.
1 *Gent.* He sees.
Leo. Look up Boy.
And take this Cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.
Guide it to his mouth, he swallows heartily.
2 *Gent.* Oh! fear and sorrow's dry; 'tis off—
Leo. Stand up man.
Lieu. Am I not shot?
Leo. Away with him, and chear him:
Thou hast won thy Troop.
Lieu. I think I won it bravely.
Leo. Go, I must see the Prince, he must not live thus;
And let me hear an hour hence from ye.
Well, Sir— [*Exeunt* Gent. *and* Lieu.

Enter Leucippe *with water.*

Leu. Here, here: where's the sick Gentleman?
Leo. He's up, and gone, Lady.
Leu. Alas, that I came so late.
Leo. He must still thank ye;
Ye left that in a Cup here did him comfort.
Leu. That in the Bowl?
Leo. Yes truly, very much comfort,

He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.
Leu. Did he drink it all?
Leo. All off.
Leu. The Devil choak him;
I am undone: h'as twenty Devils in him;
Undone for ever, left he none?
Leo. I think not.
Leu. No, not a drop: what shall become of me now?
Had he no where else to swound? a vengeance swound him:
Undone, undone, undone: stay, I can lye yet
And swear too at a pinch, that's all my comfort.
Look to him; I say look to him, & but mark what follows.
[*Ex.*

Enter Demetrius.

Leo. What a Devil ails the Woman? here comes the Prince
With such a sadness on his face, as sorrow, (again,
Sorrow her self but poorly imitates.
Sorrow of Sorrows on that heart that caus'd it.
Dem. Why might she not be false and treacherous to me?
And found so by my Father? she was a Woman,
And many a one of that Sex, young and fair,
As full of faith as she, have fallen, and foully.
Leo. It is a Wench! O that I knew the circumstance.
Dem. Why might not, to preserve me from this ruine,
She having lost her honour, and abused me,
My father change the forms o'th' coins, and execute
His anger on a fault she ne'r committed,
Only to keep me safe? why should I think so?
She never was to me, but all obedience,
Sweetness, and love.
Leo. How heartily he weeps now!
I have not wept this thirty years, and upward;
But now, if I should be hang'd I cannot hold from't:
It grieves me to the heart.
Dem. Who's that that mocks me?
Leo. A plague of him that mocks ye: I grieve truly,
Truly, and heartily to see you thus, Sir:
And if it lay in my power, gods are my witness,
Who e'r he be that took your sweet peace from you;

I am not so old yet, nor want I spirit—
Dem. No more of that, no more *Leontius*,
Revenges are the gods: our part is sufferance:
Farewell, I shall not see thee long. (in't;
Leo. Good Sir, tell me the cause, I know there is a woman
Do you hold me faithful? dare you trust your Souldier?
Sweet Prince, the cause?
Dem. I must not, dare not tell it,
And as thou art an honest man, enquire not.
Leo. Will ye be merry then?
Dem. I am wondrous merry.
Leo. 'Tis wondrous well: you think now this becomes ye.
Shame on't, it does not, Sir, it shews not handsomely;
If I were thus; you would swear I were an Ass straight;
A wooden ass; whine for a Wench?
Dem. Prithee leave me.
Leo. I will not leave ye for a tit.
Dem. *Leontius*?
Leo. For that you may have any where for six pence,
And a dear penny-worth too.
Dem. Nay, then you are troublesome.
Leo. Not half so troublesom as you are to your self, Sir;
Was that brave Heart made to pant for a placket:
And now i'th' dog-days too, when nothing dare love!
That noble Mind to melt away and moulder
For a hey nonny, nonny! Would I had a Glass here,
To shew ye what a pretty toy ye are turn'd to.
Dem. My wretched Fortune.
Leo. Will ye but let me know her?
I'll once turn Bawd: go to, they are good mens offices,
And not so contemptible as we take 'em for:
And if she be above ground, and a Woman;
I ask no more; I'll bring her o' my back, Sir,
By this hand I will, and I had as lieve bring the Devil,
I care not who she be, nor where I have her;
And in your arms, or the next Bed deliver her,
Which you think fittest, and when you have danc'd your galliard.
Dem. Away, and fool to them are so affected:
O thou art gone, and all my comfort with thee!
Wilt thou do one thing for me?

Leo. All things i'th' World, Sir,
Of all dangers.
Dem. Swear.
Leo. I will.
Dem. Come near me no more then.
Leo. How?
Dem. Come no more near me:
Thou art a plague-sore to me. [*Exit.*
Leo. Give you good ev'n Sir;
If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine sport.
I will be sorry yet.

Enter 2 Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* How now, how does he?
Leo. Nay, if I tell ye, hang me, or any man else
That hath his nineteen wits; he has the bots I think,
He groans, and roars, and kicks.
2 *Gent.* Will he speak yet?
Leo. Not willingly:
Shortly he will not see a man; if ever
I look'd upon a Prince so metamorphos'd,
So juggl'd into I know not what, shame take me;
This 'tis to be in love.
1 *Gent.* Is that the cause on't?
Leo. What is it not the cause of but bear-baitings?
And yet it stinks much like it: out upon't;
What giants, and what dwarffs, what owls and apes,
What dogs, and cats it makes us? men that are possest with it,
Live as if they had a Legion of Devils in 'em,
And every Devil of a several nature;
Nothing but Hey-pass, re-pass: where's the *Lieutenant*?
Has he gather'd up the end on's wits again?
1 *Gent.* He is alive: but you that talk of wonders,
Shew me but such a wonder as he is now.
Leo. Why? he was ever at the worst a wonder.
2 *Gent.* He is now most wonderful; a Blazer now, Sir.
Leo. What ails the Fool? and what Star reigns now Gentle-
We have such Prodigies? (men
2 *Gent.* 'Twill pose your heaven-hunters;
He talks now of the King, no other language,

And with the King as he imagines, hourly.
Courts the King, drinks to the King, dies for the King,
Buys all the Pictures of the King, wears the Kings colours.
Leo. Does he not lye i'th' King street too?
1 *Gent.* He's going thither,
Makes prayers for the King, in sundry languages,
Turns all his Proclamations into metre;
Is really in love with the King, most dotingly,
And swears *Adonis* was a Devil to him:
A sweet King, a most comely King, and such a King—
2 *Gent.* Then down on's marrow-bones; O excellent King
Thus he begins, Thou Light, and Life of Creatures,
Angel-ey'd King, vouchsafe at length thy favour;
And so proceeds to incision: what think ye of this sorrow?
1 *Gent.* Will as familiarly kiss the King['s] horses
As they pass by him: ready to ravish his footmen.
Leo. Why, this is above Ela?
But how comes this?
1 *Gent.* Nay that's to understand yet,
But thus it is, and this part but the poorest,
'Twould make a man leap over the Moon to see him act these.
2 *Gent.* With sighs as though his heart would break:
Cry like a breech'd boy, not eat a bit.
Leo. I must go see him presently,
For this is such a gig, for certain, Gentlemen,
The Fiend rides on a Fiddle-stick.
2 *Gent.* I think so.
Leo. Can ye guide me to him for half an hour? I am his
To see the miracle.
1 *Gent.* We sure shall start him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Antigonus *and* Leucippe.

Ant. Are you sure she drank it?
Leu. Now must I lye most confidently.
Yes Sir, she has drunk it off.
Ant. How works it with her?
Leu. I see no alteration yet.
Ant. There will be,

For he is the greatest Artist living made it.
Where is she now?
Leu. She is ready to walk out, Sir.
Ant. Stark mad, I know she will be.
Leu. So I hope, Sir.
Ant. She knows not of the Prince?
Leu. Of no man living—
Ant. How do I look? how do my cloaths become me? I am not very grey.
Leu. A very youth, Sir,
Upon my maiden-head as smug as *April*:
Heaven bless that sweet face, 'twill undo a thousand;
Many a soft heart must sob yet, e'r that wither,
Your Grace can give content enough.

Enter Celia *with a Book.*

Ant. I think so.
Leu. Here she comes, Sir.
Ant. How shall I keep her off me?
Go, & perfume the room: make all things ready. [*Ex.* Leu.
Cel. No hope yet of the Prince! no comfort of him!
They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad folks,
No company but my afflictions.
This royal Devil again! strange, how he haunts me!
How like a poyson'd potion his eyes fright me!
Has made himself handsome too.
Ant. Do you look now, Lady?
You will leap anon.
Cel. Curl'd and perfum'd? I smell him;
He looks on's legs too, sure he will cut a caper;
God-a-mercy, dear *December*.
Ant. O do you smile now;
I knew it would work with you; come hither pretty one.
Cel. Sir.
Ant. I like those courtesies well; come hither and kiss me.
Cel. I am reading, Sir, of a short Treatise here,
That's call'd the Vanity of Lust: has your Grace seen it?
He says here, that an Old Mans loose desire
Is like the Glow-worms light, the Apes so wonder'd at:
Which when they gather'd sticks, and laid upon't,

And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently:
And in another place he calls their loves,
Faint Smells of dying Flowers, carry no comforts;
They're doting, stinking foggs, so thick and muddy,
Reason with all his beams cannot beat through 'em.
Ant. How's this? is this the potion? you but fool still;
I know you love me.
Cel. As you are just and honest;
I know I love and honour you: admire you.
Ant. This makes against me, fearfully against me.
Cel. But as you bring your power to persecute me,
Your traps to catch mine innocence to rob me,
As you lay out your lusts to overwhelm me,
Hell never hated good, as I hate you, Sir;
And I dare tell it to your face: What glory
Now after all your Conquests got, your Titles,
The ever-living memories rais'd to you,
Can my defeat be? my poor wrack, what triumph?
And when you crown your swelling Cups to fortune,
What honourable tongue can sing my story?
Be as your Emblem is, a g[l]orious Lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be as your office is, a god-like Justice,
Into all shedding equally your Vertues. (ness;
Ant. She has drencht me now; now I admire her good-
So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted:
Can nothing in the power of Kings perswade ye?
Cel. No, nor that power command me.
Ant. Say I should force ye?
I have it in my will.
Cel. Your will's a poor one;
And though it be a King's Will, a despised one.
Weaker than Infants legs, your will's in swadling Clouts,
A thousand ways my will has found to check ye;
A thousand doors to 'scape ye, I dare dye, Sir;
As suddenly I dare dye, as you can offer:
Nay, say you had your Will, say you had ravish'd me,
Perform'd your lust, what had you purchas'd by it?
What Honour won? do you know who dwells above, Sir,
And what they have prepar'd for men turn'd Devils?

Did you never hear their thunder? start and tremble,
Death sitting on your bloud, when their fires visit us.
Will nothing wring you then do you think? sit hard here,
And like a Snail curl round about your Conscience,
Biting and stinging: will you not roar too late then?
Then when you shake in horrour of this Villainy,
Then will I rise a Star in Heaven, and scorn ye.

Ant. Lust, how I hate thee now! and love this sweetness!
Will you be my Queen? can that price purchase ye?

Cel. Not all the World, I am a Queen already,
Crown'd by his Love, I must not lose for Fortune;
I can give none away, sell none away, Sir,
Can lend no love, am not mine own Exchequer;
For in anothers heart my hope and peace lies.

Ant. Your fair hands, Lady? for yet I am not pure enough
To touch these Lips, in that sweet Peace ye spoke of.
Live now for ever, and I to serve your Vertues—

Cel. Why now you show a god! now I kneel to ye;
This Sacrifice of Virgins Joy send to ye:
Thus I hold up my hands to Heaven that touch'd ye,
And pray eternal Blessings dwell about ye.

Ant. Vertue commands the Stars: rise more than Vertue;
Your present comfort shall be now my business.

Cel. All my obedient service wait upon ye. [*Ex. severally.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Leontius, Gentlemen, *and* Lieutenant.

Leo. Hast thou clean forgot the Wars?

Lieu. Prithee hold thy peace.

1 *Gent.* His mind's much elevated now.

Leo. It seems so.
Sirrah.

Lieu. I am so troubled with this Fellow.

Leo. He will call me Rogue anon.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis ten to one else. (thee.

Lieu. O King that thou knew'st I lov'd thee, how I lov'd
And where O King, I barrel up thy beauty.

Leo. He cannot leave his Sutlers trade, he woos in't.

Lieu. O never, King.

Leo. By this hand, when I consider—
Lieu. My honest friend, you are a little sawcy.
1 *Gent.* I told you you would have it.
Lieu. When mine own worth—
Leo. Is flung into the ballance, and found nothing.
Lieu. And yet a Soldier.
Leo. And yet a sawcy one.
Lieu. One that has followed thee.
Leo. Fair and far off.
Lieu. Fought for thy grace.
Leo. 'Twas for some grief, you lye Sir.
Lieu. He's the son of a whore denies this: will that satisfie (ye?
Leo. Yes, very well.
Lieu. Shall then that thing that honours thee?
How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still;
And though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever.
Leo. Here's a new thing.
2 *Gent.* He's in a deep dump now.
Leo. I'le fetch him out on't. When's the King's birth-day?
Lieu. When e're it be, that day I'le dye with ringing.
And there's the resolution of a Lover. [*Exit.*
Leo. A goodly resolution sure I take it.
He is bewitch'd, or moop'd, or his brains melted,
Could he find no body to fall in love with; but the King,
The good old King, to doat upon him too?
Stay, now I remember, what the fat woman warn'd me,
Bad me remember, and look to him too:
I'le hang if she have not a hand in this: he's conjured,
Goe after him, I pity the poor Rascal,
In the mean time I'le wait occasion
To work upon the Prince.
2 *Gent.* Pray doe that seriously. [*Ex. severally.*

SCENA VII.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Lords.

Lord. He's very ill.
Ant. I am very sorry for't,
And much ashamed I have wronged her innocence,
Menippus, guide her to the Princes lodgings,

There leave her to his love again.
Men. I am glad Sir.
Lord. He will speak to none.
Ant. O I shall break that silence;
Be quick, take fair attendance.
Men. Yes Sir presently. [*Exit.*
Ant. He will find his tongue, I warrant ye; his health too;
I send a physick will not fail.
Lord. Fair work it.
Ant. We hear the Princes mean to visit us
In way of truce.
Lord. 'Tis thought so.
Ant. Come: let's in then,
And think upon the noblest wayes to meet 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA VIII.

Enter Leontius.

Leo. There's no way now to get in: all the light stopt too;
Nor can I hear a sound of him, pray Heaven
He use no violence: I think he has more Soul,
Stronger, and I hope nobler: would I could but see once
This beauty he groans under, or come to know
But any circumstance. What noise is that there?
I think I heard him groan: here are some coming;
A woman too, I'le stand aloof, and view 'em.

Enter Menippus, Celia, Lords.

Cel. Well, some of ye have been to blame in this point,
But I forgive ye: The King might have pickt out too
Some fitter woman to have tri'd his valour.
Men. 'Twas all to the best meant, Lady.
Cel. I must think so,
For how to mend it now: he's here you tell me?
Men. He's Madam, and the joy to see you only
Will draw him out.
Leo. I know that womans tongue,
I think I have seen her face too: I'le goe nearer:
If this be she, he has some cause of sorrow:
'Tis the same face; the same, most excellent woman.

Cel. This should be Lord *Leontius*: I remember him.
Leo. Lady, I think ye know me.
Cel. Speak soft, good Souldier:
I do, and know ye worthy, know ye noble;
Know not me yet openly, as you love me;
But let me see ye again, I'le satisfie ye:
I am wondrous glad to see those eyes.
Leo. You have charged me.
Cel. You shall know where I am.
Leo. I will not off yet:
She goes to knock at's door: This must be she
The fellow told me of: right glad I am on't,
He will bolt now for certain.
Cel. Are ye within Sir?
I'le trouble you no more: I thank your courtesie,
Pray leave me now.
All. Me. We rest your humble servants. [*Ex.* Me. *&c.*
Cel. So now my jives are off: pray Heaven he be here!
Master, my royal Sir: do you hear who calls ye?
Love, my *Demetrius.*
Leo. These are pretty quail-pipes,
The Cock will Crow anon.
Cel. Can ye be drowsie,
When I call at your Window?
Leo. I hear him stirring:
Now he comes wondring out.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. 'Tis *Celias* sound sure:
The sweetness of that tongue draws all hearts to it;
There stands the shape too.
Le[*o*]. How he stares upon her!
Dem. Ha? do mine eyes abuse me?
'Tis she, the living *Celia*: your hand Lady?
Cel. What should this mean?
Dem. The very self same *Celia.*
Cel. How do ye Sir?
Dem. Only turn'd brave.
I heard you were dead my dear one, compleat,
She is wondrous brave, a wondrous gallant Courtier.

Cel. How he surveyes me round? here has been foul play.
Dem. How came she thus?
Cel. It was a kind of death Sir,
I suffered in your absence, mew'd up here,
And kept conceal'd I know not how.
Dem. 'Tis likely:
How came you hither *Celia*? wondrous gallant:
Did my Father send for ye?
Cel. So they told me Sir,
And on command too.
Dem. I hope you were obedient?
Cel. I was so ever.
Dem. And ye were bravely us'd?
Cel. I wanted nothing:
My maiden-head to a mote i'th' Sun, he's jealous:
I must now play the knave with him, though I dye for't,
'Tis in my nature.
Dem. Her very eyes are alter'd:
Jewels, and rich ones too, I never saw yet—
And what were those came for ye?
Cel. Monstrous jealous:
Have I liv'd at the rate of these scorn'd questions?
They seem'd of good sort, Gentlemen.
Dem. Kind men?
Cel. They were wondrous kind:
I was much beholding to 'em;
There was one *Menippus* Sir.
Dem. Ha?
Cel. One *Menippus*,
A notable merry Lord, and a good companion.
Dem. And one *Charinthus* too?
Cel. Yes, there was such a one.
Dem. And *Timon*?
Cel. 'Tis most true.
Dem. And thou most treacherous:
My Fathers bawds by —— they never miss course;
And were these daily with ye?
Cel. Every hour Sir.
Dem. And was there not a Lady, a fat Lady?
Cel. O yes; a notable good wench.

Dem. The Devil fetch her.
Cel. 'Tis ev'n the merriest wench—
Dem. Did she keep with ye too?
Cel. She was all in all; my bed-fellow, eat with me,
Brought me acquainted.
Dem. You are well know[n] here then?
Cel. There is no living here a stranger I think.
Dem. How came ye by this brave gown?
Cel. This is a poor one:
Alas, I have twenty richer: do you see these jewels?
Why, they are the poorest things, to those are sent me,
And sent me hourly too.
Dem. Is there no modestie?
No faith in this fair Sex?
Leo. What will this prove too?
For yet with all my wits, I understand not.
Dem. Come hither; thou art dead indeed, lost, tainted;
All that I left thee fair, and innocent,
Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in't;
All that I hoped for vertuous, is fled from thee,
Turn'd back, and bankrupt.
Leo. By'r Lady, this cuts shrewdly.
Dem. Thou art dead, for ever dead; sins surfeit slew thee;
The ambition of those wanton eyes betrai'd thee;
Go from me, grave of honour; go thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy sin; go thou despis'd one,
And where there is no vertue, nor no virgin;
Where Chastity was never known, nor heard of;
Where nothing reigns but impious lust, and looser faces.
Go thither, child of bloud, and sing my doating.
Cel. You do not speak this seriously I hope Sir;
I did but jest with you.
Dem. Look not upon me,
There is more hell in those eyes, than hell harbours;
And when they flame, more torments.
Cel. Dare ye trust me?
You durst once even with all you had: your love Sir?
By this fair light I am honest.
Dem. Thou subtle *Circe*,
Cast not upon the maiden light eclipses:

Curse not the day.
Cel. Come, come, you shall not do this:
How fain you would seem angry now, to fright me;
You are not in the field among your Enemies;
Come, I must cool this courage.
Dem. Out thou impudence,
Thou ulcer of thy Sex; when I first saw thee,
I drew into mine eyes mine own destruction,
I pull'd into my heart that sudden poyson,
That now consumes my dear content to cinders:
I am not now *Demetrius*, thou hast chang'd me;
Thou, woman, with thy thousand wiles hast chang'd me;
Thou Serpent with thy angel-eyes hast slain me;
And where, before I touch'd on this fair ruine,
I was a man, and reason made, and mov'd me,
Now one great lump of grief, I grow and wander.
Cel. And as you are noble, do you think I did this?
Dem. Put all the Devils wings on, and flie from me.
Cel. I will go from ye, never more to see ye:
I will flie from ye, as a plague hangs o're me;
And through the progress of my life hereafter;
Where ever I shall find a fool, a false man,
One that ne're knew the worth of polish'd vertue;
A base suspecter of a virgins honour,
A child that flings away the wealth he cri'd for,
Him will I call *Demetrius*: that fool *Demetrius*,
That mad man a *Demetrius*; and that false man,
The Prince of broken faiths, even Prince *Demetrius*.
You think now, I should cry, and kneel down to ye,
Petition for my peace; let those that feel here
The weight of evil, wait for such a favour,
I am above your hate, as far above it,
In all the actions of an innocent life,
As the pure Stars are from the muddy meteors,
Cry when you know your folly: howl and curse then,
Beat that unmanly breast, that holds a false heart
When ye shall come to know, whom ye have flung from ye.
Dem. Pray ye stay a little.
Cel. Not your hopes can alter me.
Then let a thousand black thoughts muster in ye,

And with those enter in a thousand doatings;
Those eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing:
My innocence for ever haunt and fright ye:
Those arms together grow in folds; that tongue,
That bold bad tongue that barks out these disgraces.
When you shall come to know how nobly vertuous
I have preserv'd my life, rot, rot within ye.
Dem. What shall I doe?
Cel. Live a lost man for ever.
Go ask your Fathers conscience what I suffered,
And through what seas of hazards I sayl'd through:
Mine honour still advanced in spight of tempests,
Then take your leave of love; and confess freely,
You were never worthy of this heart that serv'd ye,
And so farewel ungratefull— [*Exit.*
Dem. Is she gone?
Leo. I'le follow her, and will find out this matter.— [*Exit.*

Enter Antigonus, *and* Lords.

Ant. Are ye pleas'd now? have you got your heart again?
Have I restor'd ye that?
Dem. Sir even for Heaven sake,
And sacred truth sake, tell me how ye found her.
Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I tri'd her,
'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your fellowship,
And fear'd her too: which fear begot that story
I told ye first: but since, like gold I toucht her.
Dem. And how dear Sir?
Ant. Heavens holy light's not purer:
The constancy and goodness of all women
That ever liv'd, to win the names of worthy,
This noble Maid has doubled in her: honour,
All promises of wealth, all art to win her,
And by all tongues imploy'd, wrought as much on her
As one may doe upon the Sun at noon day
By lighting Candles up: her shape is heavenly,
And to that heavenly shape her thoughts are angels.
Dem. Why did you tell me Sir?
Ant. 'Tis true, I err'd in't:
But since I made a full proof of her vertue,

I find a King too poor a servant for her.
Love her, and honour her; in all observe her.
She must be something more than time yet tells her:
And certain I believe him b[l]est, enjoyes her:
I would not lose the hope of such a Daughter,
To adde another Empire to my honour.— [*Exit.*

Dem. O wretched state! to what end shall I turn me?
And where begins my penance? now, what service
Will win her love again? my death must doe it:
And if that sacrifice can purge my follies,
Be pleas'd, O mightie Love, I dye thy servant— [*Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontius, *and* Celia.

Leo. I Know he do's not deserve ye; h'as us'd you poorly:
And to redeem himself—

Cel. Redeem?

Leo. I know it—
There's no way left.

Cel. For Heavens sake do not name him,
Do not think on him Sir, he's so far from me
In all my thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.

Leo. But yet I would see him again.

Cel. No, never, never.

Leo. I do not mean to lend him any comfort;
But to afflict him, so to torture him;
That even his very Soul may shake within him:
To make him know, though he be great and powerfull,
'Tis not within his aim to deal dishonourably,
And carry it off, and with a maid of your sort.

Cel. I must confess, I could most spightfully afflict him;
Now, now, I could whet my anger at him;
Now, arm'd with bitterness, I could shoot through him;
I long to vex him.

Leo. And doe it home, and bravely.

Cel. Were I a man!

Leo. I'le help that weakness in ye:
I honour ye, and serve ye.

Cel. Not only to disclaim me,
When he had seal'd his vowes in Heaven, sworn to me,
And poor believing I became his servant:
But most maliciously to brand my credit,
Stain my pure name.
Leo. I would not suffer it:
See him I would again, and to his teeth too:
Od's precious, I would ring him such a lesson—
Cel. I have done that already.
Leo. Nothing, nothing:
It was too poor a purge; besides, by this time
He has found his fault, and feels the hells that follow it.
That, and your urg'd on anger to the highest,
Why, 'twill be such a stroak—
Cel. Say he repent then,
And seek with tears to soften, I am a wòman;
A woman that have lov'd him, Sir, have honour'd him:
I am no more.
Leo. Why, you may deal thereafter.
Cel. If I forgive him, I am lost.
Leo. Hold there then,
The sport will be to what a poor submission—
But keep you strong.
Cel. I would not see him.
Leo. Yes,
You shall Ring his knell.
Cel. How if I kill him?
Leo. Kill him? why, let him dye.
Cel. I know 'tis fit so.
But why should I that lov'd him once, destroy him?
O had he scap't this sin, what a brave Gentleman—
Leo. I must confess, had this not faln, a nobler,
A handsomer, the whole world had not show'd ye:
And to his making such a mind—
Cel. 'Tis certain:
But all this I must now forget.
Leo. You shall not
If I have any art: goe up sweet Lady,
And trust my truth.
Cel. But good Sir bring him not.

Leo. I would not for the honour ye are born to,
But you shall see him, and neglect him too, and scorn him.
Cel. You will be near me then.
Leo. I will be with ye;
Yet there's some hope to stop this gap, I'le work hard. [*Ex.*

SCENA II.

Enter Antigonus, Menip. *two* Gent. Lieutenant, *and* Lords.

Ant. But is it possible this fellow took it?
2 *Gent.* It seems so by the violence it wrought with,
Yet now the fits ev'n off.
Men. I beseech your Grace.
Ant. Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my heart,
And am right glad she drank it not her self,
And more glad that the vertuous maid escap't it,
I would not for the world 'thad hit: but that this Souldier,
Lord how he looks, that he should take this vomit;
Can he make rimes too?
2 *Gent.* H'as made a thousand Sir,
And plaies the burthen to 'em on a Jews-trump. (me Sir?
Ant. He looks as though he were bepist: do you love
Lieu. Yes surely even with all my heart.
Ant. I thank ye;
I am glad I have so good a subject: but pray ye tell me,
How much did ye love me, before ye drank this matter?
Lieu. Even as much as a sober man might; and a Souldier
That your grace owes just half a years pay to.
Ant. Well remembred;
And did I seem so young and amiable to ye?
Lieu. Methought you were the sweetest youth—
Ant. That's excellent.
Lieu. I truly Sir: and ever as I thought on ye,
I wished, and wished—
Ant. What didst thou wish prethee?
Lieu. Ev'n, that I had been a wench of fifteen for ye,
A handsom wench Sir.
Ant. Why? God a Mercy Souldier:
I seem not so now to thee.

Lieu. Not all out:
And yet I have a grudging to your grace still.
Ant. Thou wast never in love before?
Lieu. Not with a King,
And hope I shall never be again: Truly Sir,
I have had such plunges, and such bickrings,
And as it were such runnings atilt within me,
For whatsoever it was provok't me toward ye.
Ant. God a-mercy still.
Lieu. I had it with a vengeance,
It plaid his prize.
Ant. I would not have been a wench then,
Though of this age.
Lieu. No sure, I should have spoil'd ye.
Ant. Well, goe thy waies, of all the lusty lovers
That e're I saw—wilt have another potion?
Lieu. If you will be another thing, have at ye.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha: give me thy hand, from henceforth thou
Do bravely, I'le love thee as much. (art my souldier,
Lieu. I thank ye;
But if you were mine enemy, I would not wish it ye:
I beseech your Grace, pay me my charge.
2 *Gent.* That's certain Sir;
Ha's bought up all that e're he found was like ye,
Or any thing you have lov'd, that he could purchase;
Old horses, that your Grace has ridden blind, and foundr'd;
Dogs, rotten hawks, and which is more than all this,
Has worn your Grace's Gauntlet in his Bonnet.
Ant. Bring in your Bills: mine own love shall be satisfi'd;
And sirrah, for this potion you have taken,
I'le point ye out a portion ye shall live on.
Men. 'Twas the best draught that e're ye drunk.
Lieu. I hope so.
Ant. Are the Princes come to th' Court?
Men. They are all, and lodg'd Sir.
Ant. Come then, make ready for their entertainment,
Which presently we'l give: wait you on me Sir.
Lieu. I shall love drink the better whilst I live boyes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Enter Demetrius, *and* Leontius.

Dem. Let me but see her, dear *Leontius*;
Let me but dye before her.
Leo. Would that would doe it:
If I knew where she lay now, with what honestie,
You having flung so main a mischief on her,
And on so innocent and sweet a Beauty,
Dare I present your visit?
Dem. I'le repent all:
And with the greatest sacrifice of sorrow,
That ever Lover made.
Leo. 'Twill be too late Sir:
I know not what will become of you.
Dem. You can help me.
Leo. It may be to her sight: what are you nearer?
She has sworn she will not speak to ye, look upon ye,
And to love ye again, O she cries out, and thunders,
She had rather love—there is no hope—
Dem. Yes *Leontius*,
There is a hope, which though it draw no love to it,
At least will draw her to lament my fortune,
And that hope shall relieve me.
Leo. Hark ye Sir, hark ye:
Say I should bring ye—
Dem. Do [not] trifle with me?
Leo. I will not trifle; both together bring ye,
You know the wrongs ye' done.
Dem. I do confess 'em.
Leo. And if you should then jump into your fury,
And have another querk in your head.
Dem. I'le dye first.
Leo. You must say nothing to her; for 'tis certain,
The nature of your crime will admit [no] excuse.
Dem. I will not speak, mine eyes shall tell my penance.
Leo. You must look wondrous sad too.
Dem. I need not look so,
I am truly sadness self.

Leo. That look will do it:
Stay here, I'le bring her to you instantly:
But take heed how you bear your self: sit down there,
The more humble you are, the more she'l take compassion.
Women are per'lous thing[s] to deal upon. [*Exit.*
Dem. What shall become of me? to curse my fortune,
Were but to curse my Father; that's too impious;
But under whatsoever fate I suffer,
Bless I beseech thee heaven her harmless goodness.

Enter Leontius, *and* Celia.

Leo. Now arm your self.
Cel. You have not brought him?
Leo. Yes faith,
And there he is: you see in what poor plight too,
Now you may doe your will, kill him, or save him.
Cel. I will goe back.
Leo. I will be hang'd then Lady,
Are ye a coward now?
Cel. I cannot speak to him.
Dem. O me.
Leo. There was a sigh to blow a Church down;
So, now their eyes are fixt, the small shot playes,
They will come to th' batterie anon.
Cel. He weeps extreamly.
Leo. Rail at him now.
Cel. I dare not.
Leo. I am glad on't.
Cel. Nor dare believe his tears.
Dem. You may, blest beauty,
For those thick streams that troubled my repentance,
Are crept out long agoe.
Leo. You see how he looks. (then,
Cel. What have I to doe how he looks? how lookt he
When with a poisoned tooth he bit mine honour?
It was your counsel too, to scorn and slight him.
Leo. I, if ye saw fit cause; and you confest too,
Except this sin, he was the bravest Gentleman,
The sweetest, noblest: I take nothing from ye,
Nor from your anger; use him as you please:

For to say truth, he has deserved your justice;
But still consider what he has been to you.
Cel. Pray do not blind me thus.
Dem. O Gentle Mistris,
If there were any way to expiate
A sin so great as mine, by intercession,
By prayers, by daily tears, by dying for ye:
O what a joy would close these eyes that love ye.
Leo. They say women have tender hearts, I know not,
I am sure mine melts.
Cel. Sir, I forgive ye heartily,
And all your wrong to me I cast behind me,
And wish ye a fit beauty to your vertues:
Mine is too poor, in peace I part thus from you;
I must look back: gods keep your grace: he's here still. [*Ex.*
Dem. She has forgiven me.
Leo. She has directed ye:
Up, up, and follow like a man: away Sir,
She lookt behind her twice: her heart dwells here Sir,
Ye drew tears from her too: she cannot freeze thus;
The door's set open too, are ye a man?
Are ye alive? do ye understand her meaning?
Have ye bloud and spirit in ye?
Dem. I dare not trouble her.
Leo. Nay, and you will be nip't i'th' head with nothing,
Walk whining up and down; I dare not, I cannot:
Strike now or never: faint heart, you know what Sir—
Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out.
A Devil on't, stands this door ope for nothing?
So get ye together, and be naught: now to secure all,
Will I go fetch out a more soveraign plaister. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Antigonus, Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolomy, Lieutenant, Gentlemen, Lords.

Ant. This peace is fairly made.
Seleu. Would your Grace wish us
To put in more: take what you please, we yield it;
The honour done us by your son constrains it,

Your noble son.
Ant. It is sufficient, Princes;
And now we are one again, one mind, one body,
And one sword shall strike for us.
Lys. Let Prince *Demetrius*
But lead us on: for we are his vowed servants;
Against the strength of all the world we'l buckle.
Ptol. And even from all that strength we'l catch at victory.
Sel. O had I now recover'd but the fortune
I lost in *Antioch*, when mine Unckle perish'd;
But that were but to surfeit me with blessings.
Lys. You lost a sweet child there.
Sel. Name it no more Sir;
This is no time to entertain such sorrows;
Will your Majesty do us the honour, we may see the Prince,
And wait upon him?

Enter Leon.

Ant. I wonder he stayes from us:
How now *Leontius*, where's my son?
Sel. Brave Captain.
Lys. Old valiant Sir.
Leo. Your Graces are welcom:
Your son and't please you Sir, is new cashiered yonder,
Cast from his Mistris favour: and such a coil there is;
Such fending, and such proving; she stands off,
And will by no means yield to composition:
He offers any price; his body to her.
Sel. She is a hard Lady, denies that caution. (Princes,
Leo. And now they whine, and now they rave: faith
'Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em;
For less than such a power will doe just nothing:
And if you mean to see him, there it must be,
For there will he grow, till he be transplanted.
Sel. Beseech your grace, let's wait upon you thither,
That I may see that beauty dares deny him,
That scornfull beauty.
Ptol. I should think it worse now;
Ill brought up beauty.
Ant. She has too much reason for't;

Which with too great a grief, I shame to think of,
But we'll go see this game.
Lys. Rather this wonder.
Ant. Be you our guide *Leontius*, here's a new peace. [*Ex.*

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius *and* Celia.

Cel. Thus far you shall perswade me, still to honour ye,
Still to live with ye, Sir, or near about ye;
For not to lye, you have my first and last love:
But since you have conceiv'd an evil against me,
An evil that so much concerns your honour,
That honour aim'd by all at for a pattern:
And though there be a false thought, and confest too,
And much repentance faln in showrs to purge it;
Yet, whilest that great respect I ever bore ye,
Dwells in my bloud, and in my heart that duty;
Had it but been a dream, I must not touch ye.
Dem. O you will make some other happy?
Cel. Never,
Upon this hand I'le seal that faith.
Dem. We may kiss,
Put not those out o'th' peace too.
Cel. Those I'le give ye,
So there you will be pleas'd to pitch your *ne ultra*,
I will be merry with ye; sing, discourse with ye,
Be your poor Mistris still: in truth I love ye.

Enter Leontius, Antigonus, Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolomie, Lieutenant, *and* Gentleman.

Dem. Stay, who are these?
Lys. A very handsom Lady.
Leo. As e're you saw.
Sel. Pity her heart's so cruel.
Lys. How does your Grace? he stands still, will not hear us.
Ptol. We come to serve ye, Sir, in all our fortunes.
Lys. He bows a little now; he's strangely alter'd.
Sel. Ha? pray ye a word *Leontius*, pray ye a word with ye, *Lysimachus*? you both knew mine *Enanthe*,

I lost in *Antioch*, when the Town was taken,
Mine Uncle slain, *Antigonus* had the sack on't?
Lys. Yes, I remember well the Girl.
Sel. Methinks now
That face is wondrous like her: I have her picture,
The same, but more years on her; the very same.
Lys. A Cherry to a Chery is not liker.
Sel. Look on her eyes.
Leo. Most certain she is like her:
Many a time have I dandled her in these arms, Sir,
And I hope who will more.
Ant. What's that ye look at, Pr[in]ces?
Sel. This Picture, and that Lady, Sir.
Ant. Ha! they are near:
They only err in time.
Lys. Did you mark that blush there?
That came the nearest.
Sel. I must speak to her.
Leo. You'll quickly be resolved.
Sel. Your name sweet Lady?
Cel. *Enanthe*, Sir: and this to beg your blessing.
Sel. Do you know me?
Cel. If you be the King *Seleucus*,
I know you are my Father.
Sel. Peace a little,
Where did I lose ye?
Cel. At the Sack of *Antioch*,
Where my good Unckle di'd, and I was taken,
By a mean Souldier taken: by this Prince,
This noble Prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever since I have remain'd his Servant.
Sel. My joys are now too full: welcome *Enanthe*,
Mine own, my dearest, and my best *Enanthe*.
Dem. And mine too desperate.
Sel. You shall not think so,
This is a peace indeed.
Ant. I hope it shall be,
And ask it first.
Cel. Most Royal Sir, ye have it.
Dem. I once more beg it thus.

Sel. You must not be deny'd, Sir.
Cel. By me, I am sure he must not: sure he shall not;
Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it;
And from this hour, no envious spight e're part us.
All. The gods give happy joyes; all comforts to ye.
Dem. My new *Enanthe.*
Ant. Come, beat all the Drums up,
And all the noble instruments of War:
Let 'em fill all the Kingdom with their sounds;
And those the brazen Arch of Heaven break through,
While to the Temple we conduct these two.
Leo. May they be ever loving, ever young,
And ever worthy of those lines they sprung;
May their fair issues walk with time along.
Lieu. And hang a Coward now; and there's my song.
[*Exeunt.*

Prologue.

WOuld some man would instruct me what to say:
For this same Prologue, usual to a Play,
Is tied to such an old form of Petition;
Men must say nothing now beyond commission:
The Cloaks we wear, the Leggs we make, the place
We stand in, must be one; and one the face.
Nor alter'd nor exceeded; if it be,
A general hisse hangs on our levitie:
We have a Play, a new Play to play now,
And thus low in our Playes behalf we bow;
We bow to beg your suffrage, and kind ear;
If it were naught, or that it might appear,
A thing buoy'd up by prayer, Gentlemen,
Believe my faith, you should not see me then.
Let them speak then have power to stop a storm:
I never lov'd to feel a House so warm:
But for the Play if you dare credit me,
I think it well: All new things you shall see,

And these dispos'd to all the mirth that may;
And short enough we hope: and such a Play
You were wont to like: sit nobly then, and see:
If it miscarry, pray look not for me.

Epilogue,

Spoke by the *Lieutenant.*

I Am not cur'd yet throughly; for believe
I feel another passion that may grieve,
All over me I feel it too: and now
It takes me cold, cold, cold, I know not how:
As you are good men help me, a Carowse
May make me love you all, all here i'th' house,
And all that come to see me doatingly:
Now lend your hands; and for your courtesie,
The next imployment I am sent upon,
I'le swear you are Physicians, the War's none.

THE
Faithful Shepherdess.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clorin *a shepherdess, having buried her Love in an Arbour.*

HAil, holy Earth, whose cold Arms do imbrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful *Thessaly*,
Thus I salute thy Grave, thus do I pay
My early vows, and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still loved ashes; thus I free
My self from all insuing heats and fires
Of love: all sports, delights and jolly games
That Shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful Coronals, and lead the Dance;
No more the company of fresh fair Maids
And wanton Shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,
Since thou art far away; by whose dear side
How often have I sat Crown'd with fresh flowers
For summers Queen, whil'st every Shepherds Boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest Cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memorie;
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
Whilest there are pipes, or jolly Shepherds sing.

And here will I in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy Grave, forgeting all those joys,
That former times made precious to mine eyes,
Only remembring what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden vertuous use of Herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In Men or Cattel, be they stung with Snakes,
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked Art,
Or be they Love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or Lunatick, their eyes or ears
Thickned with misty filme of dulling Rheum,
These I can Cure, such secret vertue lies
In Herbs applyed by a Virgins hand:
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantanes, on whose Cheeks,
The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the staight grown Pine;
On these I'le feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr.

Satyr. Through yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kist the Sun
Since the lusty Spring began,
All to please my master *Pan*,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him Fruit; for at a Feast
He entertains this coming night
His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright:
But behold a fairer sight! [*He stands amazed.*
By that Heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face
Shines more awful Majesty,
Than dull weak mortalitie

Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mold
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy Deitie;
Deign it Goddess from my hand,
To receive what e're this land
From her fertil Womb doth send
Of her choice Fruits: and but lend
Belief to that the Satyre tells,
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne're grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be Grapes whose lusty bloud
Is the learned Poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of *Bacchus*, Nuts more brown
Than the Squirrels Teeth that crack them;
Deign O fairest fair to take them.
For these black ey'd *Driope*
Hath oftentimes commanded me,
With my clasped knee to clime;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spred,
Here be Berries for a Queen,
Some be red, some be green,
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God *Pan* himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great *Pan* do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad Beeches shade,
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery Sun. [*Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness or what private hidden power,

Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man, and beast? sure I am mortal:
The Daughter of a Shepherd, he was mortal:
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand
And it will bleed: a Feaver shakes me,
And the self same wind that makes the young Lambs shrink,
Makes me a cold: my fear says I am mortal:
Yet I have heard (my Mother told it me)
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My Virgin Flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No Goblin, Wood-god, Fairy, Elfe, or Fiend,
Satyr or other power that haunts the Groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voyces calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruine:
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more mishapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? sure there is a power
In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: then strong Chastity
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'le dwell
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

Enter an old Shepherd, *with him four couple of* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy Festival
In honour of our great God, and his rites
Perform'd, prepare your selves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires: that as the Priest,
With powerful hand shall sprinkle on [your] Brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free.
Kneel Shepherds, kneel, here comes the Priest of *Pan.*

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away,

Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours gave not good,
To corrupt your Maiden blood:
From the high rebellious heat
Of the Grapes, and strength of meat;
From the wanton quick desires,
They do kindle by their fires,
I do wash you with this water,
Be you pure and fair hereafter.
From your Liver and your Veins,
Thus I take away the stains.
All your thoughts be smooth and fair,
Be ye fresh and free as Air.
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a Shepherdesses ear;
Go your wayes, ye are all clear.

[*They rise and sing in praise of* Pan.

The SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our Flocks from harm,
Pan *the Father of our Sheep,*
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilest the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the Musick with her sound.

Pan, *O great God* Pan, *to thee*
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place Day doth unyoke.

[*Exeunt omnes but* Perigot *and* Amoret.

Peri. Stay gentle *Amoret*, thou fair brow'd Maid,
Thy Shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,

Equal with his souls good.
Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom Shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was; as free from ill,
As he whose conversation never knew
The Court or City be thou ever true.
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The Wolf, or Winters rage, Summers great heat,
And want of Water, Rots; or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, full speedily,
And in their general ruine let me feel.
Amo. I pray thee gentle Shepherd wish not so,
I do believe thee: 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder than for thee
To hold me foul.
Peri. O you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandring Sea-men through the deep,
Straighter than straightest Pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain, and more white
Than the new Milk we strip before day-light
From the full fraighted bags of our fair flocks:
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young *Apollo*.
Amo. Shepherd be not lost,
Y'are sail'd too far already from the Coast
Of our discourse.
Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy Oaths,
I've sent to Heaven? did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You your self vow'd were mine.
Amo. Shepherd, so far as Maidens modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand; be ever free

From that great foe to faith, foul jealousie.
Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair Grove,
Where all true Shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: say sweet, shall it hold?
Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this dayes heat to move your bloud:
Maids must be fearful; sure you have not been
Wash'd white enough; for yet I see a stain
Stick in your Liver, go and purge again.
Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple truth,
My self and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great *Dian*: only my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
With enterchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our selves:
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A vertuous well, about whose flowry banks,
The nimble-footed Fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen Children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortalitie;
By this fair Fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy, nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness; by this
Fresh Fountain many a blushing Maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long loved Shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilest he happy sung
Layes of his love and dear Captivitie;
There grows all Herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires, so vertuous is that place:
Then gentle Shepherdess, believe and grant,

In troth it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful Shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aim'd at, and—
Amo. Thou hast prevail'd, farewel, this coming night
Shall crown thy chast hopes with long wish'd delight.
Peri. Our great god *Pan* reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor Shepherd: fairest Bud
Of Maiden Vertues, when I leave to be
The true Admirer of thy Chastitie,
Let me deserve the hot polluted Name
Of the wild Woodman, or affect some Dame,
Whose often Prostitution hath begot
More foul Diseases, than ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the Dog
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing Fog,
And deadly Vapour from his angry Breath,
Filling the lower World with Plague and Death. [*Ex.* Am.

Enter Amaryllis.

Ama. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
What I shall blushing tell?
Peri. Fair Maid, you may.
Am. Then softly thus, I love thee, *Perigot*,
And would be gladder to be lov'd again,
Than the cold Earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton Spring: nay do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee, thou that art
The prime of our young Grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty Shepherds! what dull eye
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrastle, run, or cast the Stone
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring Veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back, was lent unto thy Voice;
Then do not blame me (Shepherd) if I be
One to be numbred in this Companie,
Since none that ever saw thee yet, were free.
Peri. Fair Shepherdess, much pity I can lend

To your Complaints: but sure I shall not love:
All that is mine, my self, and my best hopes
Are given already; do not love him then
That cannot love again: on other men
Bestow those heats more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

Ama. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men!
If I were old, or had agreed with Art
To give another Nature to my Cheeks,
Or were I common Mistress to the love
Of every Swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my Love, as many a Wanton doth;
Thou might'st refuse me, Shepherd; but to thee
I am only fixt and set, let it not be
A Sport, thou gentle Shepherd to abuse
The love of silly Maid.

Peri. Fair Soul, ye use
These words to little end: for know, I may
Better call back that time was Yesterday,
Or stay the coming Night, than bring my Love
Home to my self again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays,
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste Fair (that enjoys my Soul)
In yonder Grove, there to make up our Loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuse again,
These neighbouring Plains have many a comely Swain,
Fresher, and freer far than I e'r was,
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewel, be happy in a better Choice. [*Exit.*

Ama. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy Voice
Than if the angry Heavens with their quick flames
Had shot me through: I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no I must enjoy thee, Boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite: there is a Shepherd dwells
Down by the Moor, whose life hath ever shown
More sullen Discontent than *Saturns* Brow,
When he sits frowning on the Births of Men:

One that doth wear himself away in loneness;
And never joys unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual Souls:
One that lusts after [every] several Beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer, or more full of truth,
Than *Phœbe* in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth *Lyæus*; whose nigh starved flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all Sheep
They feed withal; whose Lambs are ever last,
And dye before their waining, and whose Dog
Looks like his Master, lean, and full of scurf,
Not caring for the Pipe or Whistle: this man may
(If he be well wrought) do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose,
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Shepherd.

Shep. Fresh Beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be Partner of your loneness: 'twas
My Love (that ever working passion) drew
Me to this place to seek some remedy
For my sick Soul: be not unkind and fair,
For such the mighty *Cupid* in his doom
Hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then give room
To my consuming Fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long Desires, and so allay
Those flames that else would burn my life away.

Ama. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming Miserie
The love-sick Soul endures, never was pleasing;
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee, and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and farther service to be sure.

Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compass'd by the Wit or Art of Man,
And if I fail in my performance, may

I never more kneel to the rising Day.

Ama. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd, this same night,
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promis'd equal Love, and do appoint
To make yon Wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be ty'd for ever: break their meeting
And their strong Faith, and I am ever thine.

Shep. Tell me their Names, and if I do not move
(By my great power) the Centre of their Love
From his fixt being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair Eyes I thus adore.

Ama. Come, as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus
After this holy Feast I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger companie
Of jolly Shepherds; 'twas not then held good,
For lusty Grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastitie.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great, to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring Swain:
Yet if I may believe what others say,
My face has soil enough; nor can they lay
Justly too strict a Coyness to my Charge;
My Flocks are many, and the Downs as large
They feed upon: then let it ever be
Their Coldness, not my Virgin Modestie
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was ever Man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?
Where shall that Man be found that loves a mind
Made up in Constancy, and dare not find

His Love rewarded? here let all men know
A Wretch that lives to love his Mistress so.
Clo. Shepherd, I pray thee stay, where hast thou been?
Or whither go'st thou? here be Woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet,
As where smooth *Zephyrus* plays on the fleet
Face of the curled Streams, with Flowers as many
As the young Spring gives, and as choise as any;
Here be all new Delights, cool Streams and Wells,
Arbors o'rgrown with Woodbinds, Caves, and Dells,
Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by, and sing,
Or gather Rushes to make many a Ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of Love,
How the pale *Phœbe* hunting in a Grove,
First saw the Boy *Endymion*, from whose Eyes
She took eternal fire that never dyes;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy to the steep
Head of old *Latmus*, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the Mountain with her Brothers light,
To kiss her sweetest.
The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease;
I have forgot what love and loving meant:
Rhimes, Songs, and merry Rounds, that oft are sent
To the soft Ears of Maids, are strange to me;
Only I live t' admire a Chastitie,
That neither pleasing Age, smooth tongue, or Gold,
Could ever break upon, so pure a Mold
Is that her Mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserv'd; she is my form I stir
By, breath and move, 'tis she and only she
Can make me happy, or give miserie.
Clo. Good Shepherd, may a Stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do ow?
The. You may, and by her Vertue learn to square
And level out your Life; for to be fair
And nothing vertuous, only fits the Eye
Of gaudy Youth, and swelling Vanitie.
Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,

She that hath long since bury'd her chaste Love,
And now lives by his Grave, for whose dear Soul
She hath vow'd her self into the holy Roll
Of strict Virginity; 'tis her I so admire,
Not any looser Blood, or new desire.

Clo. Farewel poor Swain, thou art not for my bend,
I must have quicker Souls, whose works may tend
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove.

The SONG.

Come Shepherds, come,
Come away without delay
Whilst the gentle time dot[h] stay.
Green Woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear Kisses, and those many
Sweet Embraces that are given
Dainty Pleasures that would even
Raise in coldest Age a fire,
And give Virgin Blood desire,
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it,
Think not I,
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another: better be my speed,
Thou god of Blood: but certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest Shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'r could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving Faces,
And could be well content to covet Graces,
Were they not got by boldness; in this thing
My hopes are frozen; and but Fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner chuse

A Man made out of Snow, and freer use
An Eunuch to my ends: but since he's here,
Thus I attempt him. Thou of men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake,
Hath been content to live: here boldly take
My hand in pledg, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any: and but sit
Down on this rushy Bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh Blossoms from the Boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder Mead,
To make thee Chains, or Chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting Bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising Cheeks renew the story
Of young *Adonis*, when in Pride and Glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing *Venus*: methinks stronger Charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the Painters can allow
To their best pieces: not *Narcissus*, he
That wept himself away in memorie
Of his own Beauty, nor *Silvanus* Boy,
Nor the twice ravish'd Maid, for whom old *Troy*
Fell by the hand of *Pirrhus*, may to thee
Be otherwise compar'd, than some dead Tree
To a young fruitful Olive.

Daph. I can love,
But I am loth to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.

Clo. Happy thou would'st say,
My dearest *Daphnis*, blush not, if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemie,
Then take the coming Night, fair youth 'tis free
To all the World, Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder Grove: speak, shall our Meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful, be more bold,
And tell me I.

Daph. I'm content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so

Much from your Fairness, that you would be true.
Clo. Shepherd, thou hast thy Wish.
Daph. Fresh Maid, adieu:
Yet one word more, since you have drawn me on
To come this Night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this Worlds goodness: do not fear him then,
But keep your 'pointed time; let other men
Set up their Bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the Soul it carries, and unchast never. [*Exit.*
Clo. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty Bloods, I should pick out these things
Whose Veins like a dull River far from Springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides?
O happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine:
And far more heavy be thy grief and time,
Thou lazie swain, that maist relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver alwayes feeds
A hungry vultur.

Enter Alexis.

Ale. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wished freedom to the labouring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why ye goe
Thus all alone? methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains far meeter,
Than those forsaken and untroden places.
Give not your self to loneness, and those graces
Hid from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd, in all my life I have not seen
A man in whom greater contents have been
Than thou thy self art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. O lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefast morning, when from *Tithons* bed
Thou risest ever maiden.
Alex. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. O guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be—
Cloe. *Alexis*, when the sun shall kiss the Sea,
Taking his rest by the white *Thetis* side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'le abide
Thy coming, Shepherd.
Alex. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of *Rhine* or *Volga*, whilst the suns hot beam
Beats back again, seise me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice: oh how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alex. Fly, fly thou day. [*Exit.*
Cloe. My grief is great if both these boyes should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail. [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter an old Shepherd, *with a bell ringing, and the Priest of Pan following.*

Priest. SHepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the Air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is:

Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright *Hesperus* down calling
The dead night from under ground,
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps, and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o're the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom;
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock,
And let your Dogs lye loose without,
Lest the Wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and e're day
Bear a Lamb or kid away,
Or the crafty theevish Fox,
Break upon your simple flocks:
To secure your selves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the t'other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good Shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids: so farewel,
Thus I end my evenings knel. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin, *the* Shepherdess, *sorting of herbs, and telling the natures of them.*

Clor. Now let me know what my best Art hath done,
Helpt by the great power of the vertuous moon
In her full light; O you sons of Earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Vertue was given, holding more of nature
Than man her first born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you; you that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time;

You that these hands did crop, long before prime
Of day; give me your names, and next your hidden power.
This is the *Clote* bearing a yellow flower,
And this black Horehound, both are very good
For sheep or Shepherd, bitten by a wood-
Dogs venom'd tooth; these Ramuns branches are,
Which stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door fast, kill all inchantments, charms,
Were they *Medeas* verses that doe harms
To men or cattel; these for frenzy be
A speedy and a soveraign remedie,
The bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,
Such sympathy with mans good they do hold;
This Tormentil, whose vertue is to part
All deadly killing poyson from the heart;
And here *Narcissus* roots for swellings be:
Yellow *Lysimacus*, to give sweet rest
To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes
All busie gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosie, Darnel, and Sellondine,
With Calamint, whose vertues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.
Here other two, but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore foul Standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful Turpentine,
You that intice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quencht; by appetite,
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:
And thou light *Varvin* too, thou must go after,
Provoking easie souls to mirth and laughter;
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post, and every bough
With thy well pleasing juyce, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the Cabin where the best of all
Her Sex, that ever breath'd, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to the Shepherds side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banisht from the Earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue Sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy Brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from *Chaos*, whiter than that way
That leads to *Joves* high Court, and chaster far
Than chastity it self, yon blessed star
That nightly shines: Thou, all the constancie
That in all women was, or e're shall be,
From whose fair eye-balls flyes that holy fire,
That Poets stile the Mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle brest
A soul of greater price, and far more blest
Than that quick power, which gives a difference,
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

Clor. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?
No way is troden, all the verdant grass
The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot, only the dapled Deer
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn
Dwels in this fastness.

Th. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandred, or by strong illusion
Into this vertuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (believe me fair)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breaks against Heaven, and drives into a stound
The amazed Shepherd, that such vertue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clor. If any art I have, or hidden skill
May cure thee of disease or festred ill,

Whose grief or greenness to anothers eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.
The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveyes infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostum'd to be cur'd by Art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilfull hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous Virgin.
Clor. Then Shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief; that man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.
Then. Then fairest, know, I love you.
C[l]or. Swain, no more,
Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
And offred Sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones,
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.
Then. Let me not
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.
Clor. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy Earth at once divide
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place; therefore repent and goe,
Whilst I with praise appease his Ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that vertuous love that he
Imbraces yet.
Then. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as *Pelops* shoulder; not the smile

Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easie soul, your hands and fingers long
With veins inamel'd richly, nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than *Arions* Harp,
Your hair wove into many a curious warp,
Able in endless errour to infold
The wandring soul, nor the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In Maiden whiteness as the Alpsian snow.
All these, were but your constancie away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched Seaman toyling through the deep.
But whilst this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
Though all the plagues that e're begotten were
In the great womb of air, were setled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.

Clor. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again (fond man) from silent grave,
Those sparks that long agoe were buried here,
With my dead friends cold ashes?

Then. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant;
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint:
Remember how he lov'd ye, and be still
The same Opinion speaks ye; let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancie from their long exile,
To set them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry Heaven, or the strong fall
Of *Neptunes* battery; if ye yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyaltie
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire;
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withall deny.
O *Pan*, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,

For if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.
Clor. Doe, let time wear out
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.
Then. Farewel thou soul of vertue, and be blest
For ever, whilst that here I wretched rest
Thus to my self; yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this Arbor; yon same dell
O'retopt with morning Cypress and sad Yew
Shall be my Cabin, where I'le early rew,
Before the Sun hath kist this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay
Upon this head.
Clor. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sullen. I do not love this wench that I should meet,
For ne'r did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair,
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air
Blows gently on the[m], or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shoot from his early face: were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning: all to me in sight
Are equal, be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft
And weep, as any, melt my words as soft
Into a maiden[s] ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are: call her unkind and cruel,
Offer her all I have to gain the Jewel
Maidens so highly prize: then loath, and fly:
This do I hold a blessed destiny.

Enter Amaryllis.

Amar. Hail Shepherd, *Pan* bless both thy flock and thee,

For being mindful of thy word to me.
Sul. Welcom fair Shepherdess, thy loving swain
Gives thee the self same wishes back again,
Who till this present hour ne're knew that eye,
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily dye
With fresh consumings: boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I bely him to her, shall I swear
His faith is false, and he loves every where?
I'le say he mockt her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true,
For he is of so pure an honesty,
To think (because he will not) none will lye:
Or else to him I'le slander *Amoret*,
And say, she but seems chaste; I'le swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady Sycamores last night
And loosely offred up her flame and spright
Into my bosom, made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be prest by me;
There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own; to make this show
More full of seeming, *Hobinall* you know,
Son to the aged Shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And rouz'd us 'fore our time by his resort:
This to confirm, I have promis'd to the boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy,
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt,
To shoot at nimble Squirrels in the holt;
A pair of painted Buskins, and a Lamb,
Soft as his own locks, or the down of swan;
This I have done to win ye, which doth give
Me double pleasure. Discord makes me live.
Amar. Lov'd swain, I thank ye, these tricks might prevail
With other rustick Shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow
His fixed love from judgement, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosens merit;

Therefore some stranger way must force his spirit,
Which I have found: give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.
Sul. Try me and prove.
Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bordering upon yon Hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,
And but that matchless spring which Poets know,
Was ne're the like to this: by it doth grow
About the sides, all herbs which Witches use,
All simples good for Medicine or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy Nuptial day,
With all their colours, there the month of *May*
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green,
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling *Autumn*, or cold Winters hand,
So full of heat and vertue is the land,
About this fountain, which doth slowly break
Below yon Mountains foot, into a Creek
That waters all the vally, giving Fish
Of many sorts, to fill the Shepherds dish.
This holy well, my grandam that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,
Hath power to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipt o're the head, into what feature,
Or shape 'twould please the letter down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the Patients brow,
That would be chang'd, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep.
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her Art, if crost in love.
I'le this attempt; now Shepherd, I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be my self dipt: come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep you find,
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me *Amoret*;

Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And e're the day shall quite it self out-wear,
I will return unto my Shepherds arm,
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up my self, whom freely take,
And the hotst fire of thine affection slake.
Sul. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me:
I long the truth of this wells power to see. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed *Cloe*; do not miss,
Thou bright-ey'd virgin, come, O come my fair,
Be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care
Of honour stay thee from the Shepherds arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chast thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way.
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth:
I will not entertain that wandring thought,
Whose easie current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.
Alexis within. Cloe!
Daph. 'Tis her voyce,
And I must answer, *Cloe*! Oh the choice
Of dear embraces, chast and holy strains
Our hands shall give! I charge you all my veins
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion: do not wilder show
Than blushing modesty may entertain.
Alexis within. Cloe!
Daph. There sounds that [blessed] name again,

Enter Alexis.

And I will meet it: let me not mistake,
This is some Shepherd! sure I am awake;
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,

To give my self more knowledg.
Alex. Oh my fire,
How thou consum'st me! *Cloe*, answer me,
Alexis, strong *Alexis*, high and free,
Calls upon *Cloe*. See mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy eye: thou stayest too long,
I am impatient of these mad delayes;
I must not leave unsought these many ways
That lead into this center, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind.
[*Exit* Alexis.
Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the vertuous thought with errour.
But be they far from me with their fond terrour:
I am resolv'd my *Cloe* yet is true. [Cloe *within.*
Cloe, hark, *Cloe*: Sure this voyce is new,
Whose shrilness like the sounding of a Bell,
Tells me it is a Woman: *Cloe*, tell
Thy blessed name again. *Cloe.* [*within*] Here.
Oh what a grief is this to be so near,
And not incounter!

Enter Cloe.

Clo. Shepherd, we are met,
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground
Soke through your Startups.
Daph. Fairest are you found?
How have we wandred, that the better part
Of this good night is perisht? Oh my heart!
How have I long'd to meet ye, how to kiss
Those lilly hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear

Of him that drinks your language! but I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
Honour, and modesty, a vertuous name,
And such discourse as one fair Sister may
Without offence unto the Brother say,
Should rather have been tendred: but believe,
Here dwells a better temper; do not grieve
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy, I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modestie.
Indeed I will not ask a kiss of you,
No not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixed stars for smiles,
All a young lovers cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastitie
I am devoted ever.

Clo. Honest Swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love: no thou art too cold,
Unhappy Boy, not tempred to my mold,
Thy blood falls heavy downward, 'tis not fear
To offend in boldness wins, they never wear
Deserved favours that deny to take
When they are offered freely: Do I wake
To see a man of his youth, years and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious Art
Were meerly lost, to make him do his part?
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold,
Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold.
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again: walk you that way
Whilest I in zealous meditation stray

A little this way: when we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended,
And secrecie of night, retire and find
An aged Oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body, thither go,
It stands within yon bottom.
Daph. Be it so. [*Ex.* Daph.
Clo. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefastness.
Alex. [*within*] *Cloe*!
Clo. 'Tis he
That dare I hope be bolder.
Alex. *Cloe*!
Clo. Now
Great *Pan* for *Syrinx* sake bid speed our Plow. [*Exit* Cloe.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Sullen Shepherd *with* Amaryllis *in a sleep.*

Sull. From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy Well,
Thrice with powerful Magick spell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipt; thus with my cord
Of blasted Hemp, by Moon-light twin'd,
I do thy sleepy body bind;
I turn thy head into the East,
And thy feet into the West,
Thy left arm to the South put forth,
And thy right unto the North:
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swound,
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.
Take this Maid thou holy pit,
To thy bottom, nearer yet,
In thy water pure and sweet,

By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washed be;
There stop: Fly away
Every thing that loves the day.
Truth that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Camelions that alter hue,
Hares that yearly Sexes change,
Proteus alt'ring oft and strange,
Hecate with shapes three,
Let this Maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of *Amoret*:
Cynthia work thou with my charm,
Thus I draw thee free from harm
Up out of this blessed Lake,
Rise both like her and awake. [*She awakes.*

Amar. Speak Shepherd, am I *Amoret* to sight?
Or hast thou mist in any Magick rite;
For want of which any defect in me,
May make our practices discovered be.

Sul. By yonder Moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet,
I should my self take thee for *Amoret*;
Thou art in cloths, in feature, voice and hew
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.

Amar. Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come by promise made,
And sure his nature never was so bad,
To bid a Virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood,
'Twas his part to come first: being come, I'le say,
My constant love made me come first and stay,
Then will I lead him further to the grove,

But stay you here, and if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say, her lover lately troden hath;
I'le not be far from hence, if need there be,
Here is another charm, whose power will free
The dazeled sense, read by the Moons beams clear,
And in my own true map make me appear.

Enter Perigot.

Sull. Stand close, here's *Perigot*, whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
Per. This is the place (fair *Amoret*) the hour
Is yet scarce come: Here every Sylvan power
Delights to be about yon sacred Well,
Which they have blest with many a powerful Spell;
For never Traveller in dead of Night,
Nor strayed Beasts have faln in, but when sight
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
By help of them, so holy is the ground:
But I will farther seek, lest *Amoret*
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.
My *Amoret*, *Amoret*. [*Ex.* Amaryllis, Perigot.
Per. My Love.
Amar. I come my Love. [*Exit.*
Sull. Now she has got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long lookt for hopes as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To show her Glory in this little Grove,

Enter Amoret.

To some new loved Shepherd. Yonder is
Another *Amoret*. Where differs this
From that? but that she *Perigot* hath met,
I should have ta'n this for the counterfeit:
Herbs, Woods, and Springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your Properties!
Amo. Methinks it is not Night, I have no fear,
Walking this Wood, of Lions, or the Bear,
Whose Names at other times have made me quake,

When any Shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a Wood
Have torn true Lovers that together stood.
Methinks there are no Goblins, and mens talk,
That in these Woods the nimble Fairies walk,
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with *Perigot*.
My *Perigot*! who's that, my *Perigot*?
Sull. Fair maid.
Amo. Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*.
Sull. But I can tell ye news of *Perigot*:
An hour together under yonder tree
He sate with wreathed arms and call'd on thee,
And said, why *Amoret* stayest thou so long?
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way: were it day light,
He could not yet have born him out of sight.
Amor. Thanks, gentle Shepherd, and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way:
As fast as my weak Legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll seek him out; and for thy Courtesie
Pray *Pan* thy Love may ever follow thee. [*Exit.*
Sull. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She pluckt her Garments up, and tript away,
And with her Virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the Beams of Light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the Moon gave none,
But what it had from her: she was alone
With me, if then her presence did so move,
Why did not I essay to win her Love?
She would not sure have yielded unto me;
Women love only Opportunitie,
And not the Man; or if she had deny'd,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have try'd
Who had been stronger: O vain Fool, to let
Such blest Occasion pass; I'll follow yet,
My Blood is up, I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alex. *and* Cloe.

I come sweet *Amoret*: Soft who is here?
A pair of Lovers? He shall yield her me;
Now Lust is up, alike all Women be.
Alex. Where shall we rest? but for the love of me,
Cloe, I know ere this would weary be.
Clo. *Alexis*, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every Shepherd: for I understood
This Night a number are about the Wood:
Then let us chuse some place, where out of sight
We freely may enjoy our stoln delight.
Alex. Then boldly here, where we shall ne're be found,
No Shepherds way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground:
No Maid seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheep,
Fairies, and Fawns, and Satyrs do it keep:
Then carelesly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.
Clo. Then lye by me, the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.
Sull. Forbear to touch my Love, or by yon flame,
The greatest power that Shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sit'st under this holy tree
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.
Alex. If *Pan* himself, should come out of the lawns,
With all his Troops of Satyrs and of Fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,
A greater Oath than thine, I would not rise.
Sull. Then from the cold Earth never shalt thou move,
But lose at one stroke both thy Life and Love.
Clo. Hold gentle Shepherd.
Sull. Fairest Shepherdess,
Come you with me, I do not love you less
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert.
Alex. O yet forbear
To take her from me; give me leave to dye
By her.

[*The Satyr enters, he runs one way, and she another.*

Sat. Now whilst the Moon doth rule the Skie,
And the Stars, whose feeble light
Give a pale Shadow to the night,
Are up, great *Pan* commanded me
To walk this Grove about, whilst he
In a corner of the Wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, musick, and a feast
To entertain a lovely Guest,
Where he gives her many a Rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves; Grapes, Berries of the best,
I never saw so great a feast.
But to my Charge: here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right.
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a Chastitie:
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horn a Blast,
And the Fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the Moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Alex. O Death!

Sat. Back again about this ground,
Sure I hear a mortal sound;
I bind thee by this powerful Spell,
By the Waters of this Well,
By the glimmering Moon beams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight.

Alex. Oh!

Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground: arise.
The poor wight is almost dead,
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his cloaths foul'd with his blood:
To my Goddess in the Wood
Will I lead him, whose hands pure,

Will help this mortal wight to cure.

Enter Cloe *again.*

Clo. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my Breast
Doth pant, each bush, methinks, should hide a Beast:
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear,
I would fain meet some Shepherd, knew I where:
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my Love all bloody with his wound;
Yet till that fearful shape made me be gone,
Though he were hurt, I furnisht was of one,
But now both lost. *Alexis*, speak or move,
If thou hast any life, thou art yet my Love.
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the Bank for fear of that ill Spright.
Then where art thou that struck'st my love? O stay,
Bring me thy self in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice, I will make thee trim
With Flowers and Garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embrac'd:
But thou art fled. What hope is left for me?
I'll run to *Daphnis* in the hollow tree,
Whom I did mean to mock, though hope be small,
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
I'll try him; his heart, and my behaviour too
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sul. This was the place, 'twas but my feeble sight,
Mixt with the horrour of my deed, and night,
That shap't these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly gotten prey.
Speak gentle Shepherdess, I am alone,
And tender love for love: but she is gone
From me, that having struck her Lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone and fled.
And see the wounded body is remov'd

By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

Enter Perigot *and* Amaryllis *in the shape of* Amoret.

But these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lye close. Here comes young *Perigot*
With subtile *Amaryllis* in the shape
Of *Amoret*. Pray Love he may not 'scape.
Amar. Beloved *Perigot*, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the Chace
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.
Per. Beshrew my tardy steps: here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank, no deadly Snake
Upon this turf her self in folds doth make.
Here is no poyson for the Toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd Weed
Dares blister them, no slimy Snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
Here never durst the babling Cuckow spit,
No slough of falling Star did ever hit
Upon this bank: let this thy Cabin be,
This other set with Violets for me.
Ama. Thou dost not love me *Perigot*.
Per. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.
Amar. Believe me but I do.
Per. What shall we now begin again to woo?
'Tis the best way to make your Lover last,
To play with him, when you have caught him fast.
Amar. By *Pan* I swear, I loved *Perigot*,
And by yon Moon, I think thou lov'st me not.
Per. By *Pan* I swear, and if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flocks, let Foxes tear
My earliest Lambs, and Wolves whilst I do sleep
Fall on the rest, a Rot among my Sheep.
I love thee better than the careful Ewe
The new-yean'd Lamb that is of her own hew;
I dote upon thee more than the young Lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his Dam.
Were there a sort of Wolves got in my Fold,

And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.
Ama. How shall I trust thee when I see thee chuse
Another Bed, and dost my side refuse?
Per. 'Twas only that the chast thoughts might be shewn
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Ama. Come, *Perigot* will shew his power, that he
Can make his *Amoret*, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her Couch, and come to his.
Here take thy *Amoret*, embrace and kiss.
Per. What means my Love?
Ama. To do as lovers shou'd,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'r a Shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more Art, there's none can feign
More wanton tricks.
Per. Forbear, dear Soul, to trie
Whether my Heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.
Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as Chastitie
Is amongst Women? *Perigot* there's none,
That with her Love is in a Wood alone,
And would come home a maid; be not abus'd
With thy fond first Belief, let time be us'd:
Why dost thou rise?
Per. My true heart thou hast slain.
Ama. Faith *Perigot*, I'll pluck thee down again.
Per. Let go, thou Serpent, that into my brest
Hast with thy cunning div'd; art not in Jest?
Ama. Sweet love, lye down.
Per. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter North-wind blast my flocks and me.
Ama. You swore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.
Per. O be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still.
Ama. I am, as still I was, and all my kind,
Though other shows we have poor men to blind.
Per. Then here I end all Love, and lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face that hast my Youth misled,

I end my life, my blood be on thy head.
Ama. O hold thy hands, thy *Amoret* doth cry.
Per. Thou counsel'st well, first *Amoret* shall dye,
That is the cause of my eternal smart. [*He runs after her.*
Ama. O hold.
Per. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart.
[*The Sullen Shepherd steps out and uncharms her.*
Sull. Up and down every where,
I strew the herbs to purge the air:
Let your Odour drive hence
All mists that dazel sence.
Herbs and Springs whose hidden might
Alters Shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge you to undo
All before I brought ye to:
Let her flye, let her 'scape,
Give again her own shape.

Enter Amaryllis *in her own shape.*

Amar. Forbear thou gentle Swain, thou dost mistake,
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I crost thy way, I met thy wrath,
The only fear of which near slain me hath.
Per. Pardon fair Shepherdess, my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguil'd my sight;
But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless Maids that wander in the Wood. [*Ex.* Ama.

Enter Amoret.

Amor. Many a weary step in yonder path
Poor hopeless *Amoret* twice trodden hath
To seek her *Perigot*, yet cannot hear
His Voice; my *Perigot*, she loves thee dear
That calls.
Per. See yonder where she is, how fair
She shows, and yet her breath infects the air.
Amo. My *Perigot.*
Per. Here.
Amo. Happy.
Per. Hapless first:

It lights on thee, the next blow is the worst.
Amo. Stay *Perigot*, my love, thou art unjust.
Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust.
[*Exit* Perigot.
Sul. Now shall their love be crost, for being struck,
I'le throw her in the Fount, lest being took
By some night-travaller, whose honest care
May help to cure her. Shepherdess prepare
Your self to die.
Amo. No Mercy I do crave,
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have;
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through,
Tell him when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.
Sul. In this Fount be thy grave, thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent. *flings her in-*
She cannot scape, for underneath the ground, *to the well.*
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side where the Morns Sun doth look,
The strugling water breaks out in a Brook. [*Exit.*
[*The God of the River riseth with* Amoret *in his arms.*
God. What powerfull charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force, that I their god,
Three times striking with my Rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks:
My Fishes shoot into the banks,
There's not one that stayes and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Faln into my River head,
Hallowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a Female young and clear,
Cast in by some Ravisher.
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaister bound.
Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.

If thou be'st a Virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound
From my watry locks more round
Than Orient Pearl, and far more pure
Than unchast flesh may endure.
See she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose vertuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer Mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber: Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?

God. I have heal'd thy wounds.

Amo. Ay me!

God. Fear not him that succour'd thee:
I am this Fountains god; below,
My waters to a River grow,
And 'twixt two banks with Osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the Meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal companie,
In the cool streams shalt thou lye,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food,
No Fish that useth in the mud,
But Trout and Pike that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen:
Orient Pearl fit for a Queen,
Will I give thy love to win,

And a shell to keep them in:
Not a Fish in all my Brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand,
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing
Sweeter than the silver spring.

The SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the River sweet;
Think not Leach, or Newt or Toad
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast troad;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee crie
And sob, but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know my self unworthy to be woo'd
By thee a god: for e're this, but for thee
I should have shown my weak Mortalitie:
Besides, by holy Oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroath'd unto a Shepherd swain,
Whose comely face, I know the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.
God. May he prove to thee as true.
Fairest Virgin, now adieu,
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their Channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their mornings watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my banks, and from the fold,
Two white Lambs of three weeks old
Offered to my Deitie:
For which this year they shall be free

From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass:
Nor shall their Meads be overflown,
When their grass is newly mown.
Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course:
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to damm thy Brook;
Bare-foot may no Neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
When the spawns on stones do lye,
To wash their Hemp, and spoil the Fry.
God. Thanks Virgin, I must down again,
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone:
A holy hand was laid upon.
Amo. And I unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Perigot.

Per. SHe is untrue, unconstant, and unkind,
She's gone, she's gone, blow high thou North-west (wind,
And raise the Sea to Mountains, let the Trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese
Their firm foundation, creep into the Earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new Prodigy, whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trustie Boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it.

Enter Amaryllis, *running.*

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand, thou art too hot
Against thy self, believe me comely Swain,

If that thou dyest, not all the showers of Rain
The heavy clods send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt, the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant, not the sands
Can be so hardly numbred as she won:
I do not trifle, *Shepherd*, by the Moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee *Perigot*, is true:
Then be a free man, put away despair,
And will to dye, smooth gently up that fair
Dejected forehead: be as when those eyes
Took the first heat.

Per. Alas he double dyes,
That would believe, but cannot; 'tis not well
Ye keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions: but oh death,
I am not yet inamour'd of this breath
So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after gain
Of many dayes, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not my self, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

Ama. Stay but a little, little, but one hour,
And if I do not show thee through the power
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
My self turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in sight,
Her very figure, and the Robe she wears,
With tawny Buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own Carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The *Prim-Rose* Chaplet, taudry-lace and Ring,
Thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that Revenging steel.

Per. I am contented, if there be a hope
To give it entertainment, for the scope
Of one poor hour; goe, you shall find me next
Under yon shady Beech, even thus perplext,
And thus believing.

Ama. Bind before I goe,

Thy soul by *Pan* unto me, not to doe
Harm or outragious wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.
Per. By *Pan*, and by the strife
He had with *Phœbus* for the Mastery,
When Golden *Midas* judg'd their *Minstrelcy*,
I will not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Satyr, *with* Alexis, *hurt.*

Satyr. Softly gliding as I goe,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the Gloe-worms light,
Hither am I come at last,
Many a Thicket have I past
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me,
To the little Bird that sleeps
On the tender spray: nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree or bed
Of seeded Nettles: not a Hare
Can be started from his fare,
By my footing, nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease,
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground,
I measure many a league an hour:
But behold the happy power,
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lyes fast bound in deadly fit;
Heaven and great *Pan* succour it!

Hail thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the Paramour
Of my Master, let me crave
Thy vertuous help to keep from Grave
This poor Mortal that here lyes,
Waiting when the destinies
Will cut off his thred of life:
View the wound by cruel knife
Trencht into him.

Clor. What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,
And with thy feared name of death affrights
My tender Ears? speak me thy name and will.

Satyr. I am the *Satyr* that did fill
Your lap with early fruit, and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring ye better and more store:
Yet I come not empty now,
See a blossom from the bow,
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it
From the other springing blooms;
For a sweeter youth the Grooms
Cannot show me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighbouring towns;
Low in yonder glade I found him,
Softly in mine Arms I bound him,
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.

Clor. *Satyr*, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude,
Though thou beest outward rough and tawny hu'd,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his, who brags himself, born only heir
To all Humanity: let me see the wound:
This Herb will stay the current being bound
Fast to the Orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers, and swellings, and such inward pain,
As the cold air hath forc'd into the sore:
This to draw out such putrifying gore

As inward falls.
Satyr. Heaven grant it may doe good.
Clor. Fairly wipe away the blood:
Hold him gently till I fling
Water of a vertuous spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the Moon beams, pinch him thrice,
That the labouring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.
Satyr. I saw
His eye-lids moving.
Clo. Give him breath,
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanisht; with this Plaster,
And this unction, do I master
All the festred ill that may
Give him grief another day.
Satyr. See he gathers up his spright
And begins to hunt for light;
Now he gapes and breaths again:
How the blood runs to the vein,
That erst was empty!
Alex. O my heart,
My dearest, dearest *Cloe*, O the smart
Runs through my side: I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my Bowels, sharper than the sting
Of *Scorpion*.
Pan preserve me, what are you?
Do not hurt me, I am true
To my *Cloe*, though she flye,
And leave me to thy destiny.
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to help her friend:
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more Austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my *Cloe*. Oh my pain
Eagerly renews again.
Give me your help for his sake you love best.

Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside all hearts desires
Provoking thought that stir up lusty fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute, these must be purg'd, untill
The vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great *Pan* to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease.
Till when this vertuous Plaster will displease
Your tender sides; give me your hand and rise:
Help him a little *Satyr*, for his thighs
Yet are feeble.
Alex. Sure I have lost much blood.
Satyr. 'Tis no matter, 'twas not good.
Mortal you must leave your wooing,
Though there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it,
They best feel it, that do find it.
Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his sore
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.
Satyr. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing,
By my head 'twere better missing.
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great Queen
Of *Fayries*, all her beauty,
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious Eyes.
Clor. I thank thee honest *Satyr*, if the cryes
Of any other that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee do thy will
To bring them hither.
Satyr. I will, and when the weather
Serves to Angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,

To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and wish,
On this Bower may ever dwell
Spring, and Summer.
Clo. Friend farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter Amoret, *seeking her Love.*

Amor. This place is Ominous, for here I lost
My Love and almost life, and since have crost
All these Woods over, never a Nook or Dell,
Where any little Bird, or Beast doth dwell,
But I have sought him, never a bending brow
Of any Hill or Glade, the wind sings through,
Nor a green bank, nor shade where Shepherds use
To sit and Riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse
Their Valentines, that I have mist, to find
My love in. *Perigot*, Oh too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? was my love alone
To thee worthy this scorn'd recompence? 'tis well,
I am content to feel it: but I tell
Thee Shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken *Amoret* is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as Heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep Abysse
From light and happiness; and thou mayst know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine,
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness; therefore, here,
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursed place, and on this green,
That first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall dayly spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall.

Enter Amaryllis.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind,

That this shows *Amoret*; forsake me all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or more than wonder, miracle,
For sure so strange as this the Oracle
Never gave answer of, it passeth dreams,
Or mad-mens fancy, when the many streams
Of new imaginations rise and fall:
'Tis but an hour since these Ears heard her call
For pity to young *Perigot*; whilest he,
Directed by his fury bloodily
Lanc't up her brest, which bloodless fell and cold;
And if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amoret*,
And living yet, the great powers will not let
Their vertuous love be crost. Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which not deprest,
Breaks heart and life, and all before it rest:
Thy *Perigot*—

Amor. Where, which is *Perigot*?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, god wot,
Thee [and thy] fortune, go and comfort him,
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run, Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again. [*Exit* Amoret.

Enter Sullen.

Sull. Stay *Amaryllis*, stay,
Ye are too fleet, 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have perform'd my promise, let us sit
And warm our bloods together till the fit
Come lively on us.

Amar. Friend you are too keen,
The morning riseth and we shall be seen,
Forbear a little.

Sull. I can stay no longer.
Amar. Hold *Shepherd* hold, learn not to be a wronger
Of your word, was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?
Sull. I have done it Maid.
Amar. No, they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet as the stain
Is from the finest Lawn.
Sull. I say they are
Now at this present parted, and so far,
That they shall never meet.
Amar. Swain 'tis not so,
For do but to yon hanging Mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.
Sull. You do but hold
Off with delayes and trifles; farewell cold
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men;
Thus I salute thee Virgin.
Amar. And thus then,
I bid you follow, catch me if you can. [*Exit.*
Sull. And if I stay behind I am no man.
[*Exit running after her.*

Enter Perigot.

Per. Night do not steal away: I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o're the rusty bit
That guides the lazy Team: go back again,
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen Wain
Round as a Ring, and bring a second Night
To hide my sorrows from the coming light;
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling, give me some black place
Where never Sun-beam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad spright
Like running water, never to be known
After the forced fall and sound is gone.

Enter Amoret *looking for* Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottom: speak if thou be here,
My *Perigot*, thy *Amoret*, thy dear

Calls on thy loved Name.
Per. What art thou [dare]
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy *Amoret*, come hither to give end
To these consumings; look up gentle Boy,
I have forgot those Pains and dear annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again; why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Riband and Damask-roses, and have flung
Waters distil'd to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than the Nosegayes on a Bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine Arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace
From those two little Heavens upon the ground
Showers of more price, more Orient, and more round
Than those that hang upon the Moons pale brow?
Cease these complainings, Shepherd, I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me.
Indeed I can and will.
Per. So spoke my fair.
O you great working powers of Earth and Air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden vertues of so ill intent?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue
Had *Amoret*; such words so smooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did flye
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The Robe and Buskins, painted Hook, and frame
Of all her Body. O me, *Amoret*!
Amo. Shepherd, what means this Riddle? who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt my self and me
That I am grown another? look and see
The Ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious Bracelet thou thy self didst twist
From those fair Tresses: knowst thou *Amoret*?

Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget
Thy Ancient faith?
Per. Still nearer to my love;
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper, so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
Shepherd remember this another day.
Amo. Am I not *Amoret*? where was I lost?
Can there be Heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant? Faith where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands [held] up, the wishes, and the heart,
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? why then I see
Men never knew that vertue Constancie.
Per. Men ever were most blessed, till crass fate
Brought Love and Women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles,
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles:
Like to the subtil Hare, that 'fore the Hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.
Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on that seek her fall,
The hands of cruel men, more Bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than Beasts themselves, or Fishes of the Flood.
Per. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant,
When she created all, frowns, joys, content;
Extream fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poyson, or the Sea,
Upon whose face sits a continual frost:
Your actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a Womans mind.
Amo. Can there be any Age, or dayes, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple Maid? O *Perigot*,

Thou that wast yesterday without a blot,
Thou that wast every good, and every thing
That men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
Thou that wast alwayes just, and alwayes blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of Vertuous given thee, and made good the same
Ev'en from thy Cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in; Oh what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamie,
And I to live to know this! and by me
That lov'd thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem'd our honour, Virgin state;
Dearer than Swallows love the early morn,
Or Dogs of Chace the sound of merry Horn;
Dearer than thou canst love thy new Love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thy self, though all
The self love were within thee that did fall
With that coy Swain that now is made a flower,
For whose dear sake, *Echo* weeps many a shower.
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Lov'd worthily to get a wantons name?
Come thou forsaken Willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world my Love is dead:
I am forsaken, I am cast away.
And left for every lazy Groom to say,
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick Clouds we see, or the chill Frost
When the hot Sun beats on it. Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy *Amoret*?

Per. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,
I must not know thee, fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot
With words and feigned passions: *Perigot*
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

Amo. Then hear me heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the night;

And hear me woods, and silence of this place,
And ye sad hours that move a sullen pace;
Hear me ye shadows that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of Hell,
Whilst I breath out my last; I am that maid,
That yet untainted *Amoret*, that plaid
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;
And thus with much belief I was beguil'd.
I am that maid, that have delaid, deny'd,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that try'd
To win me, but this swain, and yet confess
I have been woo'd by many with no less
Soul of affection, and have often had
Rings, Belts, and Cracknels sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward; Lambs and Doves
By young *Alexis*; *Daphnis* sent me gloves,
All which I gave to thee: nor these, nor they
That sent them did I smile on, or e're lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to dye?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room
Where every slave is free, and every brest
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest,
And thither will poor *Amoret*.

Per. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loth to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to *Amoret*?
For whose dear sake, I promise if there be
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it. [*He hurts her again.*

Amo. So, this work hath end:
Farewel and live, be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next.

Enter Satyr, Perigot *runs off.*

Satyr. See the day begins to break,

And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtil fire, the wind blows cold,
Whilst the morning doth unfold;
Now the Birds begin to rouse,
And the Squirril from the boughs
Leaps to get him Nuts and fruit;
The early Lark that erst was mute,
Carrols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wandring swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.

Amo. Ah me!

Satyr. Speak again what e're thou be,
I am ready, speak I say:
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of night and *Pan*,
I inforce thee speak again.

Amo. O I am most unhappy.

Satyr. Yet more blood!
Sure these wanton Swains are wode.
Can there be a hand or heart
Dare commit so vile a part
As this Murther? By the Moon
That hid her self when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face:
I will bear her to the place
Where my Goddess keeps; and crave
Her to give her life, or grave. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure
I steal abroad to doe another Cure.
Pardon thou buryed body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove,
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
My first made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o're thy Grave let out my blood;
I goe by wit to cure a lovers pain

Which no herb can; being done, I'le come again. [*Exit.*

Enter Thenot.

The. Poor Shepherd in this shade for ever lye,
And seeing thy fair *Clorins* Cabin, dye:
O hapless love, which [being] answer'd, ends;
And as a little infant cryes and bends
His tender Brows, when rowling of his eye
He hath espy'd some thing that glisters nigh
Which he would have, yet give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cryes afresh to play
With something else: such my affection, set
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

Enter Clorin.

Clor. See where he lyes; did ever man but he
Love any woman for her Constancie
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy,
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor *Shepherd*, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyaltie:
Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy brightness doth amaze!
So *Phœbus* may at noon bid mortals gaze,
Thy glorious constancie appears so bright,
I dare not meet the Beams with my weak sight.

Clor. Why dost thou pine away thy self for me?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancie?

Clor. Thou holy *Shepherd*, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy *Clorin*, now dare under take. [*He starts up.*

The. Stay there, thou constant *Clorin*, if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light: think yet before thou speak.

Clor. See what a holy vow for thee I break.
I that already have my fame far spread
For being constant to my lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear *Clorin*, of your love, how true,
If you had dyed, he would have been to you.

Clor. Yet all I'le lose for thee.
The. Think but how blest
A constant woman is above the rest.
Clor. And offer up my self, here on this ground,
To be dispos'd by thee.
The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice, against woman more,
That hated all the Sex, but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To dye, than to behold this change in thee?
Yet, yet, return, let not the woman sway.
Clor. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.
The. Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought certain shame,
Your Sexes curse, foul falshood must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now: yet turn.
Clor. Be just to me:
Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee?
The. Thou hadst no fame, that which thou didst like good,
Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood
For that time to the best: for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room;
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee [by] chance to doe some one thing well.
Yet turn.
Clor. Thou dost but try me if I would
Forsake thy dear imbraces, for my old
Love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.
The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for me thinks that grace,
Austeritie, which sate upon that face
Is gone, and thou like others: false maid see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancie. [*Exit.*
Clor. 'Tis done, great *Pan* I give thee thanks for it,
What art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Enter Thenot, *again.*

The. Will ye be constant yet? will ye remove
Into the Cabin to your buried Love?
Clor. No let me die, but by thy side remain.
The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shall honour'd be,
And I will lye again under this tree,
And pine and dye for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know the light.
Clor. Let me have thee, and I'le be where thou wilt.
The. Thou art of womens race, and full of guilt.
Farewel all hope of that Sex, whilst I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espie,
Henceforth I'le choose as others, by mine eye.
Clor. Blest be ye powers that give such quick redress,
And for my labours sent so good success.
I rather choose, though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all, than die for me.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Priest, *and old* Shepherd.

Priest. SHepherds, rise and shake off sleep,
See the blushing Morn doth peep
Through the window, whilst the Sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the Vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up ye lazie grooms, and fill
Bagg and Bottle for the field;
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter North-east wind.
Call the Maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Goe without a friend all day;
Then reward your Dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:

So unfold and then away.
What not a Shepherd stirring? sure the grooms
Have found their beds too easie, or the rooms
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day;
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloath and neglect layes on a Shepherds name.
Old Shep. It is to little purpose, not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within these cotes: the woods, or some near town,
That is a neighbour to the bordering Down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lustie sport,
Or spiced Wassel-Boul, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim Minstrel strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sin, show me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.
Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.
Priest. Then this for me;
Come Shepherd let me crave your companie. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin, *in her Cabin*, Alexis, *with her.*

Clor. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure:
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.
Alex. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid:
I find my former wandring thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts, and my outward pain
By thy choice herbs is almost gone again:
Thy sexes vice and vertue are reveal'd
At once, for what one hurt, another heal'd.
Clor. May thy grief more appease,
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend,
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, *with* Amoret.

Amo. Beest thou the wildest creature of the wood,

That bearst me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be,
I am a maid, let that name fight for me.
Satyr. Fairest Virgin do not fear
Me, that do thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we.
See fair *Goddess* in the wood,
They have let out yet more blood.
Some savage man hath struck her breast
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst ha' toucht asleep, or wake:
So sweet, that *Adder*, *Newte*, or *Snake*,
Would have lain from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and being hot,
Gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast;
A man sure is a kind of beast.
Clor. With spotless hand, on spotless brest
I put these herbs to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, will abide,
If both be pure, if not, off slide.
See it falls off from the wound,
Shepherdess thou art not sound,
Full of lust.
Satyr. Who would have thought it,
So fair a face?
Clor. Why that hath brought it.
Amo. For ought I know or think, these words, my last:
Yet *Pan* so help me as my thoughts are chast.
Clor. And so may *Pan* bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure;
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my Medicines work.
Satyr search if thou canst find it.
Satyr. Here away methinks I wind it,
Stronger yet: Oh here they be,
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.

Clor. Bring them out, they are unsound.

Enter Cloe, *and* Daphnis.

Satyr. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my *Goddess* thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in,
I scented them, they're full of sin.
Clor. Hold *Satyr*, take this Glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the Air from lustfull breath,
To save this Shepherdess from death,
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound for fear the pain encrease.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of Crystal water on the top
Of every grass, on flowers a pair:
Send a fume and keep the air
Pure and wholsom, sweet and blest,
Till this Virgins wound be drest.
Clor. *Satyr*, help to bring her in.
Sat. By *Pan*, I think she hath no sin,
She is so light: lye on these leaves.
Sleep that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine Eyes, and ease thy pain,
Maist thou soon be well again.
Clor. *Satyr*, bring the Shepherd near,
Try him if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure.
Clor. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted flesh to burn:
See, it gives back, let him go,
Farewel mortal, keep thee so.
Sat. Stay fair Nymph, flye not so fast,
We must try if you be chaste:
Here's a hand that quakes for fear,
Sure she will not prove so clear.

Clor. Hold her finger to the flame,
That will yield her praise or shame.
Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender hand,
And the Taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers ends:
O thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste.
Alex. Is not that *Cloe*? 'tis my Love, 'tis she!
Cloe, fair *Cloe*.
Clo. My *Alexis*.
Alex. He.
Clo. Let me embrace thee.
Clor. Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his sence.
Alex. Take not her, take my life first.
Clor. See, his wound again is burst:
Keep her near, here in the Wood,
Till I ha' stopt these Streams of Blood.
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind:
This Curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away.

Enter old Shepherd, *and* Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for ever; 'tis in vain
To find 'em out with trouble and much pain,
That have a ripe desire, and forward will
To flye the Company of all but ill,
What shall be counsel'd now? shall we retire?
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?
Old. Stay a little while;
For if the Morning mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a Swain;
One of this jolly Troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Pri. Dost thou not blush young Shepherd to be known,
Thus without care, leaving thy flocks alone,

And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense, for good,
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the World thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at Vertue, and a vertuous Name,
And like a glorious, desperate man that buys
A poyson of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for Lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present age and pain,
And then a Grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot Veins that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.
The. Right holy Sir, I have not known this night,
What the smooth face of Mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; musick, joy, and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please
A Stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skill'd at throughly; nor a Dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of Time,
Her beauty ever living like the Rime
Our blessed *Tityrus* did sing of yore,
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful Summer, when the loaden Tree
Bids the faint Traveller be bold and free,
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may enclose but never stay
Upon his charmed branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of Womans eye.
Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandred?
The. 'Twas a Vow
That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my Sheep, that they may live.
Pri. 'Tis good to hear ye, Shepherd, if the heart
In this well sounding Musick bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?
The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green

To fold our Flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walkt these Woods round, and have lain
All this same night under an aged Tree,
Yet neither wandring Shepherd did I see,
Or Shepherdess, or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The Nightingale among the thick leav'd spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning, or the Owl,
Or our great enemy that still doth howl
Against the Moons cold beams.
Priest. Go and beware
Of after falling.
The. Father 'tis my care. [*Exit* Thenot.

Enter Daphnis.

Old. Here comes another Stragler, sure I see
A Shame in this young Shepherd. *Daphnis!*
Daph. He.
Pri. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been
Long before this, grazing upon the green
Their yet imprison'd flocks?
Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen;
Such horrour that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of Shepherd: Oh my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the Bower
Where the chast *Clorin* lives, by whose great power
Sick men and Cattel have been often cur'd,
There lovely *Amoret* that was assur'd
To lusty *Perigot*, bleeds out her life,
Forc'd by some Iron hand and fatal knife;
And by her young *Alexis.*

Enter Amaryllis *running from her* Sullen Shepherd.

Amar. If there be
Ever a Neighbour Brook, or hollow tree,
Receive my Body, close me up from lust

That follows at my heels; be ever just,
Thou god of Shepherds, *Pan*, for her dear sake
That loves the Rivers brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit:
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chast.
Pri. This is a night of wonder, *Amaryll*
Be comforted, the holy gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.
Amar. Thou blessed man,
Honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of *Pan*,
Hear me, and save from endless infamie
My yet unblasted Flower, *Virginitie*:
By all the Garlands that have crown'd that head,
By the chaste office, and the Marriage bed
That still is blest by thee, by all the rights
Due to our gods; and by those Virgin lights
That burn before his Altar, let me not
Fall from my former state to gain the blot
That never shall be purg'd: I am not now
That wanton *Amaryllis*: here I vow
To Heaven, and thee grave Father, if I may
'Scape this unhappy Night, to know the Day,
To live a Virgin, never to endure
The tongues, or Company of men impure.
I hear him come, save me.
Pri. Retire a while
Behind this Bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young Maidens.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Stay thy pace,
Most loved *Amaryllis*, let the Chase
Grow calm and milder, flye me not so fast,
I fear the pointed Brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden Buskins; turn again and see
Thy Shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease.
I am not bashful, Virgin, I can please

At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many Kisses, soft and warm
As those the Sun prints on the smiling Cheek
Of Plums, or mellow Peaches; I am sleek
And smooth as *Neptune*, when stern *Eolus*
Locks up his surly Winds, and nimbly thus
Can shew my active Youth; why dost thou flye?
Remember *Amaryllis*, it was I
That kill'd *Alexis* for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt *Amoret*
And her beloved *Perigot*: 'twas I
That drown'd her in the Well, where she must lye
Till Time shall leave to be; then turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the Swain
That hath perform'd all this, turn, turn I say:
I must not be deluded.

Pri. Monster stay,
Thou that art like a Canker to the State
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Through every honest bosome, forcing still
The Veins of any that may serve thy Will,
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand
To seize upon this Virgin that doth stand
Yet trembling here.

Sull. Good holiness declare,
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embrac'd her, tell me by your Art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart?

Pri. Lust, and a branded Soul.

Sull. Yet tell me more,
Hath not our Mother Nature for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,
And wills that every living Creature must
Beget his like?

Pri. Ye are better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and Lechery.
Now to the Bower, and bring this Beast along,
Where he may suffer Penance for his wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perigot *with his hands bloody.*

Per. Here will I wash it in this mornings dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the Sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.
My hands will not be cleans'd. My wronged Love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand,
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew drops wash away my spot.
It will not cleanse. O to what sacred Flood
Shall I resort to wash away this blood?
Amid'st these Trees the holy *Clorin* dwells
In a low Cabin of cut Boughs, and heals
All Wounds; to her I will my self address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means by Art or Prayer,
To make my hand with chaste blood stained, fair:
That done, not far hence underneath some Tree,
I'll have a little Cabin built, since she
Whom I ador'd is dead, there will I give
My self to strictness, and like *Clorin* live. [*Exit.*

The Curtain is drawn, Clorin *appears sitting in the Cabin,* Amoret *sitting on the one side of her,* Alexis *and* Cloe *on the other, the* Satyr *standing by.*

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid,
Take example by this Maid,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure,
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed then how you turn your eye
On each other lustfully:
And Shepherdess take heed lest you
Move his willing eye thereto;
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours his weaker sense beguile.
Is your Love yet true and chaste,

And for ever so to last?
Alex. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill tempred fires,
True Love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'r consume.
Clo. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quencht to be.
Clor. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Yon is her Cabin, thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.
Clorin come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor Swain.
Clo. What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near.
Peri. I dare not.
Clor. *Satyr*, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Sat. There at hand, some Swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloudy hand.
Peri. Come *Clorin*, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clo. What wonders have been here
To night? stretch forth thy hand young Swain,
Wash and rub it whilest I rain
Holy water.
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scower.
Clor. Satyr, bring him to the Bower,
We will try the Soveraign power
Of other waters.
Satyr. Mortal, sure
'Tis the Blood of Maiden pure
That stains thee so.

[*The* Satyr *leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth* Amoret, *and kneeling down, she knoweth him.*

Peri. What e're thou be,
Be'st thou her spright, or some divinitie,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor *Perigot.*
Amor. I am thy love,
Thy *Amoret*, for evermore thy love:
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'le prove
As constant still. O couldst thou love me yet;
How soon should I my former griefs forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy, that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me; hast thou still power to forgive?
Amo. Whilest thou hast power to love, or I to live;
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me.
Peri. And when thou lov'st alone
And not I, death, or some lingring pain
That's worse, light on me.
Clor. Now your stain
This perhaps will cleanse again;
See the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the powers again are pleas'd,
And with this new knot appeas'd.
Joyn your hands, and rise together,
Pan be blest that brought you hither.

Enter Priest, *and* Old Shephe[rd].

Clor. Go back again what ere thou art, unless
Smooth Maiden thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallowed ground. Go *Satyr*, take his hand,
And give him present trial.
Satyr. Mortal stand,
Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up; never was
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.
Clor. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?

Priest. First, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy face
Where all good dwells that is: Next for to try
The truth of late report was given to me:
Those Shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open Air, or stay a longer cure.
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spight
All this confusion fell: For to this place,
Thou holy Maiden, have I brought the race
Of these offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.

Clor. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the Air:
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
Of Censors fill'd with Frankincense and Mirrh,
Together with cold Camphyre: quickly stir
Thee, gentle *Satyr*, for the place begins
To sweat and labour with the abhorred sins
Of those offenders; let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosie
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard of venome; hie thee fast
Thou holy man, and banish from the chast
These manlike monsters, let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but long before
The next Suns rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight.
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak Patients break into new gores. [*Ex.* Priest.

Per. My dear, dear *Amoret*, how happy are
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong?
How do you feel your hurts? Alas poor heart,
How much I was abus'd; give me the smart

For it is justly mine.
Amo. I do believe.
It is enough dear friend, leave off to grieve,
And let us once more in despight of ill
Give hands and hearts again.
Per. With better will
Than e're I went to find in hottest day
Cool Crystal of the Fountain, to allay
My eager thirst: may this band never break.
Hear us O Heaven.
Amo. Be constant.
Per. Else *Pan* wreak,
With [d]ouble vengeance, my disloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes.
Amo. Thus Shepherd with a kiss all envy dyes.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Bright Maid, I have perform'd your will, the Swain
In whom such heat and black rebellions raign
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:
Only the Maid I have reserv'd, whose face
Shews much amendment, many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault, great fair recal
Your heavy doom, in hope of better daies,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy Spirit that near drowned lyes
In self consuming care that never dyes.
Clor. I am content to pardon, call her in;
The Air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge it self, how bright the day doth show
After this stormy Cloud! go *Satyr*, go,
And with this Taper boldly try her hand,
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the Gods themselves. [*Satyr brings* Amaryllis *in.*
Satyr. Come forward Maiden, do not lurk
Nor hide your face with grief and shame,
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and recure

All thy life that was impure:
Hold your hand unto the flame,
If thou beest a perfect dame,
Or hast truely vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.
See the Taper hurts her not.
Go thy wayes, let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood.
Thank the Gods and still be good.

Clor. Young Shepherdess now ye are brought again
To Virgin state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good Shepherd force thee to remove;
Th[e]n labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one, that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after time.
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now holy man, I offer up again
These patients full of health, and free from pain:
Keep them from after ills, be ever near
Unto their actions, teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass through, from suspect,
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves, correct the bloud
With thrifty bits and labour, let the floud,
Or the next neighbouring spring give remedy
To greedy thirst, and travel not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters, [let] not wine,
Unless in sacrifice, or rites divine,
Be ever known of Shepherd, have a care
Thou man of holy life. Now do not spare
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him, whose many pains and swet
Hath giv'n increase, and added to the downs.
Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their Heifers in the budded Brooms:
Teach the young Maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all complements, but single truth
From every tongue, and every Shepherds heart,

Let them still use perswading, but no Art:
Thus holy *Priest*, I wish to thee and these,
All the best goods and comforts that may please.
Alex. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this Bower may ever live.
Priest. Kneel every Shepherd, whilest with powerful hand
I bless your after labours, and the Land
You feed your flocks upon. Great *Pan* defend you
From misfortune, and amend you,
Keep you from those dangers still,
That are followed by your will,
Give ye means to know at length
All your riches, all your strength,
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your Cottage, till his power
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to every soul.
May his care of you controul
All diseases, sores or pain
That in after time may raign
Either in your flocks or you,
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true.
Now rise and go, and as ye pass away
Sing to the God of Sheep, that happy lay,
That honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*, he
That was the soul and god of melodie.

The SONG. [*They all Sing*

All ye woods, and trees and bowers,
All you vertues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilest we greet
All this ground,

With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd: Daffadillies,
Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies,
Let us fling,
Whilest we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd ever young,
Thus great Pan *is ever sung.* [*Exeunt.*

Satyr. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou m[o]st powerful Maid, and whitest,
Thou most vertuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like *Apollo*, tell me sweetest
What new service now is meetest
For the *Satyr*? shall I stray
In the middle Air, and stay
The sayling Rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the Moon, and gently make
Sute to the pale Queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the Sea,
And bring thee Coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowie fleeces; dearest, shall
I catch the wanton Fawns, or Flyes,
Whose woven wings the Summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit?
Or steal from Heaven old *Orpheus* Lute?
All these I'le venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

Clor. No other service, *Satyr*, but thy watch
About these thickets, lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance.

Satyr. Holy Virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick

As the breaking light, and prick
Down the Lawns, and down the vails
Faster than the Wind-mill sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as *Phœbus* heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee, and this arbour.
Cl[*o*]. And to thee,
All thy Masters love be free. [*Exeunt.*

To my Friend Master JOHN FLETCHER *upon his Faithfull Shepherdess.*

I Know too well, that, no more than the man
That travels through the burning Desarts, can
When he is beaten with the raging Sun,
Half smother'd in the dust, have power to run
From a cool River, which himself doth find,
E're he be slack'd; no more can he whose mind
Joyes in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write:
Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'r had a stain,
Upon the publick Stage present his [vein,]
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the parties cause?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicite faith;
One company knowing they judgement lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black:
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute,
Some like as he does in the fairest sute,
He as his Mistress doth, and she by chance:
Nor want there those, who as the Boy doth dance
Between the Acts, will censure the whole Play;
Some if the Wax-lights be not new that day;
But multitudes there are whose judgement goes
Headlong according to the Actors cloathes.
For this, these publick things and I, agree
So ill, that but to do a right for thee,
I had not been perswaded to have hurl'd
These few, ill spoken lines, into the world,
Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,
Whose very reading makes Verse senseless Prose:

Such as must spend above an hour, to spell
A Challenge on a Post, to know it well:
But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and Art adorn'd.
Besides one vantage more in this I see,
Your censurers now must have the qualitie
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Than half your shrewdest Judges had before.

Fr. Beaumont.

To the worthy Author M^r. Jo. Fletcher.

The wise, and many headed Bench, *that sits*
Upon the Life, and Death of Playes, *and* Wits,
(Compos'd of Gamester, Captain, Knight, Knight's man,
Lady, *or* Pusill, *that wears mask or fan,*
Velvet, *or* Taffata *cap, rank'd in the dark*
With the shops Foreman, *or some such* brave spark,
That may judge for his six-pence*) had, before*
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole Play, and more,
Their motives were, since it had not to doe
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad, thy Innocence was thy Guilt,
And wish that all the Muses *blood were spilt*
In such a Martyrdome, *to vex their eyes,*
Do crown thy murdred Poeme: *which shall rise*
A glorified work to Time, when Fire,
Or mothes shall eat, what all these Fools admire.

BEN. JONSON.

This Dialogue newly added, was spoken by way of Prologue to both their Majesties, at the first acting of this Pastoral at *Somerset-house* on Twelfth-night, 1633.

Priest.

A Broiling Lamb on Pans *chief Altar lies,*
My Wreath, my Censor, Virge, and Incense by:
But I delay'd the pretious Sacrifice,
To shew thee here, a Gentle Deity.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy sacred Summons slow,
Hither I came as swift as th' Eagles wing,
Or threatning shaft from vext Dianaes *bow,*
To see this Islands God; the worlds best King.

Priest.

Bless then that Queen, that doth his eyes invite
And ears, t'obey her Scepter, half this night.

Nymph.

Let's sing such welcomes, as shall make Her sway
Seem easie to Him, though it last till day.

Welcom as Peace t'unwalled Cities, when
Famine and Sword leave them more graves than men.
As Spring to Birds, or Noon-dayes Sun to th' old
Poor mountain Muscovite congeal'd with cold.
As Shore toth' Pilot in a safe known Coast
When's Card is broken and his Rudder lost.

APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline. Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versâ*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Only misprints of interest in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded.

THE ELDER BROTHER: VARIANTS IN THE QUARTOS.

(A) The | Elder Brother, | A | Comedy. | Acted at the Black Friers, by his | Majesties Servants. | Printed according to the true Copie. | Written by John Fletcher Gent. | London, | Imprinted by F. K. for J. W. and J. B. | 1637.

(B) The | Elder Brother | A | Comedie. | Acted at the Blacke Friers, by his | Majesties Servants. | Printed according to the true Copie. | Written by John Fletcher Gent. | London, | Imprinted by F. K. for J. W. and J. B. | 1637.

(C) The | Elder Brother: | A | Comedie. | Acted at the private house in Blacke Fryers, | with great Applause, by His late | Majesties Servants. | Printed according to the true Copie. | Written by Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher. Gent. | The second Edition, Corrected and Amended. | London, | Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at | his Shop at the Princes Armes in S^{t}. Paules Church yard. | 1651.

(D) The | Elder Brother, | A | Comedy. | Acted at the Black Friers by | His Majesties Servants. | Printed according to the true Copy. | Written by John Fletcher Gent. | London: | Printed in the Year, 1661.

(E) The | Elder Brother: | A | Comedy. | As it is now Acted at the | Theatre Royal, | By His Majesties Servants. | Written by Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher, Gent. | London, | Printed by T. N. for D. N. and T. C. and are to be | sold by George Marriott, at the Sign of the Temple | near the Inner Temple Gate in Fleetstreet. | M. DC. LXXVIII.

(This Edition was published the year before the publication of the Second Folio. I have not had an opportunity of examining it, but an American correspondent, who kindly collated my proof-sheets with the copy in the Boston Public Library, has sent me his notes. The text is practically that of the Second Folio.)

APPENDIX

p. 1, l. 5. A—D] The Speakers of the Play. l. 29. A—D *omit* here and in similar cases at the beginning of a scene] Enter. A—D *omit*] and.

p. 2, l. 14. A—D] others hands. l. 15. C] Coach. l. 20. 2nd Folio *misprints*] Frow. C] of body and of. l. 24. B and C] vertues.

p. 3, l. 8. A—D] pleasure. l. 14. A—D] state. l. 18. C] the publique. l. 31. A—C] kings. l. 32. A—C] in the Country.

p. 4, l. 14. C] up a. l. 19. A—C] such one. l. 30. C] pleasure. l. 33. A—D *omit*] and.

p. 5, l. 9. C *omits*] quite. l. 38. A, B and D] Would 'ee. l. 39. C] as my M^r^.

p. 6, l. 16. A—D *add*] Ex. l. 20. B and C] put in. l. 27. 2nd Folio *misprints*] my.

p. 7, l. 5. A] to buttry. l. 11. C] Hoe, Lackey. l. 18. D] and to. l. 21. A—D *print the stage direction after* adorer. l. 29. B and C] loves. l. 30. C] with service.

p. 8, l. 10. B and C] the palm of. l. 28. B and C] and Bucolicks. l. 29. B and C] guard. l. 32. B and C] pleasures.

p. 9, l. 2. 2nd Folio] Husband. l. 26. 2nd Folio *misprints*] Compaions. l. 40. A] Hee's indeed.

p. 10, l. 12. B and C] nor your. l. 17. A—C] Trumpe. l. 33. D] promise.

p. 11, l. 2. C] much each ease. l. 3. C] for a shelfe of. ll. 14 and 17. D] travail...travailes. l. 19. A] *Eust.* If take. B] *Eust.* If this take. D also prints *Eust.* here. C] *Bri.* If this take. l. 32. A—D *add*] Finis Actus primi. l. 33. 2nd Folio *misprints*] Seundus.

p. 12, l. 1. C] But know to. l. 8. C] entail'd to ye. l. 20. C] spirit and the. l. 25. C] tedious speech. l. 29. A—D] spake. l. 36. C] a Jesuite. l. 40. B and C] fat and feesible. A—D] then you sit.

p. 13, l. 9. A] on't. l. 27. A] pox of Venice. l. 36. B and C] girles and.

p. 14, l. 6. A—D] vent. l. 16. A] Libratyan Almanack. B—D] Library an. l. 20. B and C] o'er the ears. ll. 24 and 25. A] the art. l. 26. A—D] snowes.

p. 15, l. 2. A—D] state. l. 9. C *omits*] shall. l. 12. A and C] land too, to. l. 16. A—D] state. l. 31. A—D *omit*] these. l. 34. B and C] auras. l. 36. A—D] nor do not weigh.

p. 16, l. 1. B and C] your brains. l. 4. A—D] University Lovaine. l. 8. B and C *add*] Exit. l. 11. B and C] to my. l. 18. B and D] nor behaviour. ll. 18 and 19. C *omits*] no gentle...in 'em. l. 30. C] a fine. l. 33. A—D] state.

p. 17, l. 3. B—D] in mine. l. 28. A—D] Is at's. l. 34. A—C] spirits. l. 38. A—D *with variations of* Ex, *and* Ex'] *Ex.* Lent.

p. 18, l. 2. B and C] Males and. l. 12. A—C] metamaticall. l. 25. C] bread for.

p. 19, l. 2. A and D] younger. B and C *omit*] to. l. 3. A—D] the heir will do. l. 8. B] fame. l. 28. A—C] and her lodging. l. 34. B and C] stie.

p. 20, l. 1. B and C] Crown's awry. l. 2. 2nd Folio] slip. l. 6. B] your bookes. C] I have not swept your. l. 16. C] ages. l. 20. B] nere

have marryed. C] nere have warmed. l. 23. C] I not regarded them. l. 31. A—D] as daintily. l. 39. A] Gammer.

p. **21**, l. 3. B—D] do find. l. 7. C] the happy day that. l. 9. B—D] my great care. l. 15. A—D] state. B and C *omit*] a. l. 19. A—D] on our. l. 28. A, B and D read *Not.* for *Lew.* C *omits*] Lew. l. 29. A—D *print for Not.*] *Lewis, and make Not.'s speech begin* If it had been etc.

p. **22**, l. 6. C] he may make. l. 18. C] an annual. l. 33. C] set it ready. l. 36. 2nd Folio *misprints*] clook.

p. **23**, l. 2. C] to make. l. 23. B *omits*] a. C] What noise is this, my. l. 37. C] squeaking's.

p. **24**, l. 2. C] angry Sir. l. 15. C] And there's. l. 27. C] today. l. 36. A—C] O you'ld. l. 37. C and D] book.

p. **25**, l. 2. C] elder. l. 15. C] very wide. l. 18. A—D] book. l. 25. C] I come not for. l. 32. C] I'le assure you. l. 36. C] Thee, thou art.

p. **26**, l. 4. A—D] Gincracke. l. 11. C] venter. l. 12. A] t'ee. l. 38. C] sensible when the. C *omits*] when it.

p. **27**, l. 11. A and D] speak. B and C] spake.

p. **28**, l. 4. B and C] the care. l. 11. B and C] women. l. 13. C *adds after* prethee] 'twill be tenne times better. l. 22. A—D *omit*] and. l. 24. C *omits*] Is your's ready. l. 25. C *omits all the Priest's speech.* l. 27. C *omits*] Do...exactly. l. 29. C] fault Sir.

p. **29**, l. 5. A—D] nor he. l. 7. B and C *omit*] Faith. l. 9. B and C] so think I too. l. 15. D *omits*] and. l. 29. C *omits*] but. l. 32. C] Will you set too your hand brother. l. 38. C *omits*] only.

p. **30**, l. 10. A—C *omit*] to. l. 17. C] want man. l. 20. B and C] Lampes.

p. **31**, l. 22. A and C] want present. l. 31. C] fingred morn. l. 33. C] till your.

p. **32**, l. 7. C] and stop. l. 11. B—D] Has. l. 12. B—D] Has. ll. 12 and 13. C *omits*] I hope...an Ass. l. 21. C] are gay and. l. 24. C] Can you love. l. 36. A] failling. ll. 36 and 37. A—D] all elements.

p. **33**, l. 2. C] shall close. l. 12. A and B] our inside. l. 28. 2nd Folio *misprints*] your. l. 29. C] your fingers. l. 37. B and C] hand too.

p. **34**, l. 1. C] He shall Coxcombe. C *omits*] Jew, thou...asses Coxcomb. l. 11. C] friends. l. 12. C] Land, pox on't has got the wench too.

p. **35**, l. 5. C] sots. l. 11. B and C] thy owne. l. 21. A—D] cowardliness. l. 29. 2nd Folio] house I'll, l. 34. B and C] their Country. l. 40. A and D] and cover.

p. **37**, l. 3. E and 2nd Folio] chafer. l. 24. B and C] travelling language. l. 27. B and C] but those. l. 29. A—D *omit*] And. l. 30. D and 2nd Folio *omit*] they. l. 32. B and C] pruning and dressing up. l. 39. B and C] and a little.

p. **38**, l. 10. A—D *omit*] Enter. 2nd Folio] Angellia. l. 13. C] a strange set. l. 22. C] in bed. l. 31. A and D] fle. l. 36. B *omits*] *Ang., making it a continuation of Char.'s previous speech.* B and C *omit*] Sir.

p. **39**, l. 5. C] blushes too, men. l. 14. A—C] Ceremony. l. 16. B and C] should seal. C] hand. l. 17. B—D] an Heretick. ll. 17 and 18. C] would do. l. 20. C] slumbers. l. 21. C] see your. l. 26. C] clip ye. C] kiss ye. l. 31. C] Queens to wear.

APPENDIX

p. 40, l. 2. A—C] anything, anything fit. ll. 5 and 6. C] mingled, Mistris, and. ll. 6 and 7. C] should consent now, I. C *omits*] fo'rt. l. 8. C] beauteous sparkle. l. 9. B and C] part of life run. l. 11. C] that which. ll. 17 and 18. C] flowers woe us to tumble; yet. ll. 22 and 23. C] but your affections. l. 24. C *omits*] A good night t'ye, and. ll. 24 and 25. C] fall on you, and lock. l. 33. C] they'l not be kept out. l. 34. A—D *omit*] fit.

p. 41, l. 4. C] her ore sufficiently. l. 16. C] my. l. 21. D *omits*] may. ll. 24 and 25. E and 2nd Folio print stage direction after Eustace's speech. l. 39. C] too; to think is.

p. 42, l. 2. A, B and D] sign of man. l. 20. B and D] I'll talke thee. l. 30. C] poore slight despicable thing.

p. 43, l. 9. B] In truth, Sir. l. 12. C] one who. l. 13. C] so frighted 'um, so. l. 17. A and C] frosts. l. 22. B and C] Glo-wormes taile. l. 30. C] the reason. l. 35. A—D] to you.

p. 44, ll. 8 and 9. C] and shall to as Ile handle it, it shall. l. 30. C and D] spake. l. 31. A—C] ere I done.

p. 46, l. 1. C, *after* his own, *inserts*] *And.* I warrant thee Wench. l. 9. C] *after* grant a little, *inserts line* 11 *here instead of below.* l. 12. A—C] will put. l. 23. C] with his wife within. l. 24. A—D] Farm in Cuckolds.

p. 47, l. 4. A] poll'd off. l. 15. A and D] an hundred. l. 29. 2nd Folio *misprints*] Agne. A—D] Hee's.

p. 48, l. 6. B and C] women. l. 12. A—D] a' has a. l. 22. C] us Scholars. l. 36. A *adds*] *Lew* before *Cow.*

p. 49, l. 12. A—C] do nor suffer. l. 13. B and C] are there. l. 33. A—C] thinke's no. l. 38. A, B and D] no use.

p. 50, ll. 17 and 18. B and C] make you the Court.

p. 51, ll. 24—26. A—D *place the stage direction after* opens *instead of after* opportunity. l. 37. C] None Sir.

p. 52, l. 2. B and C] doores.

p. 53, l. 4. A and B] ever could. l. 7. B and C] plung'd in, teaching. l. 8. A] how fare. l. 9. B and C] you were thought. l. 17. A—D] would dispense.

p. 54, l. 3. B and C] till thine.

p. 55, l. 12. B and C] and will. l. 19. 2nd Folio *misprints*] my.

p. 56, l. 3. A] you valour. l. 8. 2nd Folio *misprints*] reptation. l. 11. C] and old as. l. 22. 2nd Folio] Angellia. l. 23. C] perswasion. l. 25. B and C] falsly. l. 27. A] so fare. ll. 28 and 29. C] repairs, but rather ruines that honour...up; you destroy what. l. 30. C] or my reputation. l. 31. C *omits*] good. l. 34. C] Love Charles. l. 35. C] limbs held.

p. 57, l. 1. C] thy honour. l. 4. C] thou. l. 6. B and C] entertain. l. 18. C] Kill if. l. 35. A—D] states. C *omits*] and.

p. 58, l. 8. A—D] affect it. l. 10. *After* old Fool C *inserts*] *Bri.* Your brother Sir. l. 18. C] we continue still good. C *adds*] Finis. l. 22. A and D] Till you. l. 25. C] live.

p. 59, A, B and D *add*] Finis.

THE ELDER BROTHER

THE ELDER BROTHER IN VERSE, FROM THE QUARTO OF 1637 (A).

Actus I. Scena I.

Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia.

Nay, I must walk you farther. *Ang.* I am tyr'd Sir,
And nere shall foot it home. *L.* 'Tis for your health;
The want of exercise takes from your beauties,
And sloath dries up your sweetness: That you are
My onely Daughter and my heir, is granted;
And you in thankfulness must needs acknowledge,
You ever finde me an indulgent Father,
And open-handed. *Ang.* Nor can you tax me, Sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deserve
These favours from you. *Lew.* No, my *Angellina*,
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,
Which my care to advance thee, shall confirm:
All that I aime at, is to winne thee from
The practise of an idle foolish state
Us'd by great Women, who think any labour
(Though in the service of themselves) a blemish
To their faire fortunes. *Ang.* Make me understand Sir,
What 'tis you point at. *Lew.* At the custome how
Virgins of wealthy families, waste their youth;
After a long sleep when you wake, your woman
Presents your breakfast, then you sleep again,
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others hands,
Y'are led to dinner, and that ended, either
To Cards or to your Couch (as if you were
Born without motion) After this to Supper,
And then to bed; And so your life runnes round
Without variety or action Daughter.
Syl. Here's a learned Lecture! *Lew.* From this idlenesse
Diseases both in body and in minde
Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature
With wholesome exercise guards both from danger:
I'de have thee rise with the Sunne, walke, dance or hunt,
Visite the groves and springs, and learne the vertue
Of Plants and Simples: Doe this moderately,
And thou shalt not with eating chalke, or coales,
Leather and oatmeale, and such other trash,
Fall into the greene sicknesse. *Syl.* With your pardon
(Were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could
Prescribe a remedy for my Ladies health,
And her delight too, farre transcending those
Your Lordship but now mention'd. *Lew.* What is it *Sylvia*?
Syl. What i'st? A noble Husband; In that word, a
Noble Husband, all content of Woman
Is wholly comprehended; He will rowse her,
As you say, with the Sunne, and so pipe to her,
As she will dance, ne're doubt it, and hunt with her,
Upon occasion, untill both be weary;

And then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples,
As I take it, were superfluous; A loving,
And but adde to it a gamesome Bedfellow,
Being the sure Physician. *Lew.* Well said Wench.
Ang. And who gave you Commission to deliver
Your verdict, Minion? *Syl.* I deserve a fee,
And not a frown, deare Madam; I but speak
Her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modesty
Refuses to give voyce to; shew no mercy
To a Maidenhead of fourteene, but off with't:
Let her lose no time Sir; fathers that deny
Their Daughters lawfull pleasure, when ripe for them,
In some kinds edge their appetites to tast of
The fruit that is forbidden. *Lew.* Tis well urg'd,
And I approve it; no more blushing Girle,
Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented
What I meant to move to thee: There dwells neere us
A Gentleman of blood, Mounsieur *Brisac*,
Of a faire state, sixe thousand Crowns *per annum*,
The happy Father of two hopefull Sons,
Of different breeding; Th' elder, a meere Scholar,
The younger, a quaint Courtier. *Ang.* Sir, I know them
By publique fame, though yet I never saw them;
And that oppos'd antipathy between
Their various dispositions, renders them
The general discourse and argument;
One part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*,
The other side preferring *Eustace*, as
A man compleat in Courtship. *Lew.* And which [w]ay
(If of these two you were to chuse a husband)
Doth your affection sway you? *Ang.* to be plaine, Sir,
(Since you will teach me boldnesse) as they are
Simply themselves, to neither; Let a Courtier
Be never so exact, Let him be blest with
All parts that yeeld him to a Virgin gracious,
If he depend on others, and stand not
On his owne bottomes, though he have the meanes
To bring his Mistresse to a Masque, or by
Conveyance from some great ones lips, to taste
Such favour from the Kings: or grant he purchase,
Precedency in the Country, to be sworne
A servant Extraordinary to the Queen;
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reversion; If
He Want a present fortune, at the best
Those are but glorious dreames, and onely yeeld him
A happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*;
Nor can they fetch him silkes from th' Mercer; nor
Discharge a Taylors bill; nor in full plenty
(Which still preserves a quiet bed at home)
Maintaine a family. *Lew.* Aptly consider'd,
And to my wish; but what's thy censure of
The Schollar? *Ang.* Troth (if he be nothing else)

As of the Courtier; all his Songs, and Sonnets,
His Anagrams, Acrosticks, Epigrammes,
His deep and Philosophical discourse
Of natures hidden secrets, makes not up
A perfect husband; He can hardly borrow
The Starres of the Celestial crown to make me
A tire for my head; nor *Charles* Waine for a Coach,
Nor *Ganymede* for a Page, nor a rich Gowne
From *Juno's* Wardrob, nor would I lye in
(For I despaire not once to be a mother)
Under heavens spangled Canopy, or banquet
My guests and Gossips with imagin'd Nectar;
Pure *Orleans* would doe better; no, no, father,
Though I could be well pleas'd to have my husband
A Courtier, and a Schollar, young, and valiant,
These are but gawdy nothings, if there be not
Something to make a substance. *Lew.* And what is that?
Ang. A full estate, and that said, I've said all,
And get me such a one with these additions,
Farewell Virginity, and welcome wedlock.
Lew. But where is such one to be met with Daughter?
A black Swan is more common, you may weare
Grey tresses ere we find him. *Ang.* I am not
So punctual in all ceremonies, I will bate
Two or three of these good parts, before Ile dwell
Too long upon the choice. *Syl.* Onely, my Lord, remember
That he be rich and active, for without these
The others yeeld no relish, but these perfect;
You must bear with small faults, Madam. *Lew.* Merry Wench,
And it becomes you well; Ile to *Brisac*,
And try what may be done; ith' mean time, home,
And feast thy thoughts with th' pleasures of a Bride.
Syl. Thoughts are but airy food Sir, let her tast them.

Actus I. Scena II.

Andrew, Cooke, Butler.

Unload part of the Library, and make roome
For th' other dozen of Carts, Ile straight be with you.
Co. Why hath he more bookes? *And.* More than ten Marts send over.
But. And can he tell their names? *And.* their names? he has 'em
As perfect as his *pater noster*, but that's nothing,
'Has red them over leaf by leaf three thousand times;
But here's the wonder, though their weight would sink
A Spanish Carrack, without other ballast,
He carryeth them all in his head, and yet
He walkes upright. *But.* Surely he has a strong braine.
And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with bookes
Made of the barkes of trees, or mysteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellam, he would sip thy Celler
Quite dry, and still be thirsty; Then for's Diet,
He eats and digests more Volumes at a meal,
Than there would be Larkes (though the sky should fall)
Devowred in a moneth in *Paris*, yet feare not

Sons oth' buttry, and kitchin, though his learn'd stomack
Cannot b' appeas'd; Hee'll seldom trouble you,
His knowing stomack contemnes your blacke Jacks, *Butler*,
And your Flagons; and *Cook* thy boyl'd, thy roast, thy bak'd.
Co. How liveth he? *And.* Not as other men doe,
Few Princes fare like him; He breakes his fast
With *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes
His watering with the Muses, sups with *Livie*,
Then walkes a turne or two in *via lactea*,
And (after six houres conference with the starres)
Sleepes with old *Erra Pater*. *But.* This is admirable.
And. I'le tell you more hereafter, here's my old Master
And another old ignorant Elder, Ile upon 'em.

Enter Brisac, Lewis.

What *Andrew*? welcome, where's my *Charles*? speake *Andrew*,
Where didst thou leave thy Master? *And.* Contemplating
The number of the sands in the high way,
And from that, purposes to make a judgement
Of the remainder in the Sea; He is Sir,
In serious study, and will lose no minute,
Nor out of 's pace to knowledge. *Lew.* This is strange.
And. Yet he hath sent his duty Sir before him
In this fair manuscript. *Bri.* What have we here?
Pot-hookes and Andirons! *And.* I much pitie you,
It is the Syrian Character, or the Arabicke,
Would 'ee have it said, so great and deep a Scholar
As Master *Charles* is, should ask blessing
In any Christian Language? Were it Greeke,
I could interpret for you, but indeed
I'm gone no farther. *Bri.* And in Greeke, you can
Lie with your smug wife *Lilly*. *And.* If I keepe her
From your French dialect, as I hope I shall Sir,
Howere she is your Laundresse, she shall put you
To th' charge of no more soape than usuall
For th' washing of your sheets. *Bri.* Take in the knave,
And let him eat. *And.* And drink too Sir. *Bri.* And drinke too Sir,
And see your Masters Chamber ready for him.
But. Come Doctor *Andrew* without Disputation
Thou shalt commence ith' Celler. *And.* I had rather
Commence on a cold bak'd meat. *Co.* Thou shalt ha't, Boy. *Ex.*
Bri. Good Mounsieur *Lewis*, I esteeme my selfe
Much honour'd in your cleare intent, to joyne
Our ancient families, and make them one,
And 'twill take from my age and cares to live
And see what you have purpos'd but in act,
Of which your visite at this present is
A hopeful Omen; I each minute expecting
Th' arrival of my Sons; I have not wrong'd
Their Birth for want of meanes and education,
To shape them to that course each was addicted;
And therefore that we may proceed discreetly,
Since what's concluded rashly seldome prospers,

You first shall take a strict perusal of them,
And then from your allowance, your fair daughter
May fashion her affection. *Lew.* Monsieur *Brisac*,
You offer fair, and nobly, and Ile meet you
In the same line of honour, and I hope,
Being blest but with one daughter, I shall not
Appeare impertinently curious,
Though with my utmost vigilance and study,
I labour to bestow her to her worth;
Let others speak her forme, and future fortune
From me descending to her; I in that
Sit down with silenc[e]. *Bri.* You may my Lord securely,
Since fame alowd proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all mens tongues to sing her praises;
Should I say more, you well might censure me
(What yet I never was) a Flatterer.
What trampling's that without of Horses?

Enter Butler.

Sir my young Masters are newly alighted.
Bri. Sir now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Charles.

Bid my Subsiser carry my Hackney to buttry,
And give him his bever; it is a civil
And sober beast, and will drink moderately,
And that done, turne him into the quadrangle.
Bri. He cannot out of his University tone.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Lackey, Take care our Coursers be well rubb'd,
And cloath'd, they have out stripp'd the wind in speed.
Lew. I marry Sir, there's metal in this young fellow!
What a sheeps look his elder brother has!
Char. Your blessing, Sir? *Bri.* Rise *Charles*, thou hast it.
Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the Court,
(Since 'tis the Courtiers garbe) I bend my knee,
And do expect what followes. *Bri.* Courtly begg'd.
My blessing! take it. *Eust.* Your Lordships vow'd adorer: *to Lew.*
What a thing this brother is! yet Ile vouchsafe him
The new Italian shrug— How clownishly
The book-worme does return it! *Ch.* I'm glad y'are well; *reads.*
Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of
This paire of accomplish't Mounsieurs.
They are Gallants that have seen both Tropicks.
Br. I embrace their love. *Egr.* which wee'l repay with servulating.
Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.
Bri. I pray you make deserving use on't first:
Eustace, give entertainment to your friends,
What's in my house is theirs. *Eust.* Which wee'l make use of;
Let's warme our braines with half a dozen healths,
And then hang cold discourse, for wee'll speak fire-workes. *Exe.*
Lew. What at his book already? *Bri.* Fy, Fy, *Charles*,
No hour of interruption? *Cha.* Plato differs

From *Socrates* in this. *Bri.* Come lay them by;
Let them agree at leasure. *Cha.* Mans life Sir, being
So short, and then the way that leades unto
The knowledg of our selves, so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious. *Bri.* In our care
To manage worldly business, you must part with
This bookish contemplation, and prepare
Your self for action; to thrive in this age,
Is held the blame of learning; you must study
To know what part of my land's good for th' plough,
And what for pasture; how to buy and sell
To the best advantage; how to cure my Oxen
When they're oregrown with labour. *Cha.* I may do this
From what I've read Sir; for what concerns tillage?
Who better can deliver it than *Virgil*
In his *Georgicks*? and to cure your herds,
His *Bucolicks* is a masterpeece; but when
He does discribe the Commonwealth of Bees,
Their industry and knowledge of the herbs,
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with *decorum* in the Hive,
Their gover[n]ment among themselves, their order
In going forth and comming loaden home,
Their obedience to their King, and his rewards
To such as labour, with his punishments
Onely inflicted on the slothful Drone,
I'm ravished with it, and there reap my harvest,
And there receive the gaine my Cattle bring me,
And there find wax and honey. *Bri.* And grow rich
In your imagination; heyday heyday,
Georgicks, *Bucolicks*, and Bees! Art mad?
Cha. No Sir, the knowledge of these guards me from it.
Bri. But can you find among your bundle of bookes
(And put in all your Dictionaries that speak all tongu's)
What pleasure they enjoy, that do embrace
A well shap'd wealthy Bride? Answer me that.
Cha. Tis frequent Sir in story, there I read of
All kinde of vertuous and vitious women;
The ancient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladyes,
Their beauties and deformities, and when
I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*,
Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and goodness,
With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes,
As if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted
Their ravishing sweetness; at the present loving
The whole sexe for their goodness and example.
But on the contrary when I looke on
A *Clytemnestra*, or a *Tullia*;
The first bath'd in her husbands blood; The latter,
Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her Chariot ore her fathers breathless trunk,
Horrour invades my faculties; and comparing
The multitudes o' th' guilty, with the few

That did dye Innocents, I detest, and loathe 'm
As ignorance or Atheisme. *Bri.* You resolve then
Nere to make payment of the debt you owe me.
Cha. What debt, good Sir? *Bri.* A debt I payd my father
When I begat thee, and made him a Grandsir,
Which I expect from you. *Cha.* The children Sir,
Which I will leave to all posterity,
Begot and brought up by my painefull studies,
Shall be my living issue. *Bri.* Very well.
And I shall have a general collection
Of all the quiddits from *Adam* to this time
To be my Grandchild. *Ch.* And such a one I hope Sir
As shall not shame the family. *Bri.* Nor will you
Take care of my estate? *Cha.* But in my wishes;
For know Sir, that the wings on which my Soul
Is mounted, have long since born her too high
To stoope to any prey that soares not upwards.
Sordid and dunghil minds compos'd of earth,
In that grosse Element fix all their happiness;
But purer spirits, purg'd and refin'd, shake off
That clog of humane frailtie; give me leave
T'injoy my selfe; that place that does containe
My Bookes (the best Companions) is to me
A glorious Court, where hourely I converse
With the old Sages and Philosophers,
And sometimes for variety, I conferre
With Kings and Emperours, and weigh their Counsels,
Calling their Victories (if unjustly got)
Unto a strict accompt, and in my phancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd Statues; Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertaine vanities? No, be it your care
T'augment your heap of wealth; It shall be mine
T'encrease in knowledg—Lights there for my study. *Exit.*
Bri. Was ever man that had reason thus transported
From all sense and feeling of his proper good?
It vexes me, and if I found not comfort
In my young *Eustace*, I might well conclude
My name were at a period! *Lew.* Hee's indeed Sir { *Ent. Eust.*
The surer base to build on. *Bri. Eustace. Eust.* Sir. { *Egre. Cow.*
Bri. Your eare in private. *And.* I suspect my master { *& Andr.*
Has found harsh welcome, he's gon supperless
Into his study; could I find out the cause,
It may be borrowing of his books, or so,
I shall be satisfi'd. *Eust.* My duty shall Sir,
Take any forme you please; and in your motion
To have me married, you cut off all dangers
The violent heats of youth might beare me to.
Lew. It is well answer'd. *Eust.* Nor shall you my Lord
For your faire Daughter ever finde just cause
To mourn your choice of me; the name of husband,
Nor the authority it carries in it
Shall ever teach me to forget to be

As I am now her servant, and your Lordships;
And but that modesty forbids, that I
Should sound the Trump of my owne deserts,
I could say my choice manners have been such,
As render me lov'd and remarkable
To th' Princes of the blood. *Cow.* Nay to the King.
Egre. Nay to the King and Councel. *And.* These are Court admirers,
And ever eccho him that beares the bagg.
Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this jugling.
Eust. Then for my hopes: *Cow.* Nay certainties. *Eust.* They stand
As faire as any mans. What can there fall
In compass of her wishes which she shall not
Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles?
By th' grace and favour of my princely friends,
I am what she would have me. *Bri.* He speakes well,
And I beleeve him. *Lew.* I could wish I did so.
Pray you a word Sir. He's a proper Gentleman,
And promises nothing, but what is possible.
So far I will go with you; Nay I add,
He hath won much upon me, and were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain
Were soone struck up. *Bri.* What's that my Lord? *Lew.* the heire.
And. Which he is not, and I trust never shall be.
Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference; you see
Charles has giv'n ore the World; Ile undertake,
And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him
For a dry-fat of new bookes; nor shall my state
Alone make way for him, but my-elder brothers,
Who being issueless, t'advance our name,
I doubt not will add his; Your resolution?
Lew. Ile first acquaint my daughter with the proceedings,
On these terms I am yours, as she shall be,
Make you no scruple, get the writings ready,
She shall be tractable; to-morrow we will hold
A second conference: Farewell noble *Eustace*,
And you brave Gallants. *Eust.* Ful increase of honour
Wait ever on you[r] Lordship. *And.* The Gowt rather
And a perpetual Meagrim. *Bri.* You see Eustace,
How I travail to possess you of a fortune
You were not born to; be you worthy of it,
Ile furnish you for a Suitor; visit her
And prosper in't. *Eust.* Shee's mine Sir, fear it not:
In all my travailes, I nere met a Virgin
That could resist my Courtship. *Eust.* If take now,
W'are made for ever, and will revel it. *Exeunt.*
And. In tough Welsh parsly, which in our vulgar Tongue
Is strong hempen halters; My poore Master coo'znd,
And I a looker on! If we have studied
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,
And consequents, to be concluded coxcombes,
W' have made a faire hand on't; I am glad I h've found
Out all their plots, and their conspiracies;
This shall t' old Mounsieur *Miramont*, one, that though

He cannot read a Proclamation, yet
Dotes on learning, and loves my Master *Charles*
For being a Schollar; I hear hee's comming hither,
I shall meet him, and if he be that old
Rough teasty blade he always us'd to be,
Ile ring him such a peale as shall go neere
To shake their belroome, peradventure, beat 'm,
For he is fire and flaxe, and so have at him. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus 2. *Scena* 1.

Miramont, Brisac.

Nay Brother, brother. *Bri.* Pray Sir be not moved,
I meddle in no business but mine own,
And in mine owne 'tis reason I should governe.
Mir. But how to govern then, and understand Sir,
And be as wise as y'are hasty, though you be
My brother, and from one bloud sprung, I must tell yee
Heartily and home too. *Br.* What Sir? *Mir.* What I grieve to find
You are a foole, and an old foole, and that's two.
Bri. We'l part 'em, if you please. *Mir.* No they're entailed to 'em.
Seeke to deprive an honest noble spirit,
Your eldest Son Sir? and your very Image,
(But he's so like you that he fares the worse for't)
Because he loves his booke and doates on that,
And onely studies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of such course braines as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther
Then when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants,
And choake your hide-bound Tenants with musty harvests.
Bri. You go to fast. *Mir.* I'm not come too my pace yet;
Because h' has made his studie all his pleasure,
And is retyr'd into his Contemplation,
Not medling with the dirt and chaffe of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance?
Must he be dispossess'd, and Mounsieur Gingle boy
His younger brother— *Bri.* You forget your self.
Mir. Because h' has been at Court and learn'd new tongues,
And how to speak a tedious peece of nothing;
To vary his face as Seamen do their Compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she Calves of the Season,
Therefore must he jump into his brothers land?
Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake enough,
In praise of learning, Sir? *Mir.* Never enough.
Bri. But brother do you know what learning is?
Mir. It is not to be a justice of Peace as you are,
And palter out your time ith' penal Statutes.
To heare the curious Tenets controverted
Between a Protestant Constable, and Jesuit Cobler,
To pick natural Philosophie out of bawdry,

When your Worship's pleas'd to correctifie a Lady;
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blinde Justice,
(Which is deep learning) when your worships Tenants
Bring a light cause, and heavie Hennes before yee,
Both fat and feesible, a Goose or Pig,
And then you sit like equity with both hands
Weighing indifferently the state oth' question.
These are your quodlibets, but no learning Brother.
Bri. You are so parlously in love with learning,
That I'de be glad to know what you understand, brother.
I'me sure you have read all *Aristotle.* *Mir.* Faith no,
But I beleeve, I have a learned faith Sir,
And that's it makes a Gentleman of my sort;
Though I can speak no Greek I love the sound on't,
It goes so thundering as it conjur'd Devils.
Charles speakes it loftily, and if thou wert a man,
Or had'st but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*,
Hesiod, and the Greek Poets, thou wouldst run mad,
And hang thy self for joy th' hadst such a Gentleman
To be thy son; O he has read such things
To me! *Bri.* And you do understand 'm Brother?
Mir. I tell thee no, that's not material; the sound's
Sufficient to confirme an honest man:
Good brother *Brisac*, do's your young Courtier
That weares the fine cloathes, and is the excellent Gentleman,
(The Traveller, the Souldier, as you think too)
Understand any other power than his Taylor?
Or knowes what motion is more than an Horse race?
What the moon meanes, but to light him home from Taverns?
Or the comfort of the Sun is, but to weare slash't clothes in?
And must this peece of ignorance be popt up,
Because 't can Kisse the hand, and cry sweet Lady?
Say it had been at *Rome*, and seen the Reliques,
Drunk your *Verdea* wine, and ridde at *Naples*,
Brought home a pox of *Venice* treacle with it,
To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes:
Must this thing therefore?— *Bri.* Yes Sir this thing must,
I will not trust my land to one so sotted,
So grown like a disease unto his studie;
He that will fling off all occasions
And cares, to make him understand what state is,
And how to govern it, must by that reason,
Be flung himself aside from managing:
My younger boy is a fine Gentleman.
Mir. He is an asse, a peece of Ginger-bread,
Gilt over to please foolish girles puppets.
Bri. You are my elder Brother. *Mir.* So I had need,
And have an elder wit, thou'dst shame us all else.
Go too, I say, *Charles* shall inherit. *Bri.* I say no,
Unless *Charles* had a soul to understand it;
Can he manage six thousand Crowns a yeare
Out of the Metaphysicks? or can all
His learn'd Astronomy look to my Vineyards?

Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines?
(I know they can drinke 'm) or your excellent Humanists
Sell 'm the Merchants for my best advantage?
Can History cut my hay, or get my Corne in?
And can Geometrie vent it in the market?
Shall I have my sheepe kept with a *Jacobs* staffe now?
I wonder you will magnifie this mad man,
You that are old and should understand. *Mir.* Should, sai'st thou,
Thou monstrous peece of ignorance in office!
Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy Clerk infuses,
Thy dapper Clerk larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than custom of offences;
Thou unrepriveable Dunce! that thy formal band strings,
Thy Ring nor pomander cannot expiate for,
Do'st thou tell me I should? Ile pose thy Worship
In thine own Libraty an Almanack,
Which thou art dayly poring on to pick out
Dayes of iniquity to cozen fooles in,
And full Moones to cut Cattel; do'st thou taint me,
That have run over Story, Poetry,
Humanity? *Bri.* As a cold nipping shadow
Does ore eares of Corne, and leave 'em blasted,
Put up your anger, what Ile do Ile do.
Mir. Thou shalt not doe. *Bri.* I will. *Mir.* Thou art an Asse then,
A dull old tedious Asse, th[']art ten times worse
And of lesse credit than Dunce *Hollingshead*
The Englishman, that writes of snowes and Sheriffes.

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Wel take you pleasure, here's one I must talke with.
Lew. Good day Sir. *Bri.* Faire to you Sir. *Lew.* May I speake w'ye?
Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodness.
Lew. Good morrow Mo[n]sieur *Miramont.* *Mir.* O sweet Sir,
Keep your good morrow to coole your Worships pottage,
A couple of the worlds fooles met together
To raise up dirt and dunghils. *Lew.* Are they drawne?
Bri. They shall be ready Sir, within these two houres;
And *Charles* set his hand. *Lew.* 'Tis necessary;
For he being a joint purchaser, though your state
Was got by your owne industrie, unlesse
He seale to the Conveyance, it can be
Of no validity. *Bri.* He shall be ready,
And do it willingly. *Mir.* He shall be hang'd first.
Bri. I hope your daughter likes. *Lew.* S[h]e loves him well Sir.
Young *Eustace* is a bait to catch a woman,
A budding spritely fellow; y'are resolved then,
That all shall passe from *Charles.* *Bri.* All all, hee's nothing,
A bunch of bookes shall be his patrimony,
And more then he can manage too. *Lew.* Will your brother
Passe over his land to, to your son *Eustace*?
You know he has no heire. *Mir.* He will be flead first,
And horse-collars made of 's skin! *Bri.* let him alone,
A wilful man; my state shall serve the turne, Sir.

And how does your Daughter? *Lew.* Ready for the houre,
And like a blushing Rose that staies the pulling.
Bri. To morrow, then's the day. *Lew.* Why then to morrow
Ile bring the Girle; get you the Writings ready.
Mir. But hark you Monsieur, have you the vertuous conscience
To help to robb an heire, an Elder Brother,
Of that which Nature and the Law flings on him?
You were your fathers eldest son, I take it,
And had his Land, would you had had his wit too,
Or his discretion to consider nobly,
What 'tis to deale unworthily in these things;
You'l say hee's none of yours, he's his son;
And he will say, he is no son to inherit
Above a shelfe of Bookes; Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and reade, and know things?
Why was he not like his father, a dumbe Justice?
A flat dull peece of flegme, shap'd like a man,
A reverend Idoll in a peece of arras?
Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,
Or any capital crime to his charge? *Lew.* I doe not,
Nor do not weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir;
This man must answer. *Bri.* I have don't already.
And giv'n sufficient reason to secure me;
And so good morrow brother to your patience.
Lew. Good morrow Monsieur *Miramont.* *Mir.* Good night-caps
Keepe braines warme, or Maggots will breed in 'm.
Well *Charles*, thou shalt not want to buy thee bookes yet,
The fairest in thy study are my gift,
And the University *Lovaine* for thy sake,
Hath tasted of my bounty, and to vex
Th' old doting foole thy father, and thy brother,
They shall not share a *Solz* of mine between them;
Nay more, Ile give thee eight thousand Crowns a year,
In some high strain to write my Epitaph.

Actus II. Scæna II.

Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

How do I look now my elder Brother?
Nay, t'is a handsome Suit. *Cow.* All courtly, courtly.
Eust. Ile assure ye Gentlemen, my Taylor has travail'd,
And speaks as lofty Language in his bills too;
The cover of an old Book would not shew thus.
Fye, fie; what things these Academicks are?
These book-worms, how they look! *Egr.* Th'are mere Images,
No gentle motion nor behaviour in 'm,
They'l prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a story of the state of Heaven,
What Lords and Ladies govern in such houses,
And what wonders they do when they meet together,
And how they spit snow, fire, and hail like a Jugler,
And make a noise when they are drunk, which we call Thunder.
Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest;
Such small-beer brains, but aske 'em any thing

Out of the Element of their understanding,
And they stand gaping like a roasted Pig;
Do they know what a Court is or a Councel,
Or how th' affairs of Christendome are manag'd?
Do they know any thing but a tyred hackney?
And they cry absurd as the Horse understood 'em.
They have made a fair youth of your elder brother,
A pretty piece of flesh. *Eust.* I thank 'm for it,
Long may he study to give me his state.
Saw you my Mistress? *Egre.* Yes, shees a sweet young woman,
But be sure you keep her from Learning. *Eust.* Songs she
May have, and read a little unbak'd Poetry,
Such as the Dablers of our time contrive,
That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,
Nor indeed nothing but an empty sound;
She shall have cloaths, but not made by Geometry;
Horses and Coach, but of no immortal race;
I will not have a Scholar in mine house
Above a gentle Reader; They corrupt
The foolish women with their subtle problems;
Ile have my house call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating Philosophers from entertainment.
Cow. It will do well, love those that love good fashions,
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'm,
That speak the lisp of Court. Oh 'tis great Learning!
To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle Courtly,
Th' are rare endowments; that they have seen far Countries,
And can speak strange things, though they speak no truths,
For then they make things common. When are you married?
Eust. To morrow, I think, we must have a Masque Boyes,
And of our own making. *Egre.* 'Tis not half an houres work,
A *Cupid* and a fiddle, and the thing's done,
But let's be handsome, shall's be Gods or Nymphs?
Eust. What, Nymphs with beards? *Cow.* That's true, we'l be
Some wandring Knights, that light here on a sudden. (Knights then,
Eust. Let's go, let's go, I must go visit, Gentlemen,
And mark what sweet lips I must kiss to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Actus II. Scena III.

Cook, Andrew, Butler.

And how do's my Master? *And.* Is at's book, peace Coxcomb,
That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should ask for him!
Co. Do's he not study conjuring too? *And.* Have you
Lost any Plate, *Butler*? *But.* No, but I know
I shall to morrow at dinner. *And.* Then to morrow
You shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle
With no spirits oth' Buttry, they taste too small for us;
Keep me a Pye *in folio*, I beseech thee,
And thou shalt see how learnedly Ile translate him;
Shalls have good cheer to morrow? *Coo. Ex.* Lent, good cheer *Andrew.*
And. The spight on't is, that much about that time,
I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,

Which are the Males or Females of red Herrings
And whether they be taken in the red Sea onely,
A question found out by *Copernicus*,
The learned Motion-maker. *Co.* I marry *Butler*,
Here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him,
Would swear he understood no more than we do.
But. Certain, a learned *Andrew*. *And.* I've so much on't
And am so loaden with strong understanding,
I fear, they'l run me mad, here's a new instrument,
A metamatical glister to purge the Moon with,
When she is laden with cold flegmatick humours,
And here's another to remove the Stars,
When they grow too thick in the Firmament.
Co. O heavens! why do I labour out my life
In a beef-pot? and only search the secrets
Of a Sallad; and know no farther! *And.* They are not
Reveal'd to all heads; These are far above
Your Element of Fire. *Cooke.* I could tell you
Of *Archimides* glass to fire your coals with,
And of the Philosophers turf that nere goes out;
And *Gilbert Butler*, I could ravish thee,
With two rare inventions. *But.* What are they *Andrew*?
And. The one to blanch your bread from chippings base,
And in a moment, as thou wouldst an Almond,
The Sect of the Epicureans invented that;
The other for thy trenches, that's a strong one,
To cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute,
And no noise heard, which is the wonder *Gilbert*,
And this was out of *Plato's* new *Idea's*.
But. Why, what a learned Master do'st thou serve *Andrew*?
And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, *Gilbert*;
With gods and goddesses, and such strange people
He deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion,
As thou do'st with thy boy that drawes thy drink,
Or *Ralph* there with his kitchin boyes and scalders.
Coo. But why should he not be familiar and talk sometimes,
As other Christians do, of hearty matters,
And come into the Kitchin, and there cut his breakfast?
But. And then retyre to the Buttry and there eat it,
And drink a lusty bowle to my younger Master
That must be now the heir will do all these,
I and be drunk too; These are mortal things.
And. My Master studies immortality. *Coo.* Now thou talk'st
Of immortality, how do's thy wife *Andrew*? My old Master
Did you no small pleasure when he procur'd her
And stock'd you in a farme. If he should love her now,
As he hath a Colts tooth yet, what sayes your learning
And your strange instruments to that my *Andrew*?
Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it?
Can ye put by his Mathematical Engine?
And. Yes, or Ile break it; thou awaken'st me,
And Ile peep ith' Moon this moneth but Ile watch for him.
My Master rings, I must go make him a fire,

And conjure ore his books. *Coo.* Adieu good *Andrew*,
And send thee manly patience with thy learning. *Exeu.*

Actus II. Scæna IV.

Charles.

I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into studie;
'Tis meat and sleep; what need I outward garments,
When I can cloathe my self with understanding?
The stars and glorious planets have no Taylors,
Yet ever new they are and shine like Courtiers.
The seasons of the yeare find no fond parents,
Yet some are arm'd in silver Ice that glisters,
And some in gawdy green come in like Masquers:
The Silk-worme spines her owne suit and her lodging,
And has no aid nor partner in her labours:
Why should we care for any thing but knowledge,
Or look upon the world but to contemne it?

Enter Andrew.

Would you have any thing? *Cha. Andrew*, I find
There is a flie grown o're the eye oth' Bull,
Which will go neere to blind the Constellation.
And. Put a gold-ring in's nose, and that will cure him.
Cha. Ariadne's crown's away too; two main starres
That held it fast are slip'd out. *And.* Send it presently
To *Gallatteo* the Italian Star-wright
Hee'll set it right againe with little labour.
Cha. Thou art a pretty Schollar. *And.* I hope I shall be;
Have I swept bookes so often to know nothing?
Cha. I heare thou art married. *And.* It hath pleas'd your father
To match me to a maid of his owne choosing,
I doubt her constellation's loose too, and wants nailing,
And a sweet farme he has given us a mile off Sir.
Cha. Marry thy selfe to understanding, *Andrew*,
These women are *Errata* in all Authours,
They're faire to see to, and bound up in vellam,
Smooth, white and cleare, but their contents are monstrous;
They treat of nothing but dull age and diseases.
Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is
On those shelves, *Andrew*. *And.* I think I have not Sir.
Cha. No, if thou had'st thould'st nere marryed a woman
In thy bosome, they're Cataplasmes made oth' deadly sins:
I nere saw any yet but mine own mother;
Or if I did, I did regard them but
As shadowes that passe by of under Creatures.
And. Shall I bring you one? Ile trust you with my owne wife;
I would not have your brother go beyond ye;
Th'are the prittiest natural Philosophers to play with.
Cha. No, no, th'are Opticks to delude mens eyes with.
Does my younger brother speake any Greek yet, *Andrew*?
And. No, but he speaks High Dutch, and that goes as daintily.
Cha. Reach me the bookes down I read yesterday,

And make a little fire and get a manchet;
Make cleane those instruments of brass I shew'd you,
And 'set the great Sphere by, then take the fox tayle
And purg the bookes from dust, last take your *Lilly*,
And get your part ready. *And.* Shall I go home Sir?
My wives name is *Lilly*, there my best part lyes, Sir.
Cha. I mean your Gammer, O thou dunderhead!
Would'st thou be ever in thy wives Syntaxis?
Let me have no noise nor nothing to disturb me,
I am to find a secret. *And.* So am I too,
Which if I you find, I shall make some smart for't.— *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. *Scena* 1.

Lewis, Angellina; Sylvia, Notary.

This is the day my daughter *Angellina*,
The happy, that must make you a fortune,
A large and full one, my great care has wrought it,
And yours must be as great to entertaine it;
Young *Eustace* is a Gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His person excellent, I know you find that,
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth,
Young handsome people should be match'd together,
Then followes handsome Ch[i]ldren, handsome fortunes;
The most part of his fathers state, my Wench,
Is ti'd in a joynture, that makes up the harmony;
And when y'are marryed, he's of that soft temper,
And so far will be chain'd to your observance,
That you may rule and turne him as you please.
What are the writings drawn on our side, Sir?
Not. They are, and here I have so fetter'd him,
That if the Elder Brother set his hand to,
Not all the power of law shall ere release him.
Lew. These Notaries are notable confident Knaves,
And able to doe more mischeife than an Army:
Are all your clauses sure? *Not.* Sure as proportion,
They may turne Rivers sooner than these writings.
Not. Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?
Lew. Twas not condition'd. *Not.* If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the writing;
If not found all the Land. *Lew.* These are small Devils
That care not who has misch[ie]fe, so they make it;
They live upon the meere scent of dissension.
Tis well, tis well, Are you contented Girle?
For your wil must be known. *Ang.* A husband's welcom,
And as an humble wife Ile entertaine him,
No soveraignty I aime at, 'tis the mans Sir,
For she that seekes it, killes her husbands Honour:
The Gentleman I have seene, and well observ'd him,
Yet find not that grac'd excellence you promise,
A pretty Gentle man and he may please too,
And some few flashes I have hear'd come from him,
But not to admiration as to others;

Hee's young and may be good, yet he must make it,
And I may help, and help to thank him also.
It is your pleasure I should make him mine,
And't has beene still my duty to observe you.
Lew. Why then let's go, And I shall love your modesty.
To horse, and bring the Coach out *Angellina*,
To morrow you will looke more womanly.
Ang. So I looke honestly, I feare no eyes, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. Scæna II.

Brisac, Andrew, Cooke, Lilly.

Wait on your Master, he shall have that befits him;
And. No inheritance, Sir? *Bri.* You speak like a foole, a coxcomb,
He shall have annual meanes to buy him bookes,
And find him cloathes and meat, what would he more?
Trouble him with Land? tis flat against his nature:
I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.
And. Shall Master *Eustace* have all? *Bri.* All, all, he knowes how
To use it, hee's a man bred in the world,
T'other ith' heavens: my Masters, pray be wary,
And serviceable; and *Cooke* see all your sawces
Be sharp and poynant in the pallat, that they may
Commend you; looke to your roast and bak'd meates hansomly,
And what new kickshawes and delicate made things—
Is th' musick come? *But.* Yes Sir, th'are here at breakfast.
Bri. There will be a Masque too, you must see this roome clean,
And *Butler* your doore open to all good fellowes,
But have an eye to your plate, for their be Furies;
My *Lilly* welcome, you are for the linnen,
Sort it, and see it ready for the table,
And see the bride-bed made, and looke the cords be
Not cut asunder by the Gallants too,
There be such knacks abroad; hark hither, *Lilly*,
To morrow night at twelve a clock, Ile suppe w'ye,
Your husband shall be safe, Ile send ye meat too,
Before I cannot well slip from my company.
And. Will ye so, will you so, Sir? Ile make one to eate it,
I may chance make you stagger too. *Bri.* No answer, *Lilly*?
Lil. One word about the linnen; Ile be ready,
And rest your worships still. *And.* And Ile rest w'yee,
You shall see what rest 'twill be: Are ye so nimble?
A man had need have ten paire of eares to watch you.
Bri. Wait on your Master, for I know he wants ye,
And keep him in his studie, that the noise
Do not molest him: I will not faile my *Lilly*—
Come in sweet hearts, all to their several duties. *Exeunt.*
And. are you kissing ripe, Sir? Double but my farm
And kisse her till thy heart ake; these smocke vermin,
How eagerly they leap at old mens kisses,
They lick their lipps at profit, not at pleasure;
And if't were not for th' scurvie name of Cuckold,
He should lye with her, I know shee'l labour at length
With a good lordship. If he had a wife now,

But that's all one, Ile fit him: I must up
Unto my Master, hee'l be mad with studie— *Exit.*

Actus III. Scoena III.

Charles.

What a noise is in this house, my head is broken,
Within a Parenthesis, in every corner,
As if the earth were shaken with some strange Collect,
There are stirres and motions. What Planet rules this house?

Enter Andrew.

Who's there? *And.* Tis I Sir faithful *Andrew.* *Cha.* Come neere
And lay thine eare downe, hear'st no noise? *And.* The Cookes
Are chopping hearbs and mince meat to make pies,
And breaking Marrow-bones— *Char.* Can they set them againe?
And. Yes, yes, in brothes and puddings, and they grow stronger
For the' use of any man. *Cha.* What speaking's that?
Sure there is a massacre. *And.* Of Pigs and Geese Sir,
And Turkeys for the spit. The Cookes are angry Sirs,
And that makes up the medly. *Cha.* Do they thus
At every dinner? I nere mark'd them yet,
Nor know who is a Cook. *And.* Th'are sometimes sober,
And then they beat as gently as a Tabor.
Char. What loads are these? *Andr.* Meat, meat. Sir, for the Kitchin,
And stinking Fowles the Tenants have sent in;
They'l nere be found out at a general eating;
And there's fat Venison, Sir. *Cha.* What's that? *And.* Why Deer,
Those that men fatten for their private pleasures,
And let their tenants starve upon the Commons.
Char. I've red of Deer, but yet I nere eat any.
And. There's a Fishmongers boy with Caviar Sir,
Anchoves and Potargo, to make ye drink.
Cha. Sure these are modern, very modern meats,
For I understand 'm not. *And.* No more do's any man
From Caca merda or a substance worse,
Till they be greas'd with oyle, and rub'd with onions,
And then flung out of doors, they are rare Sallads.
Cha. And why is all this, prithee tell me *Andrew*?
Are there any Princes to dine here to day?
By this abundance sure there should be Princes;
I've read of entertainment for the gods
At half this charge, will not six dishes serve 'em?
I never had but one, and that a small one.
And. Your Brother's married this day, he's married,
Your younger brother *Eustace.* *Cha.* What of that?
And. And all the friends about are bidden hither.
There's not a dog that knowes the house but comes too.
Cha. Married? to whom? *And.* Why to a dainty Gentlewoman,
Young, sweet, and modest. *Cha.* Are there modest women?
How do they look? *And.* O you'ld blesse your self to see them.
He parts with's book, he nere did so before yet.
Cha. What do's my father for 'm? *And.* Gives all his Land,

And makes your brother Heir. *Cha.* Must I have nothing?
And. Yes, you must study still, and he'l maintain you.
Cha. I am his eldest brother. *And.* True, you were so,
But he has leapd ore your shoulders, Sir. *Cha.* 'Tis wel,
He'l not inherit my understanding too?
And. I think not, he'l scarce find tenants to let it
Out to. *Cha.* Hark, hark. *Andr.* The Coach that brings the fair Lady.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, *Ladies*, Notary, *&c.*

And. Now you may see her. *Cha.* Sure this should be modest;
But I do not truly know what women make of it,
Andrew; She has a face looks like a story,
The storie of the Heavens looks very like her.
And. She has a wide face then. *Cha.* She has a Cherubins,
Cover'd and vail'd with modest blushes.
Eustace be happy, whiles poor *Charles* is patient.
Get me my book again, and come in with me— *Exeunt.*

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy, Miramont.

Bri. Welcome sweet Daughter, welcome noble Brother,
And you are welcome Sir, with all your writings,
Ladies most welcome; What? my angry brother!
You must be welcome too, the Feast is flat else.
Mir. I am not come for your welcome, I expect none;
I bring no joyes to blesse the bed withal;
Nor songs, nor Masques to glorifie the Nuptials,
I bring an angrie mind to see your folly,
A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.
Bri. You'l stay and dine though? *Mir.* All your meat smells mustie,
Your table will shew nothing to content me.
Bri. Ile answer you, here's good meat. *Mira.* But your sawce is scurvie;
It is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.
Eust. It seems your anger is at me, dear Uncle.
Mir. Thou art not worth my anger, th'art a boy,
A lump o' thy fathers lightness, made of nothing
But antick cloaths and cringes; look in thy head,
And 'twill appear a footbal full of fumes
And rotten smoke; Ladie, I pitie you;
You are a handsome and a sweet young Ladie,
And ought to have a handsome man yoak'd t'ye,
An understanding too; this is a Gincrack,
That ca[n] get nothing but new fashions on you;
For say he have a thing shap'd like a child,
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a tailor.
Eust. These are but harsh words Uncle. *Mir.* So I mean 'em.
Sir, you play harsher play w' your elder brother.
Eust. I would be loth to give you. *Mi.* Do not venter,
Ile make your wedding cloaths fit closer t'ee then;
I but disturb you, Ile go see my nephew:
Lew. Pray take a piece of rosemarie. *Mir.* Ile wear it,
But for the Ladies sake, and none of yours;
May be Ile see your table too. *Bri.* Pray do, Sir.

Ang. A mad old Gentleman. *Bri.* Yes faith sweet daughter,
He has been thus his whole age to my knowledge,
He has made *Charles* his heir, I know that certainly;
Then why should he grudge *Eustace* any thing?
Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden
With too much learning, as they say, this *Charles* is,
That makes his book his Mistress: Sure, there's something
Hid in this old mans anger, that declares him
Not a mere Sot. *Bri.* Come shall we go and seal brother?
All things are readie, and the [P]riest is here.
When *Charles* has set his hand unto the Writings,
As he shall instantly, then to the Wedding,
And so to dinner. *Lew.* Come, let's seal the book first
For my daughters Jointure. *Bri.* Let's be private in't Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. Scæna IV.

Enter Charles, Miramont, Andrew.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone. *Cha.* hum. *Mira.* Ha' ye no greater (feeling?
And. You were sensible of the great b[oo]ke, Sir,
When it fell on your head, and now the house
Is ready to fall, Do you feare nothing? *Cha.* Will
He have my bookes too? *Mir.* No, he has a book,
A faire one too to read on, and read wonders,
I would thou hadst her in thy studie Nephew,
And 'twere but to new string her. *Cha.* Yes, I saw her,
And me though[t] 'twas a curious peece of learning,
Handsomely bound, and of a daintly letter.
And. He flung away his booke. *Mir.* I like that in him,
Would he had flung away his dulness too,
And speak to her. *Cha.* And must my brother have all?
Mir. All that your father has. *Cha.* And that faire woman too?
Mir. That woman also. *Cha.* He has enough then.
May I not see her somtimes, and call her Sister?
I will doe him no wrong. *Mir.* This makes me mad,
I could now cry for anger; these old fooles
Are the most stubborn and the wilfullest Coxcombs—
Farewil, and fall to your booke, forget your brother;
You are my heire, and Ile provide y'a wife;
Ile looke upon this marriage, though I hate it. *Exit.*

Enter Brisac.

Where is my son? *And.* There Sir, casting a figure
What chopping children his brother shall have.
Bri. He do's well; How do'st *Charles*? still at thy book?
And. Hee's studying now Sir, who shall be his father.
Bri. Peace you rude Knave—Come hither *Charles* be merry.
Cha. I thank you, I am busie at my book, Sir.
Bri. You must put your hand my *Charles*, as I would have you,
Unto a little peece of parchment here;
Onely your name, you write a reasonable hand.
Cha. But I may do unreasonably to write it.
What is it Sir? *Bri.* To passe the Land I have, Sir,

Unto your younger brother. *Cha.* Is't no more?
Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing; you shall be provided for,
And new bookes you shall have still, and new studies,
And have your meanes brought in without thy care boy,
And one still to attend you. *Cha.* This shewes your love father.
Bri. I'm tender to you. *And.* Like a stone, I take it.
Cha. Why father, Ile go downe, an't please you let me,
Because Ide see the thing they call the Gentlewoman,
I see no woman but through contemplation,
And there Ile doe't before the company,
And wish my brother fortune. *Bri.* Doe I prithee.
Cha. I must not stay, for I have things above
Require my study. *Bri.* No, thou shalt not stay,
Thou shalt have a brave dinner too. *And.* Now has he
Orethrowne himselfe for ever; I will down
Into the Celler, and be stark drunk for anger. *Exeunt.*

Actus III. Scæna V.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Eustace, *Priest*, *Ladies*, Cowsy, *Notary*, Miramont.

Not. Come let him bring his sons hand, and all's done.
Is yours ready? *Pr.* Yes Ile dispatch ye presently,
Immediately for in truth I am a hungry.
Eust. Doe speak apace, for we believe exactly
Doe not we stay long Mistris? *Ang.* I find no fault,
Better things well done than want time to doe them.
Uncle, why are you sad? *Mir.* Sweet smelling blossome,
Would I were thine Uncle to thine owne content,
Ide make thy husbands state a thousand, better
A yearlie thousand, thou hast mist a man,
(But that he is addicted to his studie,
And knowes no other Mistresse than his minde)
Would weigh down bundles of these emptie kexes.
Ang. Can he speak, Sir? *Mir.* Faith yes, but not to women:
His language is to heaven, and heavenlie wonder,
To Nature, and her dark and secret causes.
Ang. And does he speak well there? *Mir.* O, admirably;
But hee's to bashful too behold a woman,
There's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.
Ang. He is a man. *Mir.* Faith Yes, and a cleare sweet spirit.
Ang. Then conversation me thinkes— *Mir.* So think I
But it is his rugged fate, and so I leave you.
Ang. I like thy noblenesse. *Eust.* See my mad Uncle
Is courting my faire Mistresse. *Lew.* Let him alone,
There's nothing that allayes an angrie mind
So soone as a sweet beautie; hee'l come to us.

Enter Brisac, Charles.

Eust. My father's here, my brother too! that's a wonder,
Broke like a spirit from his Cell. *Bri.* Come hither,
Come neerer *Charles*; 'Twas your desire to see

My noble Daughter, and the company,
And give your brother joy, and then to seal boy.
You doe like a good brother. *Lew.* Marry do's he
And he shall have my love for ever for't.
Put to your hand now. *Not.* Here's the Deed Sir, ready.
Cha. No, you must pardon me a while, I tell ye,
I am in contemplation, doe not trouble me.
Bri. Come, leave thy studie, *Charles.* *Cha.* Ile leave my life first;
I studie now to be a man, I've found it.
Before, what man was, was but my argument.
Mir. I like this best of all, he has taken fire,
His dull mist flies away. *Eust.* Will you write brother?
Cha. No, brother no, I have no time for poore things,
I'm taking th' height of that bright Constellation.
Bri. I say, you trifle time, Son. *Cha.* I will not seale, Sir;
I am your eldest, and Ile keepe my birthright,
For heaven forbid I should become example;
Had y'onely shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
Tis dirt, and labour; Doe I speak right Uncle?
Mir. Bravely my boy, and blesse thy tongue. *Char.* Ile forward,
But you have open'd to me such a treasure,
I find my mind free, heaven direct my fortune.
Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a son to sacrifice?
Cha. Such an inimitable piece of beauty
That I have studyed long, and now found onely,
That Ile part sooner with my soul of reason,
And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a flie,
And onely make the number of things up
Than yeeld one foot of Land, if she be ty'd to't.
Lew. He speakes unhappily. *Ang.* and me thinkes bravely.
This the meere Schollar? *Eust.* You but vexe your selfe brother
And vex your studie too. *Cha.* Go you and studie,
For 'ts time young *Eustace*, you want both man and manners,
I've studied both, although I made no shew on't.
Goe turne the Volumes over I have read,
Eate and digest them, that they may grow in thee,
Weare out the tedious night with thy dimme Lampe,
And sooner lose the day than leave a doubt.
Distil the sweetness from the Poets Spring,
And learne to love, Thou know'st not what faire is,
Traverse the stories of the great Heroes,
The wise and civill lives of good men walke through;
Thou hast seene nothing but the face of Countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty words:
Why should'st thou weare a Jewel of this worth?
That hast no worth within thee to preserve her.

Beauty cleere and faire,
where the aire
Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the violet and the rose
The blew veines in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live neere,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More then light, perpetual blisse,
Make me live by serving you.

Deare again backe recal
to this light,
A stranger to himselfe and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the Glory,
I am your servant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speake such another Ode, and take all yet.
What say ye to the Scholar now? *Ang.* I wonder;
Is he your brother, Sir? *Eust.* Yes, would he were buried,
I feare hee'l make an asse of me a younger.
Ang. Speake not so softly Sir, tis very likely.
Bri. Come leave your finical talke, and let's dispatch, *Charles.*
Cha. Dispatch? What? *Bri.* Why the land. *Cha.* You are
Now I perceive what 'tis that woes a woman, (deceiv'd, Sir,
And what maintaines her when shee's woo'd: Ile stop here.
A wilfull poverty nere made a beauty,
Nor want of meanes maintain'd it vertuously:
Though land and monies be no happinesse,
Yet they are counted good additions.
That use Ile make; He that neglects a blessing,
Though he want present knowledge how to use it,
Neglects himself; May be I have done you wrong Lady,
Whose love and hope went hand in hand together;
May be my brother, that has long expected
The happie houre and blest my ignorance;
Pray give me leave Sir, I shall cleare all doubts.
Why did they shew me you? Pray tell me that?
(*Mir.* Hee'l talke thee into a pension for thy knaverie)
Cha. You happie you, why did you breake unto me?
The rosie sugred morne nere broke so sweetly:
I am a man, and have desires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,
And lay dead, till the Spring of beautie rais'd them;
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump;
A Chaos of confusedness dwelt in me;
Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguisht,
And into forme he drew my faculties;
And now I know my Land, and now I love too.
Bri. We had best remove the Maide. *Cha.* It is too late Sir.
I have her figure here. Nay frowne not *Eustace,*
There are lesse worthie soules for younger brothers;
This is no forme of silk but sanctitie,
Which wilde lascivious hearts can never dignifie.
Remove her where you will, I walk along still;
For like the light we make no separation;

You may sooner part the billowes of the Sea,
And put a barre betwixt their fellowships,
Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut
Old time into a Den, and stay his motion,
Wash off the swift houres from his downie wings,
Or steale eternitie to stop his glasse,
Than shut the sweet Idea I have in me.
Roome for an elder brother, pray give place, Sir.
Mir. Has studied duel too, take heed, hee'l beat thee.
Has frighted the old Justice into a fever;
I hope hee'l disinherit him too for an asse;
For though he be grave with yeeres, hee's a great babie.
Cha. Doe not you think me mad? *Ang.* No certain, Sir,
I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.
Cha. You looke upon my cloathes and laugh at me,
My scurvie clothes! *Ang.* They have rich linings Sir.
I would your brother— *Cha.* His are gold and gawdie.
Ang. But touch 'em inwardlie, they smell of Copper.
Cha. Can ye love me? I am an heire, sweet Ladie,
How ever I appeare a poore dependant;
Love you with honour, I shall love so ever;
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father must dye.
Mir. That was well put in, I hope hee'l take it deepely.
Cha. Old men are not immortal, as I take it;
Is it, you looke for, youth and handsomness?
I doe confess my brother's a handsome Gentleman,
But he shall give me leave to lead the way Ladie,
Can you love for love, and make that the reward?
The old man shall not love his heapes of gold
With a more doting superstition,
Than Ile love you. The young man his delights,
The merchant when he ploughs the angrie sea up,
And sees the mountaine billows failling on him,
As if all Elements, and all their angers
Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction;
Shall not with greater joy embrace his safetie.
Wee'l live together like two wanton Vines,
Circling our soules and loves in one another,
Wee'l spring together and weel beare one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one griefe mourne;
One age go with us, and one houre of death
Shall shut our eyes, and one grave make us happie.
Ang. And one hand seale the match, Ime yours for ever.
Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay. *Ang.* Nay certainly, tis done Sir.
Bri. There was a contract. *Ang.* Onely conditional,
That if he had the Land, he had my love too;
This Gentleman's the heire, and hee'll maintaine it.
Pray be not angrie Sir at what I say;
Or if you be, tis at your owne adventure.
You have the out side of a pretty Gentleman,
But by my troth you[r] inside is but barren;
Tis not a face I onely am in love with,

Nor will I say your face is excellent,
A reasonable hunting face to Court the winde with;
Nor th'are not words unlesse they be well plac'd too,
Nor your sweete Dam-mes, nor your hired verses,
Nor telling me of Cloathes, nor Coach and horses,
No nor your visits each day in new suites,
Nor you[r] black patches you weare variouslie,
Some cut like starres, some in halfe Moones, some Lozenges,
(All which but shew you still a younger brother.)
Mir. Gramercie Wench, thou hast a noble soule too.
Ang. Nor you[r] long travailes, not your little knowledge,
Can make me doate upon you. Faith goe studie,
And gleane some goodness, that you may shew manlie;
Your Brother at my suit Ime sure will teach you;
Or onely studie how to get a wife Sir,
Y'are cast far behind, tis good you should be melancholie,
It shewes like a Gamester that had lost his money,
And t'is the fashon to weare your arme in a skarfe Sir,
For you have had a shrewd cut ore the fingers.
Lew. But are y' in earnest? *Ang.* Yes, beleeve me father,
You shall nere choose for me, y'are old and dim Sir,
And th' shaddow of the earth ecclips'd your judgement,
Y'have had your time without controwle deare father,
And you must give me leave to take mine now Sir.
Bri. This is the last time of asking, Will you set your hand to?
Cha. This is the last time of answering, I will never.
Bris. Out of my doores. *Char.* Most willingly. *Miram.* He
Thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-asses* Coxcombe, (shall Jew,
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold foole.
Ang. Must I be gone too? *Lew.* I will never know thee.
Ang. Then this man will; what fortune he shall run, father,
Bee't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter Egremont.

When shall the Masque begins? *Eust.* Tis done alreadie,
All, all, is broken off, I am undone friend,
My brother's wise againe, and has spoil'd all,
Will not release the land, has wone the Wench too.
Egre. Could he not stay till th' Masque was past? W'are ready.
What a skirvie trick's this? *Mir.* O you may vanish,
Performe it at some Hall, where the Citizens wives
May see't for six pence a peece, and a cold supper.
Come let's goe *Charles*; And now my noble Daughter,
Ile sell the tiles of my house ere thou shalt want Wench.
Rate up your dinner Sir, and sell it cheape,
Some younger brother will take 't up in commodities.
Send you joy, Nephew *Eustace*, if you studie the Law,
Keep your great pippin-pies, they'l goe far with ye.
Cha. Ide have your blessing. *Bri.* No, no, meet me no more,
Farewell, thou wilt blast mine eyes else. *Cha.* I will not.
Lew. Nor send not you for Gownes. *Ang.* Ile weare course flannel first.

Bri. Come let's goe take some counsel. *Lew.* Tis too late.
Bri. Then stay and dine, It may be we shall vexe 'em. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. *Scæna* 1.

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Nere talke to me, you are no men but Masquers,
Shapes, shadowes, and the signes of men, Court bubbles,
That every breath or breakes or blowes away,
You have no soules, no metal in your bloods,
No heat to stir ye when ye have occasion,
Frozen dull things that must be turn'd with leavers;
Are you the Courtiers and the travail'd Gallants?
The spritely fellowes, that the people talk of?
Ye have no more Spirit than three sleepy sops.
Eust. What would ye have me doe, Sir? *Bri.* Follow your brother,
And get ye out of doores, and seeke your fortune,
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard,
A haire-brain'd puppie, and a bookish boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meat in Characters,
Crosse my designe, and take thine owne Wench from thee,
In mine owne house too? Thou dispis'd poore fellow!
Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you Sir,
Then to my Uncle, with whom't had been but sawcinesse
T'have been so rough— *Egre.* And we not seeing him
Strive in his owne cause, that was principal,
And should have led us on, thought it ill manners
To begin a quarrel here. *Bri.* You dare doe nothing.
Doe you make your care the excuse of your cowardlinesse?
Three boyes on hobbie-horses with three penny halberts,
Would beat you all. *Cow.* You must not say so. *Bri.* Yes,
And sing it too. *Cow.* You are a man of peace,
Therefore we must give way. *Bri.* Ile make my way;
And therefore quickly leave me, or Ile force you;
And having first torne off your flaunting feathers,
Ile tramble on 'em; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my house, Ile kick ye out of my gates;
You gawdie glow-wormes carrying seeming fire,
Yet have no heat within ye. *Cow.* O blest travaile!
How much we owe thee for our power to suffer?
Egre. Some spleenative youths now that had never seen
More than thy Countrie smoak, will grow in choler.
It would shew fine in us. *Eust.* Yes marry would it,
That are prime Courtiers, and must know no angers,
But give thankes for our injuries, if we purpose
To hold our places. *Bri.* Will you find the doore?
And finde it suddenlie, you shall lead the way, Sir,
With your perfum'd retinew, and cover
The now lost *Angellina*, or build on it,
I will adopt some beggers doubtful issue
Before thou shalt inherit. *Eust.* Wee'l to councel,
And what may be done by mans wit or valour
Wee'l put in execution. *Bri.* Doe, or never

Hope I shall know thee. *Le.* O Sir, have I found you? { *Exeunt.* / *Ent. Lewis.* }
Bri. I never hid my selfe, whence flows this fury?
With which as it appeares, you come to fright me.
Lew. I smell a plot, meere conspiracy
Among ye all to defeate me of my daughter,
And if she be not suddenly delivered,
Untainted in her reputation too,
The best of France shall know how I am juggled with.
She is my heire, and if she may be ravisht
Thus from my care, farewel Nobilitie;
Honour and blood are meer neglected nothings.
Bri. Nay then, my Lord you go too far, and tax him
Whose innocencie understands not what feare is;
If your unconstant daughter will not dwell
On certainties, must you thenceforth conclude,
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integritie and truth?
Nor can her lightnesse, nor your supposition
Cast an aspersion on me. *Lew.* I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it: doe not trifle,
But speedilie, once more I doe repeate it,
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither.
Or you shall heare from me in such a kinde,
As you will blush to answer. *Bri.* all the world
I think conspires to vex me, yet I will not
Torment my selfe; some spriteful mirth must banish
The rage and melancholie which hath almost choak'd me,
T'a knowing man tis Physick, and tis thought on,
One merrie houre Ile have in spight of fortune,
To cheare my heart, and this is that appointed,
This night Ile hugge my *Lilly* in mine armes,
Provocatives are sent before to cheare me;
We old men need 'em, and though we pay deare,
For our stolne pleasures, so it be done securely;
The charge much like a sharp sawce gives 'm relish.
Well honest *Andrew*, I gave you a farme,
And it shall have a beacon to give warning
To my other Tenants when the Foe approaches;
And presently, you being bestowed else where,
Ile graffe it with dexteritie on your forehead;
Indeed I will *Lilly*. I come poore *Andrew*. *Exit.*

Actus IV. Scæna II.

Enter Miramont, Andrew.

Do they chafe roundly? *And.* As they were rubb'd with soap, Sir,
And now they sweare alowd, now calme again,
Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters,
And then they sit in councel what to doe,
And then they jar againe what shall be done;
They talke of Warrants from the Parliament,
Complaints to the King, and forces from the Province,
They have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes,
Yet nere a one head worth a head of garlick.

Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em,
A couple of pure puppies yok'd together.
But what sayes the young Courtier Master *Eustace*,
And his two warlike friends? *And.* They say but little,
How much they think I know not; they looke ruefully,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting house,
And had beene quite shot through 'tween winde and water
By a she Dunkirke, and had sprung a leake, Sir.
Certaine my master was too blame. *Mir.* Why *Andrew*?
And. To take away the Wench oth' sudden from him,
And give him no lawful warning, he is tender;
And of a young girles constitution, Sir,
Readie to get the greene sickness with conceit;
Had he but tane his leave innavailing language,
Or bought an Elegie of his condolement,
That th' world might have tane notice, he had beene
An Asse, 't had beene some favour. *Mir.* Thou sayest true,
Wise *Andrew*, but these Schollars are such things
When they can prattle. *And.* Very parlous things Sir.
Mir. And when they gaine the Libertie to distinguish
The difference 'twixt a father and a foole,
To looke below and spie a younger brother
Pruning up and dressing up his expectations
In a rare glasse of beauty, too good for him:
Those dreaming Scholars then turne Tyrants, *Andrew*,
And shew no mercy. *And.* The more's the pittie, Sir.
Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my brother,
And anger him a little farther, *Andrew*.
It shall be onely anger I assure thee,
And little shame. *And.* And I can fit you, Sir;
Hark in your eare. *Mir.* Thy wife? *And.* So I assure ye;
This night at twelve a clock. *Mir.* Tis neat and handsome;
There are twentie Crownes due to thy project *Andrew*;
I've time to visit *Charles*, and see what Lecture
He reades to his Mistresse. That done, Ile not faile
To be with you. *And.* Nor I to watch my Master— *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scæna III.

Angellina, Sylvia, *with a taper.*

I'me worse than ere I was; for now I feare,
That that I love, that that I onely dote on;
He followes me through every roome I passe,
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,
As if his spark of innocence were blowne
Into a flame of lust; Vertue defend me.
His Uncle to is absent, and 'tis night;
And what these opportunities may teach him—
What feare and endlesse care tis to be honest!
To be a maide, what miserie, what mischiefe!
Would I were rid of it, so it were fairlie.
Syl. You need not feare that, will you be a childe still?
He followes you, but still to looke upon you;
Or if he did desire to lie with ye,

Tis but your owne desire, you love for that end;
Ile lay my life, if he were now abed w'ye,
He is so modest, he would fall a sleepe straight.
Ang. Dare you venter that? *Syl.* Let him consent, and have at ye;
I feare him not, he knowes not what a woman is,
Nor how to find the mysterie men aime at.
Are you afraid of your own shadow, Madam?
Ang. He followes still, yet with a sober face;
Would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied.
Syl. You may both, and let him but goe with ye.
Cha. Why doe you fle me? What have I so ill
About me or within me to deserve it?
Ang. I am going to bed Sir. *Cha.* And I am come to light ye;
I am a maide, and 'tis a maidens office.
Ang. You may have me to bed Sir, without a scruple,
And yet I am charie too who comes about me.
Two Innocents should not feare one another.
Syl. The Gentleman sayes true. Pluck up your heart, Madam.
Cha. The glorious Sun both rising and declining
We boldly looke upon; even then sweet Ladie,
When like a modest bride he drawes nights curtaines,
Even then he blushes, that men should behold him.
Ang. I feare he will perswade me to mistake him.
Syl. Tis easily done, if you will give your minde to't.
Ang. Pray ye to your bed. *Cha.* Why not to yours, dear Mistress,
One heart and one bed. *Ang.* True Sir, when 'tis lawful;
But yet you know— *Cha.* I would not know, forget it;
Those are but sickly loves that hang on Ceremonie,
Nurst up with doubts and feares, ours high and healthful,
Full of beleefe, and fit to teach the Priest;
Love shall seale first, then hands confirme the bargaine.
Ang. I shall be an Heretique if this continue.
What would you doe a bed? you make me blush, Sir.
Cha. Ide see you sleepe, for sure your sleepes are excellent
You that are waking such a noted wonder,
Must in your slumber prove an admiration:
I would behold your dreames too, if't were possible;
Those were rich showes. *Ang.* I am becomming Traitor.
Cha. Then like blew *Neptune* courting of an Iland,
Where all the perfumes and the pretious things
That wait upon great Nature are laid up,
Ide clip it in mine armes, and chastly kiss it,
Dwell in your bosome like your dearest thoughts,
And sigh and weepe. *Ang.* I've too much woman in me.
Cha. And those true teares falling on your pure Chrystals,
Should turne to armelets for great Queenes 't adore.
Ang. I must be gone. *Cha.* Do not, I will not hurt ye;
This is to let you know, my worthiest Lady,
Y'have clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too;
Feare not my manners, though I never knew
Before these few houres what a beautie was,
And such a one that fires all hearts that feele it;
Yet I have read of vertuous temperance,

And studied it among my other secrets,
And sooner would I force a separation
Betwixt this Spirit and the case of flesh,
Than but conceive one rudeness against chastitie.
An[*g*]. Then we may walk. *Cha.* And talk of any thing,
Any thing fit for your eares, and my language;
Though I was bred up dull I was ever civil;
Tis true, I have found it hard to looke on you,
And not desire; Twil prove a wise mans task;
Yet those desires I have so mingled still
And tempered with the quality of honour,
That if you should yeeld, I should hate you for't.
I am no Courtier of a light condition,
Apt to take fire at every beautious face.
That onely serves his will and wantonness,
And lets the serious part run by
As thin neglected sand. Whitness of name,
You must be mine; why should I robbe my selfe
Of that that lawfully must make me happy?
Why should I seeke to cuckold my delights,
And widow all those sweets I aime at in you?
We'l loose our selves in *Venus* groves of mirtle
Where every little bird shall be a *Cupid*,
And sing of love and youth, each winde that blowes
And curles the velvet leaves shall breed delights,
The wanton springs shall call us to their bankes,
And on the perfum'd flowers wee'l feast our senses,
Yet wee'l walk by untainted of their pleasures,
And as they were pure Temples wee'l talk in them.
Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a faire end
Of our faire loves; would I [w]ere worthy of you,
Or of such parents that might give you thankes;
But I am poore in all but in your love.
Once more, good night. *Cha.* A good night t'ye, and may
The dew of sleepe fall gently on you, sweet one,
And lock up those faire lights in pleasing slumbers;
No dreames but chast and cleare attempt your fancie,
And break betimes sweet morne, I've lost my light else.
Ang. Let it be ever night when I lose you.
Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-Schoo[le], he's so simple
Ser. Your brother with two Gallants is at dore, Sir {Enter a servant.}
And they're so violent, they'l take no denial.
Ang. this is no time of night. *Cha.* Let 'em in Mistresse.
Serv. They stay no leave; Shall I raise the house on 'm?
Cha. Not a man, nor make no murmur of't, I charge ye.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Th'are here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me.
How doe you brother with your curious story?
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?
Cha. No, brother, no, I stay yet in the Preface;
The stile's too hard for you. *Eust.* I must entreat her.
Shee's parcel of my goods. *Cha.* Shee's all when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir;
Nor I, nor what I have depend on you.
Cha. Do, let her alone, she gives good counsel; doe not
Trouble your selfe with Ladies, they are too light;
Let out your land, and get a provident Steward.
Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfie you;
Such vanities as you are to be laught at.
Eust. Nay, Then you must goe, I must claime mine owne.
Both. A way, a way with her. *Cha.* Let her alone, {*She strikes off Eustace's hat*}
Pray let her alone, and take your coxcombe up:
Let me talk civilly a while with you brother.
It may be on some termes I may part with her.
Eust. O; is your heart come downe? what are your termes, Sir?
Put up, put up. *Cha.* This is the first and cheifest, {*Snatches away his sword.*}
Let's walk a turne; now stand off fooles, I advise ye,
Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy:
This is the first sword yet I ever handled,
And a sword's a beauteous thing to looke upon,
And if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence:
Tis sharp I'm sure, and if I put it home,
Tis ten to one I shall new pink your Sattins:
I find I have spirit enough to dispose of it,
And will enough to make ye all examples;
Let me tosse it round, I have the full command on't:
Fetch me a native Fencer, I defie him;
I feele the fire of ten strong spirits in me.
Doe you watch me when my Uncle is absent?
This is my griefe, I shall be flesht on Cowards;
Teach me to fight, I willing am to learne.
Are ye all gilded flies, nothing but shew in ye?
Why stand ye gaping? who now touches her?
Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me?
But name her as his owne; who dares look on her?
That shall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous.
Art thou a fit man to inherit land,
And hast no wit nor spirit to maintaine it?
Stand still thou signe of man, and pray for thy friends,
Pray heartilie, good prayers may restore ye.
Ang. But doe not kill 'em Sir. *Cha.* You speak too late, Deare,
It is my first fight, and I must doe bravely,
I must not looke with partial eyes on any;
I cannot spare a button of these Gentlemen;
Did life lye in their heel *Achilles* like,
Ide shoot my anger at those parts and kill 'um.
Who waits within? *Ser.* Sir. *Cha.* View all these, view 'em well
Goe round a bout'em and still view their faces,
Round about yet; See how death waits upon 'em,
For thou shalt never view 'em more. *Eust.* Pray hold, Sir.
Cha. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me,
I must not hold 'twill darken all my glories.
Goe to my Uncle, bid him poste to the King,
And get my pardon instantly, I have need on't.
Eust. Are you so unnatural? *Cha.* You shall die last Sir,

Ile talke thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.
Come, will ye come? me thinkes I've fought whole battailes.
Cow. We have no quarel to you, that we know on, Sir.
Egre. Wee'l quit the house and ask ye mercie too:
Good Ladie, let no murther be done here;
We came but to parly. *Cha.* How my sword
Thirsts after them? stand away Sweet. *Eust.* Pray Sir,
Take my submission, and I disclaime for ever.
Cha. Away ye poore things, ye despicable Creatures!
Doe you come poste to fetch a Ladie from me,
From a poore Schoole-boy that ye scorn'd of late?
And grow lame in your hearts when you should execute?
Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her;
What did ye bring to carrie her. *Egre.* A Coach and four horses.
Cha. But are they good? *Egre.* As good as *France* can shew Sir.
Cha. Are you willing to leave those, and take your safeties?
Speak quickly. *Eust.* Yes with all our hearts. *Cha.* Tis done then.
Many have got one horse, I've got foure by th' bargaine.

Enter Miramont.

Mi. How Now, who's here. *Ser.* Nay Now, y'are gon without bail.
Mir. What, drawne my friends! Fetch me my two-hand sword;
I will not leave a head on your shoulders, Wretches.
Eust. In troth Sir, I came but to doe my dutie.
Both. And we to renew our loves. *Mir.* Bring me a blanket.
What came they for? *Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir;
But one that never fought yet has so curried,
So bastina[d]o'd them with manly carriage,
They stand like things *Gorgon* had turn'd to stone;
They watch'd your being absent, and then thought
They might doe wonders here, and they have done so?
For by my troth, I wonder at their coldness,
The nipping North or frost never came neere them,
St. *George* upon a Signe would grow more sensible:
If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,
These were the most sufficient men to doe it
In all the world, and yet they are but young,
What will they rise to? They're as full of fire
As a frozen Glo-wormes ratle, and shine as goodly;
Nobilitie and patience are match'd rarely
In these three Gentlemen, they have right use on't;
They'l stand still for an houre and be beaten.
These are the Anagrammes of three great Worthies.
Mir. They will infect my house with cowardize,
If they breathe longer in it; my roofe covers
No baffl'd Monsieurs, walk and aire your selves;
As I live, they stay not here, white liver'd wretches
Without one word to ask a reason why,
Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed,
For if I take ye in hand I shall dissect you,
And read upon your flegmatick dull carcases.
My horse againe there: I have other business,
Which you shall heare hereafter and laugh at it.

Good night *Charles*, faire goodness to you dear Ladie
Tis late, 'tis late. *Ang.* Pray Sir be careful of us.
Mir. It is enough, my best care shall attend ye. *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scæna IV.

Enter Andrew.

Are you come old Master? very good, your horse
Is well set up, but ere ye part, Ile ride you
And spur your reverend Justiceship such a question,
As I shall make the sides of your reputation bleed,
Trulie I will. Now must I play at Bo-peep—
A banquet—well, Potatoes and Eringoes,
And as I take it, Cantharides,—Excellent,
A Priapisme followes, and as Ile handle it,
It shall old lecherous Goat in authoritie.
Now they begin to bill; how he slavers her!
[G]ramercie *Lilly*, she spits his kisses out,
And now he offers to fumble she fals off,
(That's a good Wench) and cries fair play above boord
Who are they in the corner? As I live,
A covey of *Fidlers*; I shall have some musick yet
At my making free oth' Companie of Horners;
There's the comfort, and a Song too! He beckons for one—
Sure 'tis no Anthem nor no borrowed rhymes
Out of the Schoole of vertue; I will listen— A *Song.*
This was never penn'd at *Geneva*, the note's too spritely.
So, so, the musicke's paid for, and now what followes?
O that Monsieur *Miramont* would but keep his word.
Here were a feast to make him fat with laughter,
At the most 'tis not six minutes riding from his house,
Nor will he break I hope— O are you come Sir?
The prey is in the net and will break in
Upon occasion. *Mir.* Thou shalt rule me *Andrew.*
O th' infinite fright that will assaile this Gentleman!
The quarterns, tertians, and quotidians
That will hang like Sargeants on his worships shoulders!
The humiliation of the flesh of this man!
This grave austere man will be wondred at.
How will those solemne lookes appeare to me;
And that severe face, that speak chaines and shackles?
Now I take him in the nick, ere I done with him,
He had better have stood between two panes of wainscot;
And made his recantation in the market,
Than heare me conjure him. *And.* He must passe this way,
To th' onely bed I have, he comes, stand close.
Bri. Well done, well done, give me my night-cap. So.
Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee;
Come Wench a kiss between each point; kiss close;
It is a sweet Parenthesis. *Lil.* Y'are merry Sir.
Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feele it,
Thou shalt my *Lilly*. *Lil.* Shall I aire your bed, Sir?
Bri. No, no, Ile use no warming pan but thine, Girle;
That's all; Come kiss me again. *Lil.* Ha'ye done yet?

Bri. No, but I will doe, and doe wonders, *Lilly*.
Shew me the way. *Lil.* You cannot misse it, Sir;
You shall have a Cawdle in the morning, for
Your worships breakfast. *Bri.* How, ith' morning. *Lilly*?
Th'art such a wittie thing to draw me on.
Leave fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now,
And th' hast another Kickshaw, I must tast it.
Lil. Twill make you surfet, I am tender of you:
Y'have all y'are like to have. *And.* And can this be earnest?
Mir. it seemes so, and she honest. *Bri.* Have I not
Thy promise *Lilly*? *Lil.* Yes and I have performed
Enough to a man of your yeares, this is truth,
And you shall find Sir, you have kist and tows'd me,
Handled my legg and foote, what would you more, Sir,?
As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,
And the labour in an old man would breed Agues,
Sciaticaes, and Cramps; you shall not curse me,
For taking from you what you cannot spare, Sir:
Be good unto your selfe, y'ave tane alreadie
All you can take with ease; you are past threshing,
It is a worke too boisterous for you; leave
Such drudgerie to *Andrew*. *Mir.* How she jeeres him?
Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his owne tillage,
Hee's tough, and can manure it. *Bri.* Y'are a queane,
A scoffing jeering quean. *Lil.* It may be so, but
I'me sure, Ile nere be yours. *Bri.* Doe not provoke me,
If thou do'st, Ile have my Farm againe, and turne
Thee out a begging. *Lil.* Though you have the will,
And want of honestie to deny your Deed, Sir,
Yet I hope *Andrew* has got so much learning
From my young Master, as to keep his own;
At the worst, Ile tell a short tale to the Judges,
For what grave ends you sign'd your Lease, and on
What termes you would revoke it. *Bri.* Whore thou dar'st not.
Yeeld or Ile have thee whipt; How my bloud boiles,
As if t'were ore a furnace! *Mir.* I shall coole it.
Bri. Yet gentle *Lilly*, pitie and forgive me,
Ile be a friend t'ye, such a loving bountiful friend—
Lil. To avoid suites in Law, I would grant a litle,
But should fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become
Of me? *And.* A whore, a whore! *Bri.* Nothing but well Wench,
I will put such a strong bit in his mouth,
As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*:
Nay, he shall hold the doore, as I will worke him,
And thank thee for the office. *Mir.* Take heed *Andrew*,
These are shrewd temptations. *And.* Pray you know
Your Cue, and second me Sir; By your Worships favour.
Bri. *Andrew*! *And.* I come in time to take possession
Of th' office you assigne me; hold the doore,
Alas 'tis nothing for a simple man
To stay without when a deepe understanding
Holds conference within, say with his wife:
A trifle Sir, I know I hold my farme

In Cuckolds Tenure: you are Lord o'the soile Sir,
Lilly is a Weft, a Straie shee's yours, to use Sir,
I claime no interest in her. *Bri.* Art thou serious?
Speak honest *Andrew*, since thou hast oreheard us,
And wink at small faults, man; I'me but a pidler,
A little will serve my turne; thou'lt finde enough
When I've my bellyfull; wilt thou be private
And silent? *And.* By all meanes, Ile onely have
A Ballad made of't, sung to some lewd Tune,
And the name of it shall be *Justice Trap*,
It will sell rarely with your Worships name,
And *Lillies* on the top. *Bri.* Seek not the ruine
O' my reputation, *Andrew.* *And.* Tis for your credit,
Monsieur *Brisac* printed in capital letters,
Then pasted upon all the posts in *Paris*.
Bri. No mercy, *Andrew*? *And.* O, it will proclaim you
From th' Citie to the Court, and prove sport royal.
Bri. Thou shalt keep thy Farm. *Mir.* He does afflict him rarely.
And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,
The vizard of his hypocrisie poll'd off
To the Judge criminal. *Bri.* O, I am undone.
And. Hee's put out of Commission with disgrace,
And held uncapable of bearing Office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this Ile put in practice. *Bri.* Doe but heare me.
And. To bring me back from my Grammer to my horne-book,
It is unpardonable. *Bri.* Do not play the Tyrant;
Accept of composition. *Lil.* Heare him, *Andrew*.
And. What composition? *Bri.* Ile confirme thy farme,
And add unto't an hundred acres more
Adjoyning to it. *And.* Umb, This mollifies,
But y'are so fickle: and will again denie this,
There being no witness by. *Bri.* Call any witness,
Ile presently assure it. *And.* Say you so,
Troth there's a friend of mine Sir, within hearing,
That is familiar with all that's past,
His testimonie will be authentical.
Bri. will he be secret? *And.* You may tye his tongue up.
As you would doe your purse-strings. *Br. Miramont. M.* Ha, Ha, Ha.
And. this is my witness. Lord how you are troubled?
Sure, y'have an ague, you shake so with choler;
Hee's your loving brother Sir, and will tell no bodie
But all he meets, that you have eate a snake,
And are grown young, gamesom, and rampant. *Bri.* Caught thus?
And. If he were one that would make jests of you,
Or plague ye with making your religious gravitie
Ridiculous to your neighbours, Then you had
Some cause to be perplex'd. *Bri.* I shall become
Discourse for Clowns and Tapsters. *And.* Quick, *Lilly*, Quick,
Hee's now past kissing, between point and point.
He swounds, fetch him some Cordiall— Now put in Sir.
Mir. Who may this be? sure this is some mistake:
Let me see his face, weares he not a false beard?

It cannot be *Brisac* that worthie Gentleman,
The pillar and the patron of his Countrie;
He is too prudent and too cautelous,
Experience hath taught him t'avoid these fooleries,
He is the punisher and not the doer,
Besides hee's old and cold, unfit for woman;
This is some Counterfeit, he shall be whipt for't,
Some base abuser of my worthie brother.
Bri. Open the doores, will ye'imprison me? are ye my Judges?
Mir. The man raves! This is not judicious *Brisac*:
Yet now I think on't, a' has a kinde of dog looke
Like my brother, a guiltie hanging face.
Bri. Ile suffer bravely, doe your worst, doe, doe.
Mir. Why, it's manly in you. *Bri.* Nor will I raile nor curse,
You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you,
But all the torments that ere fell on men,
That fed on mischiefe, fall heavily on you all. *Exit.*
Lil. You have giv'n him a heat, Sir. *Mir.* He will ride you
The better, Lil. *And.* Wee'l teach him to meddle with Scholars.
Mir. he shall make good his promise t'increase thy Farm, *Andrew*
Or Ile jeere him to death, feare nothing *Lilly*,
I am thy Champion. This jeast goes to *Charles*,
And then Ile hunt him out, and Monsieur *Eustace*
The gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily
To see'm mourne together. *And.* 'Twill be rare, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. *Scœna* 1.

Eustace, Egremont. Cowsy.

Turn'd out of doores and baffled! *Egre.* We share with you
In the affront. *Cow.* Yet beare it not like you
With such dejection. *Eust.* My Coach and horses made
The ransome of our cowardize. *Lew. Cow.* Pish, that's nothing,
Tis *Damnum reparabile*, and soone recover'd.
Egre. It is but feeding a suitor with false hopes,
And after squeeze him with a dozen of oathes.
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.
Eust. And does the Court that should be the example
And Oracle of the Kingdome, read to us
No other doctrine! *Egre.* None that thrives so well
As that, within my knowledge. *Cow.* Flätterie rubbes out,
But since great men learne to admire themselves,
Tis something crest-falne. *Egre.* To be of no Religion,
Argues a subtle moral understanding,
And it is often cherisht. *Eust.* Pietie then,
And valour, nor to doe nor suffer wrong,
Are they no vertues? *Egre.* Rather vices, *Eustace*;
Fighting! What's fighting? It may be in fashion,
Among Provant swords, and buffe-jerkin men:
But w'us that swim in choice of silkes and Tissues;
Though in defence of that word reputation,
Which is indeed a kind of glorious nothing,
To lose a dram of blood must needs appeare
As coarse as to be honest. *Eust.* And all this

You seriously beleeve. *Cow.* It is a faith,
That we will die in, since from the black guard
To the grim Sir in office, there are few
Hold other Tenets. *Eust.* [N]ow my eyes are open,
And I behold a strong necessity
That keepes me knave and coward. *Cow.* Y'are the wiser.
Eust. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose
To be of your society. *Egre.* By no meanes.
Eust. Honour is nothing with you? *Cow.* A meere bubble,
For what's growne common, is no more regarded.
Eust. My sword forc'd from me too, and still detain'd,
You think's no blemish. *Egre.* Get me a battoone?
Tis twenty times more courtlike, and less trouble.
Eust. And yet you weare a sword. *Cow.* Yes, and a good one,
A Millan hilt, and a Damasco blade,
For ornament, no use the Court allowes it.
Eust. Wil't not fight of it selfe? *Cow.* I nere tri'd this,
Yet I have worne as faire as any man,
I'me sure I've made my Cutler rich, and paid
For several weapons, Turkish and Toledo's,
Two thousand Crownes, and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one. *Eust.* Ile borrow this,
I like it well. *Cow.* Tis at your service Sir,
A lath in a velvet scabbard will serve my turne.
Eust. And now I have it leave me; y'are infectious,
The plague and leprosie of your baseness spreading
On all that doe come neere you; such as you
Render the Throne of Majesty, the Court
Suspected and contemptible, you are Scarabee's
That batten in her dung, and have no pallats
To taste her curious viands, and like Owles
Can onely see her night deformities,
But with the glorious splendor of her beauties
You are struck blinde as Moles, that undermine
The sumptuous building that allow'd you shelter,
You stick like running ulcers on her face,
And taint the pureness of her native candor,
And being bad servants, cause your masters goodness
To be disputed of; you make the Court
That is the abstract of all Academies,
To teach and practice noble undertakings,
(Where courage sits triumphant crown'd with Lawrel,
And wisedome loaded with the weight of honour)
A Schoole of vices. *Egre.* What sudden rapture's this?
Eust. A heavenly one that raising me from sloth and ignorance,
(In which your conversation long hath charm'd me)
Carries me up into the aire of action,
And knowledge of my selfe; even now I feele
But pleading onely in the Courts defence,
(Though far[r]e short of her merits and bright lustre)
A happy alteration, and full strength
To stand her Champion against all the world,
That throw aspersions on her. *Cow.* Sure hee'l beat us,

I see it in his eyes. *Egre.* A second *Charles*;
Pray look not Sir so furiously. *Eust.* Recant
What you have said, ye Mungrils, and licke up
The vomit you have cast upon the Court,
Where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding,
And sweare that you like Spiders, have made poyson
Of that which was a saving antidote.
Egre. We will sweare any thing. *Cow.* We honour the Court
As a most sacred place. *Egre.* And will make oath,
If you enjoyne us to't, nor knave nor fool,
Nor Coward living in it. *Eust.* Except you two,
You Rascals! *Cow.* Yes, we are all these, and more,
If you will have it so. *Eust.* And that until
You are again reform'd and growne new men,
You nere presume to name the Court, or presse
Into the Porters Lodge but for a penance,
To be disciplin'd for your roguery, and this done
With true contrition. *Both.* Yes Sir. *Eust.* You againe
May eat scraps and be thankful. *Cow.* Here's a cold breakfast
After a sharpe nights walking. *Eust.* Keepe your oathes,
And without grumbling vanish. *Both.* We are gone, Sir. *Exeunt.*
Eust. May all the poorenesse of my spirit goe with you,
The fetters of my thraldome are filed off:
And I at libertie to right my selfe,
And though my hope in *Angellina's* little,
My honour (unto which compar'd shee's nothing)
Shall like the Sun disperse those lowring Clouds
That yet obscure and dimme it; not the name
Of brother shall divert me, but from him,
That in the worlds opinion ruin'd me,
I will seek reparation, and call him
Unto a strict accompt. Ha! 'tis neere day,
And if the Muses friend rose-cheek'd *Aurora*,
Invite him to this solitary grove,
As I much hope she will, he seldome missing
To pay his vowes here to her, I shall hazard
To hinder his devotions—The doore opens— *Enter Charles.*
Tis he most certain, and by's side my sword,
Blest opportunity. *Cha.* I have oreslept my selfe,
And lost part of the morne, but Ile recover it:
Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes
Within my table-book, which I will now consider.
Ha! What meanes this? What do I with a sword?
Learn'd *Mercurie* needs not th'aide of *Mars*, and innocence
Is to it selfe a guard, yet since armes ever
Protect arts, I may justly weare and use it;
For since't was made my prize, I know not how
I'me growne in love with't and cannot eate nor study,
And much lesse walke without it: but I trifle,
Matters of more weight ask my judgement. *Eust.* Now Sir,
Treate of no other Theme, Ile keep you to it,
And see y'expound it well. *Cha. Eustace!* *Eust.* The same Sir,
Your younger brother, who as duty bindes him,

Hath all this night (turn'd out of doores) attended,
To bid good morrow t'ye. *Cha.* This not in scorne,
Commands me to returne it; Would you ought else?
Eust. O much, Sir, here I end not, but begin;
I must speak to you in another straine,
Than yet I ever us'd, and if the language
Appeare in the delivery rough and harsh,
You (being my Tutor) must condemne your selfe,
From whom I learn'd it. *Cha.* When I understand
(Bee't in what stile you please) what's your demand,
I shall endeavour in the self same phrase
To make an answer to the point. *Eust.* I come not
To lay claime to your birthright, 'tis your owne,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it, nor ask I from you
Your learning and deepe knowledge; (though I am not
A Schollar as you are) I know them Diamonds
By your sole industry, patience and labour
Forc'd from steepe rocks, and with much toile attended,
And but to few that prize their value granted,
And therefore without rival freely weare them.
Cha. These not repin'd at (as you seeme t'informe me)
The motion must be of a strange condition,
If I refuse to yeeld to't; therefore *Eustace*,
Without this tempest in your lookes propound it,
And feare not a denial. *Eust.* I require then,
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)
The reputation of a man of honour,
Not by a faire war wonne when I was waking,
But in my sleepe of folly ravish'd from me;
With these, the restitution of my sword,
With large acknowledgement of satisfaction,
My Coach, my Horses; I will part with life,
Ere lose one haire of them, and what concludes all,
My Mistress *Angellina*, as she was
Before the Musical Magick of thy tongue
Inchanted and seduc'd her. These perform'd,
And with submission, and done publiquely,
At my fathers and my Uncles intercession,
(That I put in too) I perhaps may listen
To termes of reconcilement; but if these
In every circumstance are not subscrib'd to,
To th' last gasp I defie thee. *Cha.* These are strict
Conditions to a brother. *Eust.* My rest is up,
Nor will I give less. *Cha.* I'me no Gamester, *Eustace*,
Yet I can guesse your resolution stands
To win or loose all; I rejoyce to find ye
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You understand what a wretched thing you were,
How deeply wounded by your selfe, and made
Almost incurable, in your owne hopes,
The dead flesh of pale cowardise growing over
Your festred reputation, which no balme
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to,

And I am happy, that I was the Surgeon
That did apply those burning corrosives
That render you already sensible
O th' danger you were plung'd in, in teaching you,
And by a faire gradation, how far[r]e,
And with what curious respect and care
The peace and credit of a man within,
(Which you nere thought till now) should be preferr'd
Before a gawdy outside; pray you fix here,
For so farre I go with you. *Eust.* This discourse
Is from the subject. *Cha.* Ile come to it brother,
But if you think to build upon my ruines,
You'l find a false foundation your high offers
Taught by the Masters of dependancies,
That by compounding differences 'tween others
Supply their owne necessities, with me
Will never carry't; As you are my brother,
I would dispence a little, but no more
Than honour can give way to; nor must I
Destroy that in my selfe I love in you;
And therefore let not hopes nor threats perswade you
I will descend to any composition
For which I may be censur'd. *Eust.* You shall fight then.
Cha. With much unwillingness with you, but if
There's no evasion— *Eust.* None. *Cha.* Heare yet a word,
As for the sword and other fripperies,
In a faire way send for them, you shall have 'em.
But rather than surrender *Angellina*,
Or heare it againe mention'd, I oppose
My breast unto lowd thunder, cast behinde me
All ties of Nature. *Eust.* She detain'd, I'me deafe
To all perswasion. *Cha.* Guard thy selfe then *Eustace*,
I use no other Rhetorick. *Mir.* Clashing of swords (*Enter Miram.*)
So neere my house? brother oppos'd to brother!
Here is no fencing at halfe sword; hold, hold,
Charles, *Eustace*. *Eust.* Second him, or call in more helpe.
Come not betweene us, Ile not know nor spare you;
D'ye fight by th' booke? *Cha.* Tis you that wrong me, off Sir,
And suddenly, Ile conjure down the Spirit
That I have raised in him. *Eust.* Never, *Charles*,
Tis thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.
Mir. I'me out of breath, yet trust not too much to't boyes,
For if you pawse not suddenly, and heare reason,
Doe, kill your Uncle, doe, but that I'me patient,
And not a cholerick old teasty foole,
Like your father, Ide daunce a matachin with you,
Should make you sweat your best blood for't; I would,
And it may be I will, *Charles* I command thee,
And *Eustace* I entreat thee, th'art a brave Spark,
A true tough-metal'd blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily, give me a fighting Courtier,
Ile cherish him for example; in our age
Th'are not born every day. *Cha.* You of late Sir,

In me lov'd learning. *Mir.* True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*,
'Twas when yong *Eustace* wore his heart in's breeches,
And fought his battailes in Complements and Cringes,
When's understanding wav'd in a flaunting feather,
And his best contemplation look'd no further
Than a new-fashion'd doublet, I confess then
The lofty noise your Greek made onely pleas'd me;
But now hee's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*,
Nay the whole dozen of peeres are bound up in him:
Let me remember, when I was of his yeeres,
I did looke very like him; and did you see
My picture as I was then, you would sweare
That gallant *Eustace* (I meane, now he dares fight)
Was the true substance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger, you shall have enough *Charles*.
Cha. Sure Sir, I shall not need addition from him.
Eust. Nor I from any, this shall decide my interest,
Though I am lost to all deserving men,
To all that men call good, for suffering tamely
Insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted
By yeelding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that made a stranger
Unto my fathers house and favour, orewhelm'd
With all disgraces, yet I will mount upward,
And force my selfe a fortune, though my birth
And breeding doe deny it. *Cha.* Seek not *Eustace*,
By violence, what will be offerd to you
On easier composition; though I was not
Allied unto your weakness, you shall find me
A brother to your bravery of spirit,
And one that not compell'd to't by your sword,
(Which I must never feare) will share it with you
In all but *Angellina*. *Mir.* Nobly said *Charles*,
And learne from my experience, you may heare reason
And never maime your fighting; for your credit
Which you think you have lost, spare, *Charles*, and swinge me,
And soundly; three or foure walking cloakes
That weare no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it,
Thou art made up againe. *Eust.* All this is lip-salve.
Mir. It shall be Hearts-ease, *Eustace*, ere I've done;
As for thy fathers anger, now thou dar'st fight,
Nere feare't, for I've the dowcets of his gravity
Fast in a string, I will so pinch and wring him,
That spight of his authority, thou shalt make
Thine owne conditions with him. *Eust.* Ile take leave
A little to consider. *Cha.* Here comes *Andrew*.
Mir. But without his Comical and learned face;
What sad disaster, *Andrew*? *And.* You may read Sir,
A Tragedy in my face. *Mir.* Art thou in earnest?
And. Yes, by my life Sir, and if now you help not,
And speedily, by force or by persuasion,
My good old Master (for now I pitie him) is
Ruin'd for ever. *Cha.* Ha, my father! *And.* He Sir.

Mir. By what meanes? speake. *And.* At the suit of Monsieur *Lewis*
His house is seiz'd upon, and he in person
Is under guard, (I saw it with these eyes Sir)
To be convey'd to *Paris*, and there sentenc'd.
Mir. Nay, then there is no jesting. *Cha.* Doe I live,
And know my father injur'd? *And.* And what's worse Sir,
My Lady *Angellina*— *Eust.* What of her?
And. Shee's carryed away too. *Mir.* How? *And.* While you were absent,
A crew of Monsieur *Lewis* friends and kinsmen
By force break in at th' back part of the house,
And took her away by violence; faithful *Andrew*,
(As this can witness for him) did his best,
In her defence, but 'twould not doe. *Mir.* Away,
And see our horses sadled, 'tis no time
To talke, but doe: *Eustace*, you now are offer'd
A spatious field, and in a pious war
To exercise you[r] valour, here's a cause,
And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a fathers name
Commanding it; but these unnatural jarres
Arising betweene brothers (should you prosper)
Would shame your victorie. *Eust.* I would doe much Sir,
But still my reputation! *Mir.* *Charles* shall give you
All decent satisfaction; nay joyne hands,
And heartily; why this is done like brothers;
And old as I am, in this cause that concerns
The honour of our family, Monsieur *Lewis*
(If reason cannot work) shall find and feele
There's hot blood in this arme, Ile lead you bravely.
Eust. And if I follow not, a Cowards name
Be branded on my forehead. *Cha.* This Spirit makes you
A sharer in my fortunes. *Mir.* And in mine,
Of which (*Brisac* once freed, and *Angellina*
Again in our possession) you shall know
My heart speakes in my tongue. *Eust.* I dare not doubt it, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus V. Scœna II.

Enter Lewis, Brisac, Angellina, Sylvia, *Officers.*

Lew. I'me deafe to all perswasions. *Bri.* I use none,
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers,
But when the King shall understand how false
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice
Must set me right againe. *Ang.* Sir, let not passion
So far[r]e transport you as to think in reason,
This violent course repaires, but ruins it;
That honour you would build up, you destroy;
What you would seeme to nourish, if respect
Of my preferment or my patern
May challenge your paternal love and care,
Why doe you, now good fortune has provided
A better husband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, strive to robb me of him?
In what is my Lord *Charles* defective Sir?

Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,
Or well proportion'd limbs be mulcts in Nature,
Or what you onely aim'd at, large revenewes
Are on the sudden growne distastful to you,
Of what can you accuse him? *Lew.* Of a rape
Done to honour, which thy ravenous lust
Made the consent to. *Syl.* Her lust! you are her father.
Lew. And you her Bawd. *Syl.* Were you ten Lords, 'tis false,
The pureness of her chaste thoughts entertains not
Such spotted instruments. *Ang.* As I have a soule Sir.
Lew. I am not to be alter'd; to sit downe
With this disgrace, would argue me a Peasant,
And not borne noble: all rigour that the Law
And that encrease of power by favour yeelds,
Shall be with all severity inflicted;
You have the Kings hand for't; no Bayle will serve,
And therefore at your perils Officers, away with 'em.
Bri. This is madness. *Lew.* Tell me so in open Court,
And there Ile answer you. *Mir.* Well overtaken; (*Enter Mir.*)
Cha. Ill if they dare resist. *Eust.* He that advances (*Char. Eust.*)
But one step forward dies. *L.* Shew the King's Writ. (*Andrew.*)
Mir. Shew your discretion, 'twil become you better.
Cha. Y'are once more in my power, and if againe
I part with you, let me for ever lose thee.
Eust. Force will not do't nor threats; accept this service
From your despair'd of *Eustace*. *And.* And beware
Your reverend Worship never more attempt
To search my *Lilly-pot*, you see what followes.
Lew. Is the Kings power contemn'd? *Mir.* No, but the torrent
O' your wilful folly stopp'd. And for you, good Sir,
If you would but be sensible, what can you wish
But the satisfaction of an obstinate Will.
That is not indear'd to you? rather than
Be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'l undoe
Your daughters fame, the credit of your judgement,
And your old foolish neighbour; make your states,
And in a suite not worth a Cardecue,
A prey to advocates, and their buckram Scribes,
And after they have plum'd ye, returne home
Like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.
Cha. This is a most strong truth Sir. *Mir.* No, no, Monsieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge,
But when our follies are repell'd by reason,
Tis fit that we retreat and nere come on more:
Observe my learned *Charles*, hee'l get thee a Nephew
On *Angellina* shall dispute in her belly,
And suck the Nurse by Logick: and here's *Eustace*,
He was an asse, but now is grown an *Amadis*;
Nor shall he want a Wife, if all my land
For a joynture can effect it: Y'are a good Lord,
And of a gentle nature, in your lookes
I see a kinde consent, and it shewes lovely:
And doe you heare old Foole? but Ile not chide,

Hereafter like me, ever doate on learning,
The meere beleefe is excellent, 'twill save you;
And next love valour, though you dare not fight
Your selfe, or fright a foolish Officer, 'young *Eustace*
Can doe it to a haire. And to conclude,
Let *Andrew's* Farm b'encreas'd, that is your penance,
You know for what, and see you rut no more,
You understand me, So embrace on all sides;
Ile pay those Billmen, and make large amends;
Provided we preserve you still our friends.— *Exeunt.*

[*A few misprints in the above have been corrected in square brackets to agree with* B.]

THE ELDER BROTHER: VARIANTS IN THE EGERTON MS.

There is a manuscript version of this play in the Egerton collection, British Museum (No. 1994). It is, presumably, a transcript of one of the early copies. It differs frequently from the Folio and the Quartos in single words and, occasionally, in lines but, as its authority is of doubtful value, it has seemed best to give a collation of it here, apart from the collations of the Quartos.

Begins Actus Primus. Scæna 1.

p. 1, l. 29. *Omits* and.

p. 2, l. 7. foolish idle. l. 14. others hands. l. 24. vertues.

p. 3, l. 9. kinde. l. 13. purposed. l. 14. state. l. 30. great mans. l. 31. kings.

p. 4, l. 28. Merry wenches.

p. 5, l. 9. Cellar dry. l. 14. knowing pallat. l. 39. ever should ask.

p. 6, l. 6. how ere. l. 20. put in act. l. 24. was addicted to. l. 31. blest with. l. 39. *Omits* what yet...Flatter l. 40. *Omits* without. *Also gives stage direction in margin:*—Trampling.

p. 7, l. 15. *Omits Chas.* Your blessing, Sir. l. 18. Countries garb. l. 25. *Stage direction:*—plucks out a booke and reades. l. 29. loves. l. 30. with service. l. 31. And report. l. 32. Pray you first make use of it. l. 37. Exit cum sociis.

p. 8, l. 4. lay it. l. 5. and the. l. 6. leads to. l. 10. the palme of. l. 13. ore worne. l. 25. *Omits* and there...bring me. l. 29. guard.

p. 9, l. 11. from thee. l. 16. Quiddits from this time to Adam. l. 19. estates. l. 22. that bends not. ll. 23 and 24. fix their. l. 37. any sense. l. 38. my yonger Eustace.

p. 10, l. 12. nor your. l. 14. shall never. l. 16. *Omits* and but... that I. l. 32. I did sir...a word. He's.

p. 11, l. 18. would resist. l. 19. *Apportions thus:—Egre.* If this take now we are made for ever. *Cowsy.* And will rebell it. Exeunt all but Andrew. l. 21. my Master. ll. 24 and 25. out their. l. 29. blade he was wont to be. l. 30. heele ring 'em...as will shake.

p. 12, l. 1. But know to. l. 5. a fool, an. l. 8. to yee. ll. 24 and 25. new Congees. l. 28. *Omits* therefore. l. 30. *Omits* Sir. l. 32. Do you know what learning is brother?

p. 13, l. 15. *Omits* Brother. l. 36. foolish girles & puppets.

p. 14, l. 5. to my best. l. 6. vent. l. 13. You. l. 16. library an Almanacke. l. 26. Snowes. l. 36. to build up. l. 39. Charles shall set.

p. 15, l. 12. Land too to your. l. 13. he is no heir. l. 16. my state. l. 19. staies pulling. l. 31. know things. l. 36. nor do not weigh.

p. 16, l. 4. University Lovaine. l. 11. look now to my. l. 22. spit fire, snow. l. 23. that we call. l. 30. a fine youth. l. 33. his state...Did you see my Mistris.

p. 17, l. 9. that ride. l. 11. that have...and speake. l. 23. I shall kisse. l. 27. thy master. l. 34. no spirits a'th. l. 36. Shall we have.

p. 18, l. 2. males and. l. 4. Red Sea early a question. l. 12. Metamatical. ll. 19 and 20. are above. l. 22. ravish with. l. 25. thy bread. l. 26. wouldst blanch an Almond. *Omits* the Sect...invented that. l. 27. the trenchers. l. 33. scraps. l. 36. the drink. l. 38. not he.

p. 19, ll. 2 and 3. bowle, my yonger Mr. that must be now the heire will do all these. l. 28. and her lodging. l. 34. sty growne.

p. 20, l. 1. Crowne's awry, two. l. 6. swept your books. l. 9. has pleased. l. 10. I beleeve her Constellation bee loose. ll. 15 and 16. and bound up in monstrous [sic] smooth. l. 25. you one Sir. l. 31. goes as daintily.

p. 21, l. 2. a secret out. l. 3. I doe find. l. 6. *Adds* and Servants. ll. 7 and 8. the happy day that. l. 9. my great care. l. 15. state ...in Joynter. l. 19. drawn of our. l. 28. *Not.* [character]. land. ll. 29 and 30. *Lew.* T'was not condition'd. *Not.* If it had been found, twas but a fault in the writing &c.

p. 22, l. 1. seeks, kills. l. 5. as in others. l. 6. yet hee may. l. 8. that's been. l. 14. Cook, Butler, Lillie. ll. 25—28. and bee serviceable...see your Sauces bee all poynant and sharpe in...looke to yor roast and bakt meates made things—Is the. l. 31. the roome cleare...open for all. l. 34. Cordes they be not. l. 35. *Omits* abroad. l. 38. cannot slip.

p. 23, l. 6. wee shall see. l. 10. not trouble. l. 11. Sweet-heart. l. 12. Exeunt. Andrew stayes. l. 13. ripe? make but my farme as much more and kisse her. l. 16. pleasure; he can do her no harme, and if it were. l. 22. *Adds stage direction* A noyse. l. 23. What noyse. l. 24. Note. The words "within a Parenthesis" are omitted in the MS. but ("my head is broken") is in parentheses in MS. It is obvious that these words were intended as a direction to the printer and have got into the text in error. l. 25. Collicke. l. 29. tis faithful. l. 37. squeaking is that.

p. 24, ll. 1 and 2. Geese and Turkeys for the spit Sir...are angry too that makes the medley. l. 3. thus every. l. 4. *Omits* yet. l. 9. foul. l. 16. make 'em drink. l. 25. I never have. l. 26. that's a small. l. 27. married Sir this day. l. 33, *Omits* young, sweet, and modest. ll. 36 and 37. with his booke. l. 38. for him.

p. 25, l. 2. elder. l. 4. shoulders now Sir. l. 10. Notary, Servants. ll. 16 and 17. Cherub's...with wings of modest. l. 18. booke. l. 24. I come not for. l. 28. and a sharp to reprehend. l. 32. Ile assure.

p. 26, l. 4. he can get. l. 27. is here too.

APPENDIX

p. 27, l. 1. book, when it fell on your head, Sir. l. 6. but new string. l. 12. Must my. l. 19. stubbornst willfullest. l. 21. provide a wife for yo^{u}. l. 27. How dost thou Charles what still still at. l. 38. I have boy, unto.

p. 28, l. 4. yo^{ur} care. l. 12. *Omits* and wish my Brother fortune. l. 13. *Adds* it will bee ten times better. l. 22. *Omits* and. l. 24. *Gives this line to Eustace.* l. 29. fault Sir. l. 32. thy owne. l. 35. kickses.

p. 29, ll. 1 and 2. dark secret. l. 4. admirable. l. 5. nor he. l. 7. *Omits* Faith. l. 9. think I to. l. 29. Man was my argument. l. 32. Will yo^{u} sett to your hand brother. l. 35. I say Son you trifle time. l. 38. if yo^{u} had shewed me land only.

p. 30, l. 17. though. l. 20. with Dim Lamps. l. 32. and blush. l. 38. than life. l. 39. me love.

p. 31, l. 5. yours still and your glory. l. 6. I your. l. 31. rosy morn. l. 35. those lights.

p. 32, l. 1. there be lesse. l. 12. into feaver. l. 24. can yo^{u} love with. l. 30. I confesse. l. 31. but yee shall. ll. 36 and 37. all Elements.

p. 33, l. 5. *Omits one* stay. l. 17. nor horses. l. 30. art thou in.

p. 34, l. 1. Many asses. l. 13. Pox could he not. l. 20. take up. l. 24. No, no, no.

p. 35, l. 1. mettle. l. 11. thy own. l. 12. my own. l. 21. Coward-lines...upon. ll. 33 and 34. seene but their owne Country smoak, would grow.

p. 36, l. 10. a meer. l. 21. on 'em. l. 31. in my armes.

p. 37, l. 13. his two noble warlike. l. 16. as they came newly from. l. 23. to fall into a greene. l. 24. travailing language. l. 29. *Omits* And. ll. 30 and 31. to distinguish between a. l. 32. pruning and dressing up. l. 36. *Omits* Sir. l. 39. and a little.

p. 38, l. 1. fit Sir. l. 13. strang. ll. 36—38. *gives these lines as continuation of Charles's speech.*

p. 39, l. 5. too men. l. 15. ours healthful. l. 21. see. l. 26. *Omits* Nature. l. 26. clip yee. ll. 26 and 27. kiss yee. l. 37. have need. l. 38. studied among.

p. 40, l. 2. anything, anything fit. l. 8. beauties favour. l. 9. part of life run. ll. 17 and 18. flowers woe us to't; yet...these pleasures. l. 24. *Omits* A good night t'ye, and. *Begins* May the dew etc. l. 32. are at. l. 38. I command.

p. 41, l. 1. *Omits the line* Enter Eustace &c. l. 16. my own. l. 24. Snatches out his. l. 38. *Omits* to me.

p. 42, l. 1. neither wit. l. 2. of man. l. 13. on 'em. l. 20. Ile talke. l. 24. yo^{ur} mercy. l. 30. *Omits* ye despicable creatures. l. 34. *Omits* What did you bring to carry her?

p. 43, l. 3. *Omits* Enter Miramont. l. 5. *Eust* (char.). l. 6. by friends. l. 9. In truth, I...duty Sir. l. 11. Bring in a. l. 17. nor frost. l. 21. but yong neither. l. 22. tayle. l. 24. have the right. l. 25. are Anagrams. l. 34. hear and hereafter laugh at. l. 35. you dear.

p. 44, l. 5. such question. l. 9. old goate. l. 10. *Omits* her. l. 12. *Omits* that's a. l. 21. a feast for him to make him fat. ll. 23 and 24. and we'le breake, l. 27. like servants, l. 31. take them,

p. 45, l. 16. I must needs tast of. ll. 17 and 18. tender of you, and for yo^{ur} healths and credits sake must tell yo^{u}, yo^{u} have all you are like to have. l. 19. *Omits* And. l. 23. is truth Sir...find it, you. l. 26. of an. l. 35. scoffing cheating queane.

p. 46, l. 3. his lease. l. 8. loving and. l. 12. will put. l. 14. marke him. l. 15. thank yo^{u} for thy office. l. 17. Cue Sir, and second me. By. l. 21. *Omits* me. l. 21. alas nothing. l. 24. Cockold Tenure. l. 30. Andrew wilt thou. l. 32. be the Justice. l. 34. in thee.

p. 47, l. 3. arizing. l. 5. *Omits* O. l. 15. the farme...to it. l. 20. troth Sir there is...mine, (*omits* Sir). l. 29. have got an ague that you shake...he's.

p. 48, l. 6. women. l. 8. of my brother. l. 21. ride the better. ll. 23 and 24. *Puts* Andrew *after* promise. *Omits* Andrew *after* Farm. ll. 36 and 37. reparable a losse and easily recoverd.

p. 49, l. 2. dozen or 2 of oaths. l. 6. so well, that on my. l. 8. rules out. l. 12. nor suffer. l. 13. are there no. l. 16. with us. l. 38. no use.

p. 50, ll. 10—12. *Omits* that batten...no palats. ll. 17 and 18. make you the. l. 36. Antidote, or—.

p. 51, l. 4. are reformd. l. 28. Ere I went. ll. 31—34. is in itself a guard and yet since...may weare...nor can eat or study. l. 37. None Sir.

p. 52, l. 4. not done in scorn. l. 11. what you. l. 14. ask from. l. 17. toil ascended. l. 22. what this tempest. l. 37. I goe lesse.

p. 53, l. 4. ever could. l. 7. plung'd in teaching. l. 9. you were. l. 20. nor threats. l. 25. Noe, Noe. l. 26. and the other. l. 33. *Adds* They fight.

p. 54, l. 2. in time. l. 3. till thine. l. 8. as your father is. l. 15. late in me Sir. ll. 22 and 23. *Omits* nay, the...are bound. l. 25. that Eustace. l. 26. and that the perfect. l. 27. Nay, no. l. 28. Sure I shall not need, Sir. ll. 30, 31. *Omits* to all that men call good. l. 33. to.

p. 55, l. 7. and so deserve it. l. 12. gravity in...and will. l. 13. him, if he rebel, that. l. 19. read a tragedy in my face, Sir.

p. 56, l. 4. *Omits* and such a one. l. 10. why, so, this is. l. 11. and old. l. 23. Death...perswasion. l. 25. falsely. l. 26. let me. l. 28. but ruins rather that. l. 30. reputation. l. 34. love Charles. l. 35. held mulcts. l. 36. in the.

p. 57, l. 1. to mine honour. l. 11. *Omits* yields. l. 15. *Adds* Will you doe what yo^{u} are sworne too. l. 23. loose you. l. 32. in that. l. 35. states.

p. 58, l. 6. but is an Amadis. l. 8. effect it. l. 9. kind of consent. l. 14. Andrew have his farme increasd. l. 15. and rut no. l. 17. the Billmen.

The MS. gives the Epilogue *but not the* Prologue.

It also adds the following verses:—

Epigram:

A freemans life is like a pilgrimage
Whats his life then that lives in mariage
Tis Sisiphus his toyle that with a stone
Doth doe what surely for ease must be done
His laboures Journey's endles, tis no Riddle
Since he's but halfe on's way that stands in th'middle.

APPENDIX

Ad Janum.

Take Comfort Janus, never feare thy head
Which to the quick belongs, not to the dead
Thy wife did lye with one, thou being dead drunke
Thou art no Cuckold though shee bee a Punke.

Tis not the state nor soveraintie of Jove
could draw thy pure affections from my love
nor is there any Venus in the Skyes
could from thy looks with draw my greedy eyes.

THE SPANISH CURATE.

A = First Folio; B = Second Folio.

p. 60, ll. 3—41. Omitted in A. l. 42. A *omits*] and. l. 46. A] heirs.

p. 61, l. 38. A] Encreasing by. l. 39. B *misprints*] Vialante.

p. 63, l. 17. A] base and abject.

p. 64, l. 2. A] Or modestie. l. 18. B *misprints*] whow. l. 31. A] wish that it.

p. 65, l. 17. A] By this example. l. 25. A] or of my.

p. 66, l. 8. A] of mine own. l. 26. A] Mirth, and Seck.

p. 68, l. 2. A] have you.

p. 70, l. 28. A] provoking it call.

p. 73, l. 13. A] To me, of, that misery against my will.

p. 74, l. 33. A *omits*] as.

p. 75, l. 18. A gives this line to *Lean.* l. 31. A *adds*] exit lea. *and gives* ll. 32 *and* 33 *to* Ars. l. 34. A *omits*] Exeunt Mil. Ars.

p. 76, l. 29. *A comma has been substituted for a full-stop after* weathers.

p. 77, l. 25. A] look out it. l. 39. A] has.

p. 79, l. 3. A] often-times. l. 15. B *prints*] Dig. l. 28. A *omits*] to. ll. 33 and 34. A *gives these lines to* Lea.

p. 80, l. 22. B *misprints*] yesterdy.

p. 82, l. 9. A] still and the. l. 16. A] jealousies.

p. 83, l. 3. B] More.

p. 84, l. 15. A] Gentleman.

p. 86, l. 8. A] be a kin. l. 10. A] 'long.

p. 87, l. 19. A] am both to. l. 23. A] 'Faith.

p. 88, l. 6. A] Y'faith. l. 26. A] ye might.

p. 89, l. 4. A *adds*] Enter Amaranta. l. 18. B *misprints*] womau. ll. 21—34. Omitted in A.

p. 90, l. 22. A] lock upon me.

p. 92, l. 25. A *adds stage direction*] Two chaires set out. l. 28. A *omits*] are.

p. 93, l. 10. A] porrage. l. 23. A] gymitrie.

p. 94, l. 27. A] abed. l. 34. A] I will.

pp. 95 and 96. A omits the Song.

p. 96, l. 11. A *adds stage direction*] The Bar & Book ready on a Table. l. 18. A *omits*] Exeunt Parishioners. l. 26. A] may he some.

p. 98, l. 6. A *omits*] and. l. 22. B *misprints*] Tough.

p. 99, l. 4. A] proaguing.

p. 100, l. 9. A] 'Tis Sessions. l. 16. A] hunch, hunch.

p. 101, l. 8. A] at her. l. 21. A] Had winck'd.

p. 102, l. 29. A *adds stage direction*] Chess-boord and men set ready.

p. 104, l. 10. A *omits*] Exit. l. 27. A] That rakes. l. 35. A] Jam. (*char.*). l. 37. A *omits stage direction.* l. 40. A *omits stage direction.*

p. 105, l. 18. A *gives this line to* Lean.

p. 106, l. 11. A] 'Pre. l. 13. A *omits stage direction.* l. 16. A] 'Would.

p. 107, l. 32. A] and I thank.

p. 109, l. 1. A] anger. l. 2. A] Why none, Sir.

p. 110, l. 3. B *misprints*] Hne. l. 17. B *misprints*] barrneness. l. 34. A] hath blasted.

p. 111, l. 12. A] pontafles.

p. 113, l. 5. A *adds stage direction*] Bed ready wine, table Standish & Paper.

p. 114, l. 9. A] If ye.

p. 115, l. 29. A and B] Ars.

p. 116, l. 25. A *omits*] for.

p. 117, l. 3. A *adds stage direction*] Diego ready in Bed, wine, cup.

p. 118, l. 14. A *adds stage direction*] Bed thrust out.

p. 120, l. 1. A] Nor preach not Abstinence. l. 2. A] budge.

p. 122, l. 15. A *prints* Doe you deserve *as the beginning of Die's speech.*

p. 123, l. 16. A *prints stage direction*] Pewter ready for noyse. l. 19. B *misprints*] joyn'd.

p. 124, l. 10. A] 'pre'thee.

p. 125, l. 9. A] brussels. l. 34. A] fleere.

p. 126, l. 39. A] has.

p. 129, l. 3. A] I doe owe dutie. l. 19. A *adds stage direction*] A Table ready covered with Cloath Napkins Salt Trenchers and Bread. l. 27. A] cerviz'd.

p. 132, l. 7. A *omits*] wee'l. l. 12. A *adds stage direction*] Dishes covered with papers in each ready.

p. 134, l. 11. A *has* Bar *written in the margin, not printed, in the copy collated.* l. 36. A] least none drest.

p. 137, l. 9. A] concernes. l. 27. A *gives this line to* Lea.

p. 138, l. 16. A] Has.

p. 139, l. 5. B *misprints*] Octavia...Arsenio.

p. 143, l. 24. A] deserv'd well.

APPENDIX

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

(A) Wit with-|out Money. | A Comedie, | As it hath beene Presented with good | Applause at the private house in Drurie Lane, | by her Majesties Servants. | Written by Francis Beamount, and John Flecher. Gent. | London | Printed by Thomas Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, | and William Cooke. 1639.

(B) Wit | without | Money. | A | Comedie, | As it hath been Presented with good Ap-|plause at the private house in Drury Lane, by | Her Majesties (sic) Servants | Written by Francis Beamount and John Flecher. Gent. | The second Impression Corrected. | London, | Printed for Andrew Crooke, at the Green Dragon in | St. Pauls-Church-Yard, 1661.

On the last leaf appears a list of 17 'Plays written by Francis Beamount and John Flecher, | printed in Quarto.'

(C) = The Second Folio.

p. 146, l. 6. A and B] The Actors names.

p. 147, l. 7. A and B] No Gent. l. 10. A and B] maintaine Hospitals. l. 24. A and B] flatter um, make um. (The same form occurs almost throughout A and B and is not here repeated.)

p. 148, l. 4. C *misprints*] Mar. l. 6. A and B] A that. l. 10. A *adds*] vexations, the morgage shall be rendred backe, take time fort, you. l. 13. A] and a fine.

p. 149, l. 9. C *misprints*] de. l. 21. A *omits*] can mount like Stallions. l. 29. A *omits*] all. l. 32. A *omits*] Sir.

p. 150, l. 2. A and B *omit*] of. l. 10. A] and hang. l. 24. A and B] meagrom. l. 24. A] tenements. l. 37. A and B] a Sundaies.

p. 151, l. 10. A] next remove, and when I please to remove; and when. l. 18. A] are hid, that work. l. 20. A and B] I shifted; are. l. 27. A] my travel. l. 29. A] some other that. l. 35. B and C *misprint*] doule.

p. 152, l. 14. A and B] Andeluria. l. 24. B *omits*] find. l. 27. A] safe from.

p. 153, l. 17. A] may do. l. 24. A] satten. l. 32. A] and a.

p. 154, l. 1. A] meane part. l. 5. A] with the loss. l. 35. A *omits*] the.

p. 155, l. 3. A] married there together. ll. 10 and 11. B] puft solus. ll. 15 and 16. A] but will that fledge him, keep him from cold, beleeve me. l. 17. A] him, and marke. l. 31. C *misprints*] Quartus.

p. 156, l. 18. A *omits*] that. l. 34. A] lookt thee. l. 37. A] She has. ll. 38 and 39. A] her, not say.

p. 157, l. 23. A] or no, are those. l. 37. A] empty nothing.

p. 158, l. 9. A] in's. l. 11. A] supple hand.

p. 159, l. 2. A] a maid content. l. 5. A] makes the wife. l. 28. B *omits*] *Hare*. C *misprints*] searce.

p. 160, l. 28. A and B] that Gentleman.

p. 161, l. 12. B] Legend. l. 14. A] say so. A] hangd first. l. 27. C *misprints*] thy. l. 34. A *adds*] Exeunt.

p. 162, l. 4. A] himself sport. l. 5. A] by his Copie. l. 9. A] Gentleman your.

p. 163, l. 3. A and B] towne, and live. A and B *omit*] and.

p. 164, l. 8. A] twelve moneths. l. 17. A] spent it. l. 30. A] do not you.

p. 165, l. 30. A] servant, I am cosend if after her, I.

p. 166, l. 22. A and B] Roger help down.

p. 167, l. 25. A] Why whither.

p. 168, l. 27. A] sometimes.

p. 169, l. 11. A] my sister. l. 19. A] bring you but this. l. 22. A and B] that know not. l. 29. A] small pots. l. 32. A] Its. l. 35. A] sit and laugh.

p. 170, l. 27. A and B] here, has made.

p. 171, l. 6. C *misprints*] know. l. 14. A and B] I grieve to. l. 25. A] deserve it, is a. l. 28. A *omits*] as.

p. 172, l. 14. A] their Cases. l. 32. A and B] Prospectives. l. 33. C *misprints*] Wid. l. 36. A and B] Ah my. l. 40. A] mens confusions.

p. 173, l. 32. A and B] a god else. l. 36. B] was you never.

p. 174, l. 8. A] Lets have. l. 31. C *misprints*] your.

p. 175, l. 17. A and B] sick ath. l. 32. A *adds*] Exeunt.

p. 176, l. 6. A and B] has. l. 16. A] charge whom. l. 35. A and B] Has the. l. 38. A and B] behaviours.

p. 177, l. 10. A] filed. l. 13. A] small bare.

p. 178, l. 2. A and B] worships. l. 3. A] at a sizer. ll. 7 and 8. A] and Christian bleeches. l. 12. A] displease me more. l. 37. A and B *omit*] Enter.

p. 179, l. 9. B] Tarm. l. 12. C *misprints*] aud.

p. 180, l. 1. A] pound. l. 30. A] most cure. l. 31. A and B] Has had.

p. 181, l. 7. A] clocke. l. 11. C] som spun.

p. 182, l. 33. C] nor. l. 39. A] he has none.

p. 183, ll. 27 and 28. B and C] frat...sab.

p. 184, l. 5. A] but lend. l. 6. A and B] a thornes. l. 22. A] thanks Sir. l. 23. B] part. A and B] deserves. l. 24. A and B] to a. l. 25. A] doores.

p. 185, l. 15. A] let me in. l. 18. A] Spercious. A] you bawling. l. 30. B] aside bay. l. 37. A] be so vext.

p. 186, ll. 5 and 6. A] men live. l. 12. A] title peece.

p. 187, l. 23. A] more hound um.

p. 188, l. 20. A] wils.

p. 189, l. 7. A and B] and bartered. l. 21. A] would you.

p. 190, l. 35. A and B] and a love too. l. 36. A] how'would.

p. 191, l. 18. A and B] I beleeve.

p. 193, l. 18. A and B] Faces about. l. 19. B] I or else perish. l. 27. A] pretend on. l. 30. A and B] at charge. l. 35. A and B] was these.

p. 194, l. 1. A] God e'n then. l. 28. C *misprints*] secrely. l. 30. A and B] tipple in wine.

p. 195, l. 3. A *omits*] ye. l. 11. A *repeats*] Ile swinge you. l. 15. A] utter, will all. l. 35. A and B] any devotions.

p. 196, l. 2. B] with torch. l. 18. A *misprints*] *Short.* for *Wid.*

p. 197, l. 2. A] and a vertuous. l. 3. A] bay him up. l. 13. B] a your.

p. 198, l. 2. A] take. l. 3. A *omits*] a. l. 25. A] No armes, no armes. l. 27. A and B] hang 'tis. l. 33. A *omits*] a.

p. 199, l. 5. B] An here. l. 10. A] his Nelson. l. 37. A *omits*] have.

p. 200, l. 3. A] pound. l. 10. A *omits*] you. l. 20. B] such knell. ll. 23 and 24. A] to raise.

p. 201, l. 5. A] regements. l. 30. A and B] yond.

p. 202, l. 2. B] sees yon. l. 3. A and B] thy Torch. l. 13. A] hay, but. l. 26. A and B] shall a Lady.

p. 203, l. 10. A] their recompences. l. 20. A and B *add*] Exeunt.

p. 204, l. 2. B *omits*] as. l. 4. A and B] this 'tis to. l. 12. A *omits*] put. l. 28. A and B] too.

p. 205, l. 10. A] they are. B] they 'are.

p. 207, l. 21. A and B *add*] Finis.

BEGGARS BUSH.

(A) The First Folio, 1647.

(B) The | Beggars | Bush. | Written by | Francis Beaumont, And John Fletcher, } Gentlemen. | [wood-cut] London, | Printed for Humphrey Robinson, and Anne Mosely, | at the three Pigeons, and at the Princes Arms | in Saint Pauls Church-yard, 1661.

Another issue of the above, dated 1661, has a fresh title-page and bears the following notice :—'You may speedily expect those other Playes, which Kirkman, and his Hawkers have deceived the | buyers withall, selling them at treble the value, that | this and the rest will be sold for, which are the | onely Originall and corrected copies, as they | were first purchased by us at no mean | rate, and since printed by us.'

B prints the Prologue and Epilogue to *The Captaine* as though they belonged to *Beggars Bush*, apparently treating the last page of *The Captain* in A as though it were the first page of *Beggars Bush*.

(C) The Second Folio.

p. 208. A *omits*] A Comedy...The Scene Flanders. ll. 2—4. B] Dramatis Personæ. *These are as follows:*

Drammatis Personæ.

Goswin a young Merchant of *Bruges*, viz. } *Florez* the right Earl of *Flanders*
Woolfort, Usurper of the Earldome,
Clause King of Beggars, *viz. Gerrard* Father to *Florez*,
Hubert disguised like a Huntsman, A Lord of Flaunders
Hemskirk, A Favourite of the Usurper.

BEGGARS BUSH

Lord *Arnold* } Two Lords of *Flaunders* disguis'd like Beggars
Lord *Costin* }
Jaqueline, Daughter to *Gerrard.*
Bertha, Heir of Brabant.
Van-dunck Burgomaster of *Bruges*
Merchants, Saylor, &c.
Higgen, *Ferret*, *Prig*, *Snap*, and others, Beggars.
Boors,
Souldiers
Young Merchants, and others, Guests at *Goswins* Wedding.
Margaret, Wife to *Vandunck*
Attendants,
Boy with a Song.

The Scene BRUGES.

p. 209, ll. 6 and 27. A and B] Countess. l. 34. C *misprints*] houour.

p. 210, l. 9. B *omits*] that. l. 34. A] On mine.

p. 211, l. 37. A and B] loyalty so suspected.

p. 212, l. 15. A and B] answers. l. 22. C *misprints*] their.

p. 214, l. 2. A and B for *Goswin read*] *Florez* and so throughout the play.

p. 215, l. 30. A *and some copies of* B] Or the dear.

p. 216, l. 10. A and B] him only. l. 25. A and B] Suck him. l. 35. A and B] near my price.

p. 217, l. 6. C *misprints*] farily.

p. 218, l. 18. A and B] Quitchineel.

p. 219, l. 3. A and B] God a mercy. l. 15. A here and often later prints *Ger.* for *Clau.*

p. 221, l. 18. A and B *omit*] I. l. 27. A and B] his call. l. 30. A and B] To whom that. l. 36. B] this man.

p. 222, l. 20. B] Thou that art.

p. 223, l. 12. A and B] all hem'd out. l. 34. A and B] bene whids.

p. 224, l. 3. A and B] their true pass-ports. l. 23. A and B] *Offices.* l. 24. A and B] *penny ceast.* l. 27. B *omits*] *and.* l. 28. A and B *omit*] comes.

p. 225, l. 4. A and B] Ger. l. 25. A and B *omit*] *Exit.* l. 33. A *omits*] is. B] 'Tis.

p. 226, l. 4. A and B] she says. l. 9. A and B] O the. l. 24. A] skuys. B] scuce.

p. 227, ll. 7 and 18. A and B *omit*] Exit. l. 9. B] ruine. l. 26. A and B] against. l. 35. A and B] *Meg.* some wine.

p. 228, l. 15. A and B] *Mage*, fill out. l. 32. A *by error prints this line twice.* l. 35. C *misprints*] wlth.

p. 229, l. 17. B] to admit.

p. 230, l. 6. A] makes this trade. l. 18. A and B] rate's at more. l. 21. C *misprints*] Hab.

p. 231, l. 10. B] these. l. 13. A and B] your errour. l. 25. B *omits*] doth.

p. 232, l. 3. A and B *omit*] *Strikes him.* ll. 5 and 6. A and B *omit*] *He gets...the head.* l. 7. A and B here and later often print *Ber.* for *Ger.* l. 39. B *omits*] you.

p. 233, l. 4. A and B *omit*] *and* Ger.

p. 234, l. 28. A and B] Start beer. l. 33. A] to high, etc.

p. 235, l. 3. B] *any branches.* l. 28. B] *To make up.*

p. 236. A and B *omit the whole of Song.* l. 21. B *omits*] There sweet Sow-Gelder.

p. 238, l. 17. B] Come away fair Maids, put your ware away. l. 18. B *omits the entire line.* l. 24. B *omits the fourth* fill.

p. 239, l. 9. A and B] o' their Prestoes. l. 35. C] commands.

p. 240, l. 4. B *omits*] a.

p. 241, l. 7. A and B] is toss'd too. l. 18. B] Aa's.

p. 242, l. 12. B] thy honour.

p. 243, l. 7. A and B *omit*] Sir, I must not leave ye. l. 8. A and B] I must not. l. 25. A and B] That's all.

p. 244, l. 1. B] men that have. l. 3. A and B *omit*] on. l. 25. A and B] as they please.

p. 246, l. 32. A and B *omit*] *Beat one another.*

p. 248, l. 23. A] Reimald. ll. 35 and 38. A and B *omit*] aside.

p. 249, l. 1. A and B *omit*] with. l. 15. A] I have. l. 38. A and B, *in 2 lines*] Yes, venson, | Or if I want—|

p. 250, l. 1. A and B] shall learn. l. 4. A and B] Yes if I. l. 5. A and B arrange the rest of the Scene thus]

Ger. Now sweare him.
Hig. You are welcom Brother.
All. Welcom, welcom, welcom, but who shall have the keeping
Of this fellow?
Hub. Thank ye friends,
And I beseech ye, if you dare but trust me;
For if I have kept wilde doggs and beastes for wonder,
And made 'em tame too: give into my custody
This roaring rascal I shall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveryes, and I feare me
Discover yet a further villany in him;
O he smells ranck 'oth rascall.
Ger. Take him to thee,
But if he scape—
Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him,
Roome Sir, I'le tye ye to my leash.
Hem. Away Rascall.
Hub. Be not so stubborne: I shall swindge ye soundly,
And ye play tricks with me.
Ger. Now sweare him.
Hig. I crowne thy nab, with a gag of benbouse,
And stall thee by the salmon into the clowes,
To mand on the pad, and strike all the cheates;
To mill from the Ruffmans, commision and slates,
Twang dell's, i'the stiromell, and let the Quire Cuffin:
And Herman Beck strine, and trine to the Ruffin.
Ger. Now interpret this unto him.
Hig. I poure on thy pate a pot of good ale,

And by the Rogues oth a Rogue thee install :
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meetes ;
To steale from the hedge, both the shirt and the sheets :
And lye with thy wench in the straw till she twang,
Let the Constable, Justice, and Divell go hang.
Ger. So, now come in,
But ever have an eye Sir, to your prisoner.
Hub. He must blinde both mine eyes, if he get from me.
Ger. Go, get some victualls, and some drink, some good drink
For this day wee'le keep holly to good fortune,
Come and be frollick with us.
Hig. Ye are a stanger. *Exeunt.*

p. 250, l. 14. C] o' th'.

p. 251, ll. 12 and 37 and often elsewhere. A and B] *Jertred.*

p. 252, l. 16. A and B] what ayle ye. l. 35. A] Despise me.

p. 253, l. 7. A and B] wind or. l. 11. A and B] no lying here.

p. 254, l. 13. A] Porter. l. 34. B] we daily get.

p. 255, l. 13. A and B] confess it. A and B *omit stage direction.* l. 18. A and B *omit*] for.

p. 256, l. 28. A and B] Here in bosome, and. C] my bosom.

p. 257, l. 5. A and B] it would.

p. 258, l. 15. A] This ye are I. B] This year I.

p. 260, l. 5. C *misprints*] righty. l. 35. A and B] your letting free.

p. 261, l. 7. C *misprints*] Hem.

p. 262, l. 17. A and B] baldrick, what a. l. 28. C] pertious.

p. 263, l. 16. A and B] stands. l. 27. A and B] that whorson. l. 28. A] baster'd bullions. B] bastar'd bullions. l. 30. A and B] and change a. l. 32. A and B] mangy soul. l. 35. A and B] keep this in.

p. 264, l. 1. A and B] We be monstrous out.

p. 265, l. 26. A *omits*] the.

p. 267, l. 6. C *misprints*] Heaveu. l. 9. B *omits*] design.

p. 268, l. 10. A and B] nor sorrow ; Oh me. l. 11. A and B *omit*] Ah me. l. 33. A and B *omit*] me.

p. 269, l. 11. A and B] left ham. l. 19. A and B *omit*] strange.

p. 270, l. 26. B] whipt. l. 29. B *omits one*] 'tis she. l. 39. A and B] Merchants shop.

p. 271, l. 6. A *and some copies of* B *expand Ger.'s speech as follows*]

Ber. O I am miserably lost, thus falne
Into my uncles hands from all my hopes,
Can I not thinke away my selfe and dye?
O I am miserably lost ; thus fallen
Into my uncles hands, from all my hopes :
No matter now, where thou be false or no,
Goswin, whether thou love an other better ;
Or me alone ; or where thou keep thy vow,
And word, or that thou come, or stay : for I
To thee from henceforth, must be ever absent,
And thou to me : no more shall we come neere,

To tell our selves, how bright each other [B others] eyes were,
How soft our language, and how sweet our kisses,
Whil'st we made one our food, th'other our feast,
Not mix our soules by sight, or by a letter
Hereafter, but as small relation have,
As two new gon to in habiting a grave:
Can I not thinke away my selfe and dye?

l. 23. A and B] or a. l. 29. A and B] alone for any Farmers. l. 38. A and B] Will ye.

p. 272, l. 17. A *and* B *give from* That's well *to Hub.* (*Char.*). l. 27. B] to ye will.

p. 273, l. 32. B] those speciall.

p. 274, l. 12. A and B] your story. l. 33. A and B] Use my.

p. 275, l. 37. A and B] For your.

p. 276, l. 2. B] marrying her Sir. B *omits at end of line*] Sir.

p. 277, l. 19. A and B] to end my. l. 31. B *omits*] have.

p. 279, l. 11. A and B] follow me.

p. 280, l. 26. A and B] gain. l. 40. B *adds*] Finis.

THE HUMOUROUS LIEUTENANT.

(A) The First Folio.

(B) The Second Folio.

(C) The Manuscript dated Novemb. 27. 1625.

This MS. is a beautiful specimen of Ralph Crane's caligraphy. It is bound in vellum, with gilt lines and a gilt design on the cover. The following particulars are written on a leaf before the title-page:—

'K. Digby Margrit
This Manuscript belonged to the cele
brated Sir Kenelm Digby. His grand-daughter
(one of the daughters & co-heiresses of his eldest
son, John Digby) was married to Richard Mostyn Esq^re
of Penbedw in Denbighshire, & their daughter
& coheiress to Richard Williams Esq^r., my Great Grand-
father. Thro' this connection of my family with
that of Digby, several of Sir Kenelm's books
& Manuscripts have come into my possession.
W^m W. E. Wynne.
given by W. W. E. Wynne Esqre to me
W. Ormsby Gore
April 8. 1837.'

The title-page is as follows:—

'Demetrius
and
Enanthe.
a pleasant Comedie
written by
John Fletcher gent.'

Surrounding the title are rough decorations drawn in ink in the form of corkscrew scrolls.

The following dedication is written on the leaf following the title-page:—

To the honorable
Sir
Kelham Digbie
Knight.

Worthie Sir.

I know, that to a Man of yo^{ur} religious Inclination, a devine Argument would have byn much more Wellcom; And such a one (good Sir) have I upon the Anvile for you, but it requires some-what a more Consolatorie time to fashion it: Being therefore by the Wise-mans rule (That saies there is a time for all thinges) encouraged, I hope it will not be much in-oportune, after a Season so sad, to present you with a Matter Recreative. Well knowing, that yo^{u} that know well how to bestow all your howers, will (in yo^{r} release from higher Studies) not think a litle peece of time lost, in casting, upon this Comedie, yo^{r} Smile, and upon him, that (in all dutie) submits it to yo^{r} generous Acceptaunce, your Noble Favo^{r}, as upon one that shall still rejoyce to be esteemed

Your Commaunded Beades-man
Novemb. 27. Ralph Crane.
1625.

p. 281. Omitted in C. Also omitted in A save the title, The Humourous Lieutenant. l. 34. B *misprints*] Evanthe.

p. 282, l. 2. C] 2 Gent. Ushers, & Servants with. l. 3. C *omits*] quick. l. 6. C] 'pray ye tell. l. 7. C] Mornings. l. 8. C *omits*] Lord. C] you should live. l. 11. C] are off the. A] are of the. l. 12. *Omitted in* C. l. 13. C *adds*]

(make all things perfect) would you have theis Ladies,
they that come here to see the Show, theis Beuties } Enter 2. or
that have byn labouring to sett-off their Sweetnes, } 3. Ladies
and washed, and curld; perfum'd, and taken Glisters,
for feare a flaw of wind might over-take 'em,
loose theis, and all theire expectations?

l. 19. C] eie. l. 20. C] and where. l. 22. C] shall survey their. l. 26. C] Enter divers Cittizens, & their wives. ll. 28 and 29. C *gives these* 2 *ll. simply to* Citt. l. 36. *Omitted in* C. A] was as like.

p. 283, ll. 1 and 2. *Omitted in* C. l. 6. C] he is. l. 7. *Omitted in* C. l. 9. C] Enter Celia, (in poore attire). l. 13. C] are lost too. l. 14. C] mine eies. l. 16. C] dores. l. 22. C *omits*] Death. l. 24. C *omits*] a Devil...mine honestie? *and adds*]

Cel. I crave your mercy: I meant no such thing to ye:
but if ye were a Gentleman:
2. alas (poore woman:)
'pray doe not thrust her soe:
Cel. nay: even continue:
and doe not let your Office fall (Sir) I beseech ye:
for want of Indiscretion, and ill-manners;
you would have made a notable sturdy Beadle:
1. She must goe out:

Cel. I am out already (Sir)
out of my witts, you say: 'pray heaven it prove not;
if this fell ffitt afflict me.

l. 29. C] Agent for the. l. 32. C]
of Gentleman
and did forgive that hereditary folly
belongs to your Place: but now, etc.
l. 37. C *omits*] one.

p. **284**, l. 8. C] in Gibbitts. l. 9. C] par'lous. l. 14. C] Showes are past ye. A] shews are past. l. 18. C] merry, (Sir). l. 23. C] you deare (Sir). l. 32. C *gives the first three words to* 1 Ush. l. 33. C] Antigonus: and his Traine.

p. **285**, l. 2. C's *stage direction reads*] Enter y^e^ Embassador^rs^. from Seleucus, Lysimachus, & Ptolomey: l. 7. C] Greivances? *and omits* l. 8. ll. 13 and 14. C *prints* (not like...open Enemie) *after* ye' have hedg'd in *and omits* as. l. 17. C] bloody Roades. l. 18. C *adds*]

2. Emb. We therefore,
as yet the ministers of Peace, of ffriendship,
as yet our MASTERS Swords, and Angers sleeping,
all former Injuries forgot, and buried,
as yet to stop that swelling tide of Blood,
(O mightie Sir) that when it comes, like Tempests
broke from the raging North, beates all before 'em.
We yet crave restitution of those Lands,
those Citties sackd, those PRISONERS, and that PREY,
the Soldiers, by your will, stands Master of;
Think, etc.

l. 19. B] love great, Sir. l. 20. C] you late held. A] hold. l. 31. C *omits stage direction.* l. 32. C *adds*]

or War, (though rather
I could afford your Age, so much discretion
to leave off brawling now): The Wars are doubtfull,
and on Our Horsemens Staves, Death lookes as grimly
as on your keene-edgd Swords: Our darts sure pointed,
and from Our sinowye Bowes, we can raise showres
of bloody Shaffts, shall hide the face of heaven,
and cast as deepe Ecclipzes ore the day,
and terrible, as yours: Our Strengthes are equall;
Our hopes, as high, and wanton: Even our *Men*
the same in Labours, and in Sufferance:
Hunger they dare contemne, as well as yours,
and where they find no Meate, feed on their Angers,
march on the edge of danger; Rest and Sleepe,
(the soules of soft, and tender Bodies) they
shake off, as well as yours: And when tyrde Nature
locks up their Spiritts, yet like Stormes, farr off,
even in their Rest, they raise a warlike Murmurr,
we come prepard for either. { Enter Prince Demetrius
{ from hunting: attended
{ w^th^ yong Gentlemen.

l. 35. C] trembles. l. 36. C] It's He.

p. 286, l. 6. A *gives* Gent *to the end of this line, not to line* 5. l. 11. C] MASTERS lives. l. 18. *A comma has been added at end of line.* l. 25. C] now a god speakes. A] Now 'a speakes. l. 35. A and C] at his best. l. 40. C] MUNITION: Or must.

p. 287, l. 3. C] must they. l. 4. A] same field. l. 6. C] their desires. l. 9. A] mortall thinge. l. 18. C] it's. l. 19. A and C] make. l. 20. C] 'pray *and so throughout.* l. 22. C] 'pray ye. l. 25. C] to 'ye. l. 29. C] 'pre-thee *and so throughout.* l. 37. C *omits*] Madam, my service— l. 38. A] and 't. ll. 39 and 40. C *omits*] 2.

p. 288, l. 1. A *gives this line to* Cel. l. 6. C] ffare ye well. l. 13. C *omits*] 3. l. 14. C *omits*] yet. l. 18. C] answeares. l. 25. C] 1. Emb. l. 31. C *omits*] Gentlemen. l. 34. C] beg that. l. 36. C] growne weake, and old.

p. 289, l. 1. B] yer. l. 5. C] teach me. l. 11. C] O blesse. l. 22. C *omits*] 2. l. 26. C *omits*] now. l. 29. A] thinkes. l. 36. A and C] a wing.

p. 290, l. 6. B] ned. l. 7. C] beleeve't. l. 27. C] a wanton. ll. 28, 29 and 30. C]

Ant. did not you mark a Woman my Sonne risse to?
Gent. I saw her Sir
Ant. doe you know her?
Gent. noe; beleeve't, Sir:

ll. 28—36. A]

Ant. She must be known & suddenly; when you have done
Come in and take your leave sir, and some few
Prayers along.
Ant. [sic] Do ye know her?
Gent. Char. No, beleeve sir.
Ant. Did you observe her *Tymon*?
Tym. I look'd on her,
But what she is—
Ant. I must have that found.
Tym. Well sir

ll. 35 and 36. C]

Tim. well Sir:
Ant. When you have done come in, and take your leave Sir, some fewe praires along.—Ext.

p. 291. C *omits* l. 9. l. 11. C] see her. l. 16. C *gives this line to* Leo. l. 21. C] Coronall. l. 26. A] Th' allarums. C] the Allarums of soft vowes, and fightes and fidle-fadles. l. 31. C] Enter y^e^ Leiuetenant. l. 35. C] hath serv'd. l. 36. C] and trayld a. l. 37. C] so honorbled.

p. 292, l. 18. C] 'not a pangue. l. 20. C] should be all. l. 29. C] that hath. l. 30. C] hath taken. l. 38. C] stay us.

p. 293, l. 9. C] noe 'beleeve' Sir. l. 18. C *omits*] Sir. l. 39. C] unles 'twas.

p. 294, l. 4. C] y'ar. l. 38. C *adds stage direction*] Droms beate.

p. 295, l. 14. C *adds stage direction*] Droms agen. l. 16. C *omits stage direction.* l. 18. C] fye on. l. 29. C *adds*] Exeunt severally. l. 31. C] and Timon.

p. 296, ll. 2—4. C *adds*]
should never be imploid: how are you certaine
she is a stranger?
Tim. being so yong, and handsome,
and not made privy to your Graces pleasures
for I presume under your gracious favo^{r}
you have not yet (Sir.)
Ant. what (Sir?)
Tim. as they say (Sir)
made any salley on her, or delighted
your roiall body:
Ant. you prate like a coxcombe.
Tim. sure I thinck I doe (Sir) But (howsoever)
I speake with in my compasse; in theis matters
that concerne partie, and partie, and no farther,
that reach but to the meere instruction
and garnishing of youth:
Ant. you'll hold your prating?
Tim. I know not: for theis twentie yeares, I am sure on't,
(I thinck theis five and twenty) I have serv'd ye,
and serv'd ye with as good, and gratious pleasure,
like a true Subject, ever cautulous
that nothing you receivd from me, to sport ye,
but should endure all tests, and all translations:
I thinck I have don soe: and I thinck I have fitted yee:
and if a coxcomb can doe theis things handsomer:
Ant. Wellcom *Minippus.* {Enter *Minippus.*

l. 27. C] confident. l. 30. C *gives this line to* Car. l. 31. C] there's.

p. 297, l. 1. B] groose. l. 7. C] Enter Demetrius, and Leontius. l. 30. C] I live to know. l. 36. C] sure if.

p. 298, l. 4. C] hang out. l. 7. C] as your. l. 8. C] that know. ll. 10 and 11. C *transposes these two* ll. l. 12. C] hath sent. l. 17. C] I see ye. l. 29. C] 'pray ye doe. l. 35. C] designes it.

p. 299, l. 2. C] we are mawld. l. 8. C] so thrashd. l. 11. C] on my...about. l. 14. C] Coronall *and so throughout, with variations of spelling.* l. 18. C] over. l. 30. A *by mistake gives this line to* Leo. C *omits* l. 31. l. 33. C] in peeces. l. 36. C] he hath. l. 37. C] Julipps. l. 38. C *gives this line to* Dem. l. 39. C] noe: noe: hang him.

p. 300, l. 5. C] dampnable. l. 13. C *adds*] Exit. l. 21. C *omits this line and gives the following line to* Leo. l. 24. C] Enter Leucippe, and her Maides, writing. l. 25. C] Mariane. l. 35. C] peevish, very peevish. l. 36. C] and the.

p. 301, l. 1. C *adds stage direction*] she turnes over a Booke. l. 19. C] those. l. 33. C] The Chamber next to th' Parck. l. 34. C] 2. Maid. l. 35. A and C] bid. l. 37. C] besides, she is. A] beside. l. 39. C *omits one* Thisbee. A *misprints it* This.

p. 302, l. 8. C *omits stage direction.* l. 9. C] follow your. l. 11. C *adds stage direction*] she turnes over y^{e} Booke. l. 19. C *omits stage direction.* l. 22. A] and 't. l. 28. C] come heather. l. 33. C] your helpe. l. 38. C *omits stage direction.* l. 39. C] Maid.

p. 303, l. 1. C *for* Phe *reads* Girle. l. 3. C *omits stage direction.*

l. 5. C *puts* I'll...action *in parentheses.* l. 7. C] Who's that there? *and omits stage direction.* l. 10. B] Menippe. l. 12. C] if you were. l. 14. C] o' th'. l. 32. C] thou wert.

p. 304, l. 8. C] will yet work, without Barme (boy). l. 12. C] Enter Antigonus, and a Soldier; w^th^ Attendants. l. 18. C] 'faith. A] discretion. l. 20. C] and y^e^ Leiutenant. l. 22. A] *Lord Men.* A and B] Grace—s. l. 27. C] backs. l. 29. C] by heaven.

p. 305, l. 11. A] say truth. l. 25. C] 'chaunce. l. 30. C *omits this line.* l. 35. C] but I.

p. 306, l. 5. C] and would. l. 18. C] a joyfull showt. Enter Gentlemen. l. 19. C] He doth. l. 20. B] top? l. 28. C] Gent. l. 34. A and C] for heaven sake. l. 39. C] all take.

p. 307, l. 3. C] stood then before. l. 11. C] that ye. l. 14. C] I give. l. 15. C *omits this line.* l. 20. C] if 'twer. l. 22. C] ev'n... ev'n that pure blessing. l. 25. C] still (Sir?). l. 28. C] Gent. l. 31. C *gives this line to* Gent. l. 35. C] 'mercie upon ye. l. 36. C] ayle ye? 'pray doe. A] ayle ye...'death. l. 40. C] did ye.

p. 308, ll. 1 and 2. C] 'beate...'beate. l. 3. A and C] has. l. 9. C] strake. l. 10. C] dost not thou. l. 12. C *gives this line to* Leo. *and the next only to* Dem. l. 17. C] 'has beat. A] h'as. l. 19. C *omits this line.* l. 35. C] now ye.

p. 309, l. 12. C] where 't please you, as ye march. l. 15. C] and there. l. 28. C] a goodly company. l. 34. C] your musty whore; you Rogue.

p. 310, l. 1. C] by this good light I'll. l. 2. C] 'strange. l. 3. C] have that. l. 5. C] out upon thee. l. 16. C] and Hostisse. l. 27. C] there is. l. 32. C] blesse him. l. 38. C] o' th'.

p. 311, l. 8. C] heaven knowes, the. l. 21. C] Minippus *and so throughout.* l. 34. C] an hundred. l. 37. C *omits*] on.

p. 312, l. 13. C] her be more. l. 17. C] and Hostesse *and so throughout.* l. 18. C] from whence. l. 21. C] you knew. l. 27. C] doth it.

p. 313, l. 1. C] a Trap. l. 3. C] how I begin to sweatt now? l. 7. C] out upon it. l. 8. C] 'twas. ll. 26—28 *are not in* C. l. 29. C] I dare not cursse him? ll. 31—34 *are not in* C. l. 37. C] in the' ie (Lady). l. 40 *is not in* C.

p. 314, l. 1 *is not in* C. l. 14. C] beshrew thy hart, why. ll. 18 and 19. C]

his angry will, if ere he come to know this
as he shall.

l. 21. C] too sencibly. ll. 22 and 23. C]

no stale Stuff, for your money-Marts; that sent it?
who dares...dar'st.

l. 34. C] how doth he? l. 35. C] oh, my head: my head.

p. 315, l. 1. A] did a'. l. 21 *is not in* C, *but see below.* l. 23. C]

Hos. you'll find I said soe:
I say it must be: the more my greif (heaven knowes)
I hope etc.

l. 25. C] art' sure. l. 27. C] (she is mightie crafty. A] peilous crafty. l. 33. C] whilst the.

APPENDIX

p. 316, l. 3. C]

(now the devill's in her)
he's etc.

l. 13. C] Leontius running after him: Drums within. l. 23. A and C] doe but make. l. 28. C] 'faith. l. 31. C] art' not thou he? l. 37. C] ye' have found the cause on't.

p. 317, l. 8. B] so see. l. 9. C] thou fight no more. l. 10. C] in the. l. 11. C] nere. l. 19. C] heaven deliver me. l. 22. C] Sirha. l. 24. C] provocatives. l. 30. C] a' devill. l. 31. C] provoake ye. l. 36. C] mary' that. l. 37. C] Enter Gentlemen. l. 39. C] hath 'hedgd. A] has.

p. 318, l. 3. C] he hath. l. 4. C *omits*] Sir. l. 11. C] help. l. 23. C *omits*] 2. l. 25. C *adds another*] quickly. l. 26. C] run...thicke. C *gives this line to* Lieu. *and the next to* Leo. l. 31. C] I'll bate thee one: goe winck, and fight: for shame. l. 38. C] a tird Girole. l. 39. C *omits*] 2.

p. 319, l. 1. C] why that, (Sir) that: doe. l. 2. C *omits*] 2. ll. 10 and 11. C]

I thanck thee: A] God a mercy,
I thanck thee, with. God a mercy with.

l. 17. C] argument: a toy: l. 18. C *omits this line.* l. 21. C] I'll nere. l. 23. C] fit ye. l. 24. C] upon's. l. 25. C] who doth best: (Boyes.)

p. 320, l. 1. C] how doth she her coming? l. 11. C] she hath. l. 14. C] she hath...they fitt. l. 17. C] and others. l. 18. A *omits*] *Ant.* l. 21. A] sung to it. l. 22. C] Eies (by heaven) they kill on. l. 33. C] 'pray ye where's. l. 37. C] there was.

p. 321, l. 16. C] Ladies. l. 17. C] not trouble ye. l. 20. A and C] of such. l. 28. C] on my.

p. 322, l. 12. C *omits*] now. l. 25. C] Gentlemen. l. 26. C] sure I. l. 33. C] and of a.

p. 323, l. 2. C] and Gentlemen. l. 19. C] a flotten. ll. 24—26 *are omitted in* C. l. 34. C *omits*] 'Life.

p. 324, l. 9. C *adds a fourth* ha. l. 12. C *omits*] 2. l. 15. C *gives this line to* 1 Phis *and the next to* 2 Phis. l. 21. C] did not I. l. 23. C] he's. l. 34. C] and other Gentlemen.

p. 325, l. 3. C] our Watches. l. 5. C] 'faith. l. 8. C] yet: I see he. l. 9. C *omits*] too. l. 11. C] beleeve'. l. 18. C] such a Hell...rise to. l. 22. C] he's fairly. l. 24. A and C] Doctor. l. 26. C *omits*] 2. l. 31. C *omits stage direction.* l. 36. C *adds stage direction*] he drinks. 2. Kans.

p. 326, l. 3. B *misprints*] remembrace. l. 7. C] Will performd. l. 9. C] Wine begins to tickle. l. 12. C] a Drom beates. l. 13. C] one sung. l. 15. C] Song? l. 18. C *omits*] 2. ll. 20 and 21. A] dare ye...dare ye. l. 25. C] 'bove. l. 28. C *gives this line to* Dem. *ending with* Sore? *and adds* 'tis true (Sir) *to the beginning of* Phis. l. 34. C]

Phis. I know he's weake: but yet his hart's whole.

p. 327, l. 2. C *gives this line to* Dem. l. 6. C] how the. l. 8. C *omits*] away, away, away. l. 10. C] and Soldiers. l. 24. C *adds*] Alarum within. l. 31. C] who charges.

p. 328, l. 2. C] here five. l. 5. A and C] a-peeces. l. 11. C] Did I not. l. 12. C *adds*] Exeunt. ll. 13 and 14. C] Enter y^e^ Leiutenant...

driving Soldier before him. l. 15. C] coxcomb. l. 23. C *omits*] and... Gentlemen. l. 25. C] men. l. 29. C] he's hurt shrewdly. l. 30. C] these.

p. 329, l. 2. C *omits*] 2. l. 6. C *adds*] Ex^t. l. 9. C]

yet: Come Leontius
Let's now up to theis Conquerors: they are our owne.

l. 17. C *adds*] say: a Trompet: *The stage direction* Enter a Trompet and a Harrold *is 2 or 3 lines higher in* C. l. 25. C] Enter Seleucus Lismachus and Ptolomey. l. 29. C] Honours. l. 34. C] Dem. that will not doe it. l. 35. C *has* Leontius *at the end, not the beginning, of the line.*

p. 330, l. 3. A] such prizes. l. 5. C] to doe. l. 14. C] Mans. l. 16. C] easie price. l. 31. C] our comfort.

p. 331, l. 29. C] by heaven it. l. 31. C] Lis. Ptol. l. 32. C *omits this line and the stage direction on the following line.* l. 36. C *omits this line and adds* Ex^t.

p. 332, l. 5. A] And yet when she is as free, and when she is courted. C] and yet She is, as free, and when she is courted. l. 19. C *omits*] or Lords. ll. 22 and 23. C *gives these two lines to* 1. Gent. l. 25. C] and those. l. 27. C] never see so...frozen. l. 34. C] sings daintely. l. 37. A] th' matter.

p. 333, l. 5. C] Enter Celia w^th Ladies. l. 10. C] Loves as Lay's. l. 15. C] State. l. 16. C] nowhether. l. 21. C] no mortall. l. 27. C] 'send. l. 28. A and C] hand. l. 30. A and C] that: that.

p. 334, l. 16. C] be to an. l. 17. A and C] slubbers. l. 26. C] nothing els to.

p. 335, l. 16. C] hath suckd. l. 29. C] so light. l. 39. C] 'pree-thee...doth the. l. 40. C] he doth.

p. 336, l. 7. C] 'may. l. 8. C] I have soe (Lady). l. 17. C] be thine. l. 18. C] the flames. l. 36. C] Enter Demetrius: Leontius: Gent: Soldiers: y^e Host (talking w^th Demetrious).

p. 337, l. 1. A and C] on ye. l. 9. C *gives* Exeunt *as the sole stage direction.* l. 18. C] There is. l. 19. C] Leontius, etc. l. 23. C] hath. l. 26. C] 'faith Sir. l. 30. C] he hath. l. 39. C] bore ye. A] bare me.

p. 338, l. 21. A and C] a Sorcerer. l. 23. C] which hath. l. 26. A *by mistake omits* Dem. *and reads* In heaven. l. 37. A] and doe believe.

p. 339, l. 3. C] shew'd. l. 5. C] upon her. l. 26. C *omits*] and Gent. l. 30. C] Wayt you. l. 33. C] your Highnes.

p. 340, l. 8. C] discontent: Will speake. l. 9. C *omits*] 2 Gent. C] hath taken. A] Has. l. 17. C] she's not. l. 22. C] hath now. l. 24. C] none come. l. 30. C] thy life. l. 34. C] but drip...Snow doth.

p. 341, l. 4. A and C] and there. l. 6. C] in now. l. 16. C] yet you. l. 31. C] reneage els. A] the coole: he will revenge els. l. 36. A] I swore I.

p. 342, l. 1. C] Enter a Magitian w^th a Bowle in his hand. l. 3. A and C] Powders. A *gives this line to* Mag. l. 8. C] never. l. 10. C *omits*] Exit. l. 12. C's *stage direction runs*: He seems to Conjure: sweett Musick is heard, and an Antick of litle Fayeries enter and dance about y^e Bowle and fling in things, and Ex^t. C *omits the Song and the Answer.* l. 16. A] loose.

ll. 19 and 20. *A comma and a full stop have been transposed after* Spell *and* desires. l. 28. A] view e're day. l. 30. A] and one.

p. 343, l. 14. C *omits this line.* l. 17. A *prefaces with* Lew (*char.*). l. 22. C *omits*] art. l. 24. *Omitted from* B *in error.* l. 25. C] Gent. and Leiutenant. l. 28. C] has given. l. 33. A *gives this line to* Leo.

p. 344, l. 1. C] ffortifications. l. 5. C *omits*] Away. l. 12. C] beware he's. A *gives this line to* Leo. l. 14. A *gives this line to* Lieut. l. 17. C *omits*] him. l. 18. C *omits stage direction.* l. 20. C] doe soe: l. 21. C] Doe if ye. l. 24. C *omits stage direction.* l. 34. C] owne, Boy. l. 35. C] wth a. l. 39. C *adds stage direction*] he swounds.

p. 345, l. 2. C] Exit Dem. l. 4. C *omits*] with a Bowl. l. 5. C *gives this line to* Leo. *and reads*] alas, he's. C *omits*] 2. l. 10. A and C] Waters. l. 11. C *gives this line to* Leo. l. 13. A *gives this line to* 2 Gent. l. 14. C *omits*] 2. l. 15. C *gives this line to* Gent. l. 22. C *omits*] 2. l. 26. C] won the. ll. 30 and 31. C] Gent. well Sir—ex^{t}.—Enter Leucippe. l. 36. C] in the.

p. 346, l. 1. C] after that. l. 5. C] has. A] 'has. l. 13. C *omits*] Ex. l. 18. C] that rais'd it. l. 26. C] o' th' crimes. l. 32. C] theis thirty...upwards. A] these. l. 33. C] from it. l. 36. C] shame light on him...greive hartely.

p. 347, l. 5. C]

for heaven-sake
tell...in it.

l. 13. C] fye on't, it doth. l. 17. A] for a fit. l. 33. C] on my.

p. 348, l. 2. C] and of. l. 4. C] I will, by heaven. l. 8. C] a hart-sore. l. 9. C] even. l. 11. C] be sorer. l. 12. C] Enter Gent. l. 16. C] and wrings, and. l. 17. C *omits*] 2. l. 27. C] with't. l. 28. C] as they. l. 31. C] ends. ll. 35 and 38. C *omits*] 2. l. 36. A] fooles. l. 38. C] 'twill passe.

p. 349, l. 4. A and C] King's-streete. l. 8. C] with 'King. l. 11. A and C] mary-bones. l. 13. C] vouchsaffe a wight thy. l. 14. C] this ffellow. l. 15. B] King. l. 16. C] ffooteman. l. 19. C] 2. Gent. l. 21. C] act this. l. 22. C] 1. Gent. will sigh...and cry. l. 25. C] Jigg. l. 27. C *omits*] 2. l. 28. A and C] to him? for half an howre I.

p. 350, l. 11. C] Maidenhood. l. 12. C] Gods blesse. l. 15. C *adds*] in her hand. l. 19. C *omits stage direction.* l. 24. C] Potion? his eies affright me. l. 36. C] hath your.

p. 351, l. 4. C] their doatings. l. 5. C] his braines. C *omits*] 'em. l. 10. C] this works. l. 13. C] Lust. l. 21. B *misprints*] gorious. l. 25. C] admire for Goodnes. l. 33. C] Infants cries: your Sin's in. l. 36. C *omits*] can.

p. 352, l. 2. C] Death sitts upon our Blood. l. 4. C] Snake) curld. l. 5. C] will not you. l. 16. C] those. l. 24. C *omits*] severally. l. 26. C] Leiutenant, and Gent. A *omits*] and. l. 30. A] It serves so. l. 38. C] oh sweet King.

p. 353, ll. 1 and 2. C]

Leo. by thy leave:
Leiu. when I consider
(my honest ffrend etc.

l. 7. C] a scurvy. l. 11. C] for your...sirha. l. 18. C *omits*] 2. l. 19. C *adds at end of line*] (Gent.) l. 23. C] are melted. l. 27. C] bid me. l. 28. C] He is. l. 32. C *omits*] 2. C *omits*] severally. l. 33. C *begins* Actus Quintus: Sce[a]. pri[a]. *here.* l. 34. C] Minippus: Gent. l. 35. C] Gent. *and so throughout.* l. 37. A] wronged his.

p. 354, l. 5. C] Attendants. l. 11. C] in Vow. l. 15. C] Sce[a]. 2[a]. l. 17. C] There is...Lights. A] lights. l. 25. C] Enter Celia Minippus Etc. l. 32. C] Gent.

p. 355, l. 5. C] doe not know me. l. 17. C] Min. C *omits*] Me. etc. l. 22. A] The Corke. A and C] will come. l. 31. B *misprints*] Leu. l. 39. C *omits*] gallant.

p. 356, l. 10. A] And one command. l. 16. A and C] him, to dye. l. 17. A] in me nature. l. 36. C] by heaven.

p. 357, l. 6. B] know. l. 15. C] prove to. l. 21. C] turnd black. l. 29. C] but ffalsehood, and loose. A] but imperious lust, and losers faces. l. 39. A and C] Circes.

p. 358, l. 12. C] thousand waies. l. 18. C] thy Devills. l. 34. C] thy muddy. l. 40. A] back thoughts.

p. 359, l. 3. C] Mine. l. 11. C] and in. l. 18. C *omits*] and Lords. l. 21. A] heavens.

p. 360, l. 4. B] best. l. 8. C] begin. l. 12. C] Sce[a]. 3[a]. l. 14. C] he doth. l. 19. C] heaven-sake. l. 30. A] I most confesse. l. 32. C] now (and with.

p. 361, l. 12. C] followes. l. 36. C] all these.

p. 362, l. 2. C] you should. l. 6. C] Sce[a]. 4[a]. Enter Antigonus: Gent. Leiueten[t]. etc. l. 9. C *omits*] 2. l. 13. C] drunck. l. 18. C] Gent. has. A] 'Has. l. 26. C] owes yet. l. 33. A and C] I pree-thee. l. 36. C] why I thanck thee (Soldier).

p. 363, l. 5. C] nor I hope I. l. 8. C] towards. l. 9. C] I thanck thee still. l. 18. C *omits*] Ha, ha, ha. l. 23. C *omits*] 2. l. 24. A] Has. l. 27. A] rosten hawkes. l. 38. C] while.

p. 364, l. 1. C] Sce[a]. 5[a]. l. 9. C] can I. l. 26. B *misprints*] not not. l. 28. C] y' have don. l. 34. B] admit to excuse.

p. 365, l. 5. B *misprints*] thing. l. 13. C] yes' faith. l. 31. C] are drop'd. l. 34. A] poisoned truth.

p. 366, l. 1. C] he has. l. 5. C] any hope. l. 15. C] god's. l. 21. C] left open. ll. 27 and 28. C *transposes these two* ll. l. 32. C] Sce[a]. 6[a]. Enter Antigonus: Seleuchus, Ptolomy. Lisimachus: Gent. Leiueten[t]. etc.

p. 367, l. 3. C] once againe. l. 21. C] old valiant Soldier. l. 22. C] are all wellcom. l. 23. C] (and't please your Grace) is cassheird. l. 27. C] any Peace. l. 29. C] 'faith. l. 34. C] 'beseech.

p. 368, l. 5. C] Sce[a]. 7[a]. l. 13. C] that be. l. 24. A and C] your Ultra. ll. 27 and 28. C] Enter Antigonus Seluchus Lysimachus Ptolomy Leontus Leiuten[t]. etc.

l. 28. A *omits*] and. l. 36. C] 'pray a.

APPENDIX

p. 369, l. 2. C] Antiochus. l. 10. C *omits*] have. l. 12. C *omits*] Princes. B *misprints*] Prnices. l. 17. C *gives this line to* Sel. l. 35. A] Cel. l. 40. C] I once more next [*instead of* beg it thus].

p. 370, l. 9. C] sound. l. 10. C] beat through. l. 16. C *adds*] Finis. C *omits*] Prologue *and* Epilogue.

p. 371, l. 1. A] And those. l. 6. A *omits*] Spoke by the *Lieutenant*. l. 13. A] comes.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

(A) The | Faithfull | Shepheardesse. | By John Fletcher. | Printed at London for R. Bonian | and H. Walley, and are to be sold at | the spred Eagle over against the | great North dore of S. Paules. Undated, but probably 1609–10.

(B) The same, with slight differences in the Commendatory Verses and in one or two other sheets.

(C) The | Faithfull | Shepheardesse. | By John Fletcher. | The second Edition, newly corrected. | London, | Printed by T. C. for Richard Meighen, | in S^{t} Dunstanes Church-yard in Fleet-streete, | 1629.

(D) The | Faithfull | Shepherdesse. | acted at Somerset | House before the King and | Queene on Twelfe night | last, 1633. | And divers times since with great ap- | plause at the Private House in Blacke- | Friers, by his Majesties Servants. | Written by John Fletcher. | The third Edition, with Addition. | London, | Printed by A. M. for Richard Meighen, next | to the Middle Temple in Fleet- | street. 1634.

(E) The | Faithfull | Shepherdesse. | Acted at Somerset | House, before the King and | Queen on Twelf night | last, 1633. | And divers times since, with great ap- | plause, at the Private House in Black- | Friers, by his Majesties Servants. | Written by John Fletcher. | The Fourth Edition. | London, | Printed for Ga. Bedell and Tho. Collins, at the Middle | Temple Gate in Fleet-street. 1656.

(F) The | Faithfull | Shepherdesse. | Acted at | Somerset-House, | Before the King and Queen on | Twelfth Night, 1633. | And divers times since, with great | Applause, at the Private House in | Black-Friers, by his Majesties | Servants. | Written by John Fletcher. | The Fifth Edition. | London, | Printed for G. Bedell and T. Collins, at the Middle | Temple-Gate in Fleet-street, 1665.

The verso of the title-page bears the date March 3, 166$\frac{4}{5}$.

Licensed,
Roger L'Estrange.

As neither the Second Folio nor the Quartos print any list of the Characters it may be as well to give one here.

Perigot.	Old Shepherd.
Thenot.	Priest of Pan.
Daphnis.	God of the River.
Alexis.	Satyr.
Sullen Shepherd.	Shepherds.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

Clorin.	Cloe.
Amoret.	Shepherdesses.
Amarillis.	

Scene: Thessaly.

The following Dedicatory Verses were omitted from the Second Folio.

To my lov'd friend M. John Fletcher, on his Pastorall.

Can my approovement (Sir) be worth your thankes?
Whose unkn[o]wne name and muse (in swathing clowtes)
Is not yet growne to strength, among these rankes
To have a roome and beare off the sharpe flowtes
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
All innocent verse, that lets alone her vice.

But I must justifie what privately,
I censurd to you: my ambition is
(Even by my hopes and love to Poesie)
To live to perfect such a worke, as this,
Clad in such elegant proprietie
Of words, including a mortallitie.

So sweete and profitable, though each man that heares,
(And learning has enough to clap and hisse)
Arives not too't, so misty it appeares;
And to their filmed reasons, so amisse:
But let Art looke in truth, she like a mirror,
Reflects [Reflect, C, D] her comfort [consort, D—F], ignorances terror.

Sits in her owne brow, being made afraid,
Of her unnaturall complexion,
As ougly women (when they are araid
By glasses) loath their true reflection,
Then how can such opinions injure thee,
That tremble, at their owne deformitie?

Opinion, that great foole, makes fooles of all,
And (once) I feard her till I met a minde
Whose grave instructions philosophicall,
Toss'd it [is, F] like dust upon a march strong winde,
He shall for ever my example be,
And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

His soule (and such commend this) that commaund [commands, D, E, F]
Such art, it should me better satisfie,
Then if the monster clapt his thousand hands,
And drownd the sceane with his confused cry;
And if doubts rise, loe their owne names to cleare 'em
Whilst I am happy but to stand so neere 'em.

N. F.

These verses are in A, B, C, D, E and F. In A and B they are signed 'N. F.,' in C—F they are signed 'Nath. Field.' The above text is that of A.

APPENDIX

To his loving friend M. *Jo. Fletcher* concerning his Pastorall, being both a Poeme and a play: [concerning...play *omitted in* D, E, F]

There are no suerties (good friend) will be taken
For workes that vulgar-good-name hath forsaken:
A Poeme and a play too! why tis like
A scholler that's a Poet: their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the aire;
And kill out right: one cannot both fates beare.
But, as a Poet thats no scholler, makes
Vulgarity his whiffler, and so takes
Passage with ease, & state through both sides prease
Of Pageant seers: or as schollers please
That are no Poets; more then Poets learnd;
Since their art solely, is by soules discerned;
The others fals [fall, D, E, F] within the common sence
And sheds (like common light) her influence:
So, were your play no Poeme, but a thing
That every Cobler to his patch might sing:
A rout of nifles (like the multitude)
With no one limme [limbe, E, F] of any art indude:
Like would to like, and praise you: but because,
Your poeme onely hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world; and holds through all
The holy lawes of homely pastorall;
Where flowers, and founts, and Nimphs, & semi-Gods,
And all the Graces finde their old abods:
Where forrests flourish but in endlesse verse;
And meddowes, nothing fit for purchasers:
This Iron age that eates it selfe, will never
Bite at your golden world; that others, ever
Lov'd as it selfe: then like your Booke do you
Live in ould peace: and that for praise allow.

G. Chapman

These lines are in A, C, D, E and F. The text is that of A.

To that noble and true lover of learning,
Sir Walter Aston Knight
of the Balls.

Sir I must aske your patience, and be trew.
This play was never liked, unlesse by few
That brought their judgements with um, for of late
First the infection, then the common prate
Of common people, have such customes got
Either to silence plaies, or like them not.
Under the last of which this interlude,
Had falne for ever prest downe by the rude
That like a torrent which the moist south feedes,
Drowne's both before him the ripe corne and weedes.

Had not the saving sence of better men
Redeem'd it from corruption: (deere Sir then)
Among the better soules, be you the best
In whome, as in a Center I take rest,
And propper being: from whose equall eye
And judgement, nothing growes but puritie:
(Nor do I flatter) for by all those dead,
Great in the muses, by *Apolloes* head,
He that ads any thing to you; tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sunne:
Then be as you were ever, your selfe still
Moved by your judement, not by love, or will
And when I sing againe as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy well,
Your goodnesse to the muses shall be all,
Able to make a worke Heroyicall.

Given to your service
John Fletcher.

These lines are in A and B.

To the inheritour of all worthines,
Sir William Scipwith.
Ode.

If from servile hope or love,
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one whose greatest ease
Is to please
(Worthy sir) I have all I sought for,

For no ich of greater name,
which some clame
By their verses do I show it
To the world; nor to protest
Tis the best
These are leane faults in a poet

Nor to make it serve to feed
at my neede
Nor to gaine acquaintance by it
Nor to ravish kinde Atturnies,
in their journies.
Nor to read it after diet

Farre from me are all these Ames
Fittest frames
To build weakenesse on and pitty
Onely to your selfe, and such
whose true touch
Makes all good; let me seeme witty.

The Admirer of your vertues,
John Fletcher.

These verses are in A and B.

APPENDIX

To the perfect gentleman Sir
Robert Townesend.

If the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is
(Noble Sir) I needes must have
A long one; for a long amisse
If you aske me (how is this)
Upon my faith Ile tell you frankely,
You love above my meanes to thanke yee.
Yet according to my Talent
As sowre fortune loves to use me
A poore Shepheard I have sent,
In home-spun gray for to excuse me.
And may all my hopes refuse me:
But when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, newer, more.
Til when, like our desperate debters,
Or our three pild sweete protesters
I must please you in bare letters
And so pay my debts; like jesters,
Yet I oft have seene good feasters,
Onely for to please the pallet,
Leave great meat and chuse a sallet.

All yours John
Fletcher:

These lines are in A and B.

To the Reader.

If you be not reasonably assurde of your knowledge in this kinde of Poeme, lay downe the booke or read this, which I would wish had bene the prologue. It is a pastorall Tragic-comedie, which the people seeing when it was plaid, having ever had a singuler guift in defining, concluded to be a play of coñtry hired Shepheards, in gray cloakes, with curtaild dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another: And misling whitsun ales, creame, wasiel & morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, least you incurre their censure. Understand therefore a pastorall to be a representation of shepheards and shepherddesses, with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures at least not exceeding former fictions, & vulgar traditions: they are not to be adorn'd with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and Poetry, or such as experience may teach them, as the vertues of hearbs, & fountaines: the ordinary course of the Sun, moone, and starres, and such like. But you are ever to remember Shepherds to be such, as all the ancient Poets and moderne of understanding have receaved them: that is, the owners of flockes and not hyerlings. A tragie-comedie is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is inough to make it no tragedie, yet brings some neere it, which is inough to make it no comedie: which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kinde of trouble as no life be questiond, so that a God is as lawfull in this as in a tragedie, and meane people as in a comedie. This much I hope will serve to justifie my Poeme, and make you understand it, to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

John Fletcher.

This address is in A and B.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

Unto his worthy friend Mr *Joseph Taylor*
upon his presentment of the *Faithfull Sheperdesse*
before the King and Queene, at White-hall, on
Twelfth night [F *stops here*] *last.* 1633.

When this smooth Pastorall was first brought forth,
The Age twas borne in, did not know it's worth.
Since by thy cost, and industry reviv'd,
It hath a new fame, and new birth atchiv'd.
Happy in that shee found in her distresse,
A friend, as faithfull, as her Shepherdesse.
For having cur'd her from her courser rents,
And deckt her new with fresh habiliments,
Thou brought'st her to the Court, and made [mad'st, F] her be
A fitting spectacle for Majestie.
So have I seene a clowded beauty drest
In a rich vesture, shine above the rest.
Yet did it not receive more honour from
The glorious pompe, then thine owne action.
Expect no satisfaction for the same,
Poets can render no reward but Fame.
Yet this Ile prophesie, when thou shalt come
Into the confines of *Elysium*
Amidst the Quire of Muses, and the lists
Of famous Actors, and quicke Dramatists,
So much admir'd for gesture, and for wit,
That there on Seats of living Marble sit,
The blessed Consort of that numerous Traine,
Shall rise with an applause to [and, E and F] entertaine
Thy happy welcome, causing thee sit downe,
And with a Lawrell-wreath thy temples crowne.
And mean time, while this Poeme shall be read,
Taylor, thy name shall be eternized.
For it is just, that thou, who first did'st give
Unto this booke a life, by it shouldst live.

Shack. Marmyon.

These lines are in D, E and F. The text is that of D. The variations in the dedicatory verses printed in the Second Folio will be found on p. 523.

p. **372**, l. 3. A—F] Actus Primi. l. 13. A and B *omit*] jolly. C *some copies*] merry games. l. 15. A, B and D] brows be girt.

p. **373**, l. 6. A and B] That I will I. l. 19. F *misprints*] fair heap.

p. **375**, l. 12. A and B] these Groves. l. 17. A and B] mires. A and B *omit*] to find my ruine. l. 27. A—F *omit*] him. l. 29. C and D] have gone this. l. 30. A—F] his rights. l. 33. 2nd Folio *misprints*] yours.

p. **376**, l. 10. A—D] livers.

p. **377**, l. 13. A and B] fall speedily. l. 14. A—D] let me goe. l. 21. A—F] seaman. l. 22. A and B] than the straightest.

p. **378**, l. 19. A and B] our soules. l. 40. C] The gentle.

p. **379**, l. 11. A and B] a wild. l. 18. A and B] *Enter an other Shepheardesse that is in love with Perigot.*

APPENDIX

p. 381, l. 4. 2nd Folio *misprints*] ever. l. 11. A, B and F] their weaning. l. 18. A and B] *Enter Sullen.* F] *Enter sullen* Shepherd. l. 19. A, B and F for *Shep.* (*character*) *read*] *Sul.* l. 37. A—C *omit character*] *Shep.* D—F *print*] *Sull.*

p. 382, l. 8. A—F *for Shep.*] *Sul.* l. 25. 2nd Folio] sufficient, great to. l. 26. F] eye. l. 28. A and B] has foile enough. l. 38. A—F] dares.

p. 383, l. 5. A—D *omit*] likewise. C] ayre is fresh. l. 10. A—C] are grown. A—D] Woodbines. l. 26. A—D] eare of Maid. E and F] eare of maids. l. 27. C and D] I love. l. 29. A] so sure a Mold. B—F] so sure the Molde.

p. 384, l. 7. A—F] whose words. l. 13. 2nd Folio] dost.

p. 385, l. 2. A—C] hee is here.

p. 386, l. 21. A and B] grief and tine. l. 30. A—C] raine. l. 35. A—D] swains more meeter. l. 36. A and B] Than these. l. 38. A—D] Hide.

p. 387, l. 3. A—D] hath been. l. 7. F] *Titans.*

p. 388, l. 3. A—D] lowde falling. l. 21. A] his walkes keep. l. 32. F *omits*] great. l. 34. A] high birth. l. 36. A] born a most.

p. 389, l. 1. A] did lop. l. 2. A] told me. l. 6. A] teeth. l. 8. A *omits*] fast. l. 14. A] Formentill. l. 16. A—F] roote. A—D and F] swellings best. l. 31. A] wanton forces. l. 39. A] and with joy.

p. 390, l. 1. A] Enter Shepheard. l. 2. A] *Shep.* and so throughout. l. 10. A] make. l. 15. A and C] you blessed. l. 16. A] brightly. l. 19. A] That stiled is the. l. 36. A—C] into a stround.

p. 391, l. 1. C] eies. l. 14. C] Thy way. l. 16. 2nd Folio *misprints*] Chor. l. 24. A *omits*] Then. (*char.*). l. 30. A] flame.

p. 392, l. 4. A] *Orions.* l. 5. A—D] woven. l. 6. A—C] unfould. l. 7. A] The errant soul. A—D] not the true. l. 9. A] *Alpen.* l. 13. A] you do keep. l. 14. E] that are begotten. l. 30. A—C] for their. l. 31. A and B] To seat them.

p. 393, l. 3. A—D] Doe, and let. l. 6. A—C *omit*] that here. D *omits*] that. l. 9. A—F] mourning. A—F] Ewe. l. 18. A, B and D] For never did. l. 21. 2nd Folio *misprints*] then. l. 23. A—D] Shootes. l. 26. A and B] And present. l. 31. 2nd Folio *misprints*] maiden. l. 35. A—D] highly praise.

p. 394, l. 4. C] ne're knit that eye. l. 17. C] her shame. l. 30. A—F] As grinnes. l. 31. A] at Conies, Squirrels.

p. 395, l. 1. A—F] stronger way. l. 26. A and B] dipt over.

p. 396, l. 8. A and B *insert before Enter Daphnis*] Actus secundus Scena quarta. l. 14. A—D] thy Shepherds. l. 19. A and B] My flame. l. 34. 2nd Folio *misprints*] blesseds. l. 35. A—F *insert* Enter Alexis *after* l. 36.

p. 397, l. 10. A—D] those. l. 16. A and B] hold her. l. 20. A—C] though with.

p. 399, l. 2. A—F] These rights. l. 17. A—C] Enter the. l. 27. C] the feet.

p. 400, l. 21. A—C] *She awaketh.* l. 23. A—F] Magick right. l. 27. A and B] thus reformd thee. l. 31. C and D *omit*] that.

p. 401, l. 6. A and C] moone beams. l. 7. A—D and F] true shape. l. 13. C] your sacred. l. 24. A, D and F] she hath got. l. 37. A—F] of Lyon. A and B] or of Bear.

p. 402, l. 22. A and B] Ile followe, and for this thy care of me. C *omits the line.* l. 27. A—F] with a.

p. 403, l. 29. A—E] never thou shalt move.

p. 404, l. 33. A and B *read*] *Alex.* Oh! *Sat.* Speake againe thou mortall wight. l. 34. A and B *omit*] *Sat.*

p. 405, l. 3. A—C] beheld you shaggy. l. 17. A and B] O stray. l. 25. A—F] Who I did. l. 29. A—C] *Enter the.*

p. 406, l. 2. A and B] *of a* Amoret. l. 3. A and B] But all these. l. 29. A and B] swear, Beloved *Perigot.* l. 37. A—D] then that young.

p. 407, l. 4. A and B] How should. l. 11. C] take my *Amoret.* l. 30. A and B *read*] div'd art, art not. l. 36. F] still as. l. 37. C] Though others shows. l. 38. C] and rest my.

p. 408, l. 18. A and B *omit*] *in her own shape.* l. 26. A and B *omit*] Ama. l. 28. A and B *add* Amoret *after* path.

p. 409, l. 17. A—D] *He flings her.*

p. 410, l. 4. A and B] locke. l. 11. F] bank.

p. 411, l. 9. A—C] silver string.

p. 412, l. 2. E] Leave there gravel. l. 20. A—F *add*] *Exit.* l. 22. A and B *add*] *Finis Actus Tertis.* l. 23. A and B *omit*] *Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.* l. 34. A and B] Perigot *to Enter.* Amaryllis, *running.*

p. 413, l. 2. A—F] heavy Clowdes. l. 18. A—C] of his breath.

p. 414, l. 35. A—D] happy bower.

p. 415, l. 7. A—F] Will undo his. l. 10. A—F] holy rights. l. 11. A—D] the feared. l. 22. A and B] the Gwomes. l. 35. A and B] thie wound. C] thy wound.

p. 416, l. 20. A—D] Now a gapes. l. 31. A—F] to this destiny.

p. 417, l. 1. A—D] not possible. l. 2. A and B] all heates, desires. l. 3. A—F] thoughts. l. 9. A and B] Playsters.

p. 418, l. 1. A and B] To deserve the. l. 11. A—C] sought it. l. 13. A—C] or shade. l. 15. A—C] but I.

p. 419, l. 7. A and B] imagination. l. 26. 2nd Folio *misprints*] thy and. l. 30. A and B *omit*] *Exit* Amoret.

p. 420, l. 26. A—D] thy lazy. l. 36. A—D] *looking of* Perigot.

p. 421, l. 2. A and B *omit*] art. E, F and 2nd Folio] thou darest. l. 12. A—F] Ribandes. l. 14. A—C *omit*] the. l. 17. A and B] those too little. l. 28. C] a fact so. l. 30. A and B] Came flowing. C] Come flying.

p. 422, l. 10. A and B] men, most. l. 12. F] thy vows. l. 13. 2nd Folio] help. l. 17. A—F] till Crosse fate. l. 26. C] seeks. l. 30. A and B *omit*] *Per.*

APPENDIX

p. 423, l. 14. A and B] esteeme.

p. 424, l. 11. A and B] denye. l. 18. C] sent my gloves. l. 26. A and B] bread.

p. 425, l. 1. A—C] light shutts like. l. 23. A—D] vild.

p. 426, l. 5. 2nd Folio] beings.

p. 427, l. 10. A—C *omit*] to. l. 19. A—C] once loose both my. l. 27. 2nd Folio *misprints*] be. l. 36. A and B] Inconstance.

p. 428, l. 6. A—D] shalt. l. 9. A—D] know thee light. l. 16. A—D] that gave such. l. 19. A and B *add*] *Finis Actus quartus.* l. 24. A—D] windowes.

p. 429, l. 14. A—C] coate. l. 22. A—D *add*] *and Amarillis.* l. 31. C] sexes voice and.

p. 430, l. 5. A—F] that doth thy. l. 6. A and B] but held to. l. 12. A—F] Durst a toucht. l. 22. A—C] will bide.

p. 432, l. 33. A—F] mornings.

p. 433, l. 39. A and B *omit*] *The.*

p. 434, l. 2. C—F] those. l. 3. A and B] this long night. C *omits*] same. l. 5. C] eares. l. 12. F *omits*] and. l. 19. A—C *omit*] thou.

p. 435, l. 7. F] I am. l. 16. A—F] thy chaste. l. 18. A—F] God. l. 25. A—D *omit*] To live. A—C] never after to.

p. 436, l. 3. A and C] thy smiling. l. 21. A and B] any men may. l. 29. A—C *omit*] a. l. 33. A and B] willd. C] will. l. 38. A—C *omit*] *Exeunt.*

p. 437, l. 1. A—F] hand. l. 2. A and B] in the mornings. l. 6. A—F] hand. l. 34. A—D] On these other.

p. 438, l. 7. A—D] Whose base end is. l. 22. A and B] Thers a hand. C] Thers at hand. l. 39. A and B] kneeleth.

p. 439, l. 7. A—C] Sticke once. l. 8. A—C] O canst thou. C] leave me. l. 9. A and C] soon could I. l. 20. A—D] Perhaps will cleanse thee once again. l. 24. A—F] are appeas'd. l. 27. 2nd Folio] Shephered.

p. 440, l. 14. A and B] their live. l. 18. A and B *omit*] take a pair. l. 23. 2nd Folio] offenders, ;

p. 441, l. 13. 2nd Folio *misprints*] bouble. l. 20. A and B *omit*] and disgrace. l. 35. C] *brings* Amoret *in.*

p. 442, l. 23. A—C] wrong in. l. 28. 2nd Folio *misprints*] let let. C] wanton lusters. l. 29. A—F] rights. l. 30. A—E] Shepheards. l. 39. A—C] complement.

p. 443, l. 1. A—C *omit*] still. l. 4. A—C *for Alex.*] *All.* l. 7. A and B] bless you after. l. 34. C] or bancks.

p. 444, l. 14. 2nd Folio *misprints*] must. l. 16. C] tresses. l. 23. A and B] of the night. l. 24. C] me light. l. 26. A and B] bring the Coral. l. 33. A and B] I venter. l. 36. A—C] these Thicks.

p. 445, l. 9. 2nd Folio *misprints*] Cle. l. 10. A—F *add*] Finis. A and B *add also*] *The Pastorall of the faithfull Shepheardesse.*

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

p. 446, l. 6. A—D] with the. l. 14. A and C] this vaine. 2nd Folio] vain. l. 26. A—F] wants. l. 28. A—C] Some like if. A—D *omit*] not. l. 29. A—D] judgments. l. 32. A—C] aright to thee. D] a right to thee.

p. 447, l. 8. A and B] much will and. l. 10. A—C *omit*] now.

pp. 446—7. The lines by Fr. Beaumont are contained in A—F.

p. 447. The lines by Ben Jonson are contained in A and C—F.

p. 448. The Dialogue is contained in D—F.

End of Vol. II.